


A GUIDE TO
GREAT CITIES



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A GUIDE TO GREAT CITIES



RHEIMS: THE CATHEDRAL

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A GUIDE
TO GREAT CITIES
FOR YOUNG TRAVELERS
AND OTHERS
WESTERN EUROPE

BY

ESTHER SINGLETON

AUTHOR OF

"A GUIDE TO GREAT CITIES: NORTHWESTERN EUROPE,"
"ROME," "FLORENCE," ETC.

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NEW YORK

THE BAKER & TAYLOR COMPANY

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Published, March, 1911

THE TROW PRESS, NEW YORK

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ROUEN

ROUEN, the ancient capital of Normandy, is a big manufacturing centre, full of life and bustle, as well as a most picturesque city with splendid Gothic and Renaissance buildings. It lies principally on the right bank of the Seine with hills rising behind it. It is connected with the faubourg of St. Sever by a stone and a suspension bridge, and a railway viaduct. The river has been deepened, and docks and quays built to make a large and flourishing port. The old walls and moats have been destroyed to give place to fine boulevards, which, as well as the handsome quays, are full of life and movement.

This combination, or rather contrast, of mediæval and modern life is full of charm and never fails to fascinate the traveller from the New World. Among the old houses and fine specimens of architecture modern shops display articles that tempt the tourist. Here is a jeweller's shop; here, an antique shop; here old silver is offered; here, china; and here the fine cotton goods, *rouenneries*, for which Rouen is so famous. The stroller will also notice the many attractive bakeries and confectionery shops; for

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Rouen's great specialty is sugar, and innumerable are the choice and delicious articles that the fancy cooks produce. Another famous production of Rouen is apple-jelly; one would never think of leaving Rouen without forming its acquaintance.

Rouen was the capital of the Vexin country when the Romans conquered Gaul. During the Dark Ages, the bishops of Rouen played an important part in the politics of the day, and several of them were canonized. The apostle and first bishop was St. Mellon, who was Metropolitan of the province in the second half of the Third Century. The fourth archbishop, St. Victrice (about 406), was the friend of St. Martin of Tours. Among their successors, the most celebrated were St. Gildard, St. Pretextat, St. Romain and St. Ouen. St. Pretextat incurred the hatred of Fredegonde for sealing the union of her rival, Brunehaut, with the son of Chilperic, and was assassinated on the steps of the altar by Fredegonde's orders in 585.

St. Romain, the twentieth bishop (d. 639), was very active in the suppression of paganism. His memory was long preserved in the Procession of the *Gargouille*. The Gargouille was a hideous monster that devastated the land, and was overcome by the Saint and cast into the Seine. The abbey founded by St. Ouen (638) became one of the most important in France.

The Normans ascended the Seine as far as Rouen, first in 841, under Ogier the Dane, and sacked the city. A second raid occurred in 851. In 876 they came again under Rollo, who made the city the head-

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quarters of his military operations. He extended his conquests to the gates of Paris; and Charles the Simple was forced to make terms with him. Rollo married the king's daughter, was baptized Robert and became the first Duke of Normandy, with Rouen as his capital. In the following century, Rouen rapidly became one of the chief towns of Europe. At that day the Seine was wider than it is now, so the marshy ground was filled in and built over, the town was protected with a double wall and three lines of ditches, and the dukes constructed a strong castle. Rouen soon had a large export trade with England.

Under the Dukes of Normandy, Caen stood as high in ducal favor as Rouen as a residence. William the Conqueror died in Rouen in 1087.

The city was the centre of the Anglo-Norman power till John lost his duchy in 1204.

Henry II. regarded Rouen rather than London as the capital of his Anglo-French monarchy. He made a park and palace there, built a fine hospital or lazaret-house and benefited the city in every possible way. It was unsuccessfully besieged by Louis VII. in 1174 and Philip Augustus in 1193. In 1195, during the fanaticism excited by the First Crusade, there was a savage massacre of the Jews in Rouen. In 1200, there was a calamitous fire, in which the first cathedral was destroyed.

It was in the neighborhood that Richard Cœur de Lion built his famous *Château Gaillard* (Saucy Castle) to protect the Norman frontier. At his death, he left his heart to his "faithful city of Rouen."

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His statue is in the Cathedral. His brother John assassinated his nephew, Arthur of Brittany, in 1203; and a French invasion resulted by which John lost Normandy. Rouen held out for three months before it was captured in 1204. Philip Augustus then built a new royal fortress, but it was rarely occupied. In 1307, the Jews were driven out of the city. During the Hundred Years War, it was the scene of several revolts.

When Henry V. invaded France in 1418, Rouen sustained a terrible siege for six months before capitulating. The conqueror built a palace and fortress, made the city his headquarters, and it soon began to flourish again. In 1430, Joan of Arc was sold to the English by the Duke of Burgundy for ten thousand francs of gold, and taken to Rouen and imprisoned in the castle of Philip Augustus. On May 28, 1431, she was burnt as a witch in the public square, and her ashes were cast into the Seine so that her remains should not work miracles.

The French made many attempts to drive the English out of Rouen, but did not succeed till 1449. The city then rapidly increased in wealth and population, and by 1500 contained 100,000 inhabitants, Printing was introduced there by Martin Morin. Rouen was the first city in France to feel the influence of the Renaissance, and was the metropolis of French art and taste for nearly a century.

When the Reformation was felt in Rouen, the Protestants suffered great persecution. In April, 1562, when the Condés took up arms, the Huguenots

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rose and seized the city. For six months they in their turn oppressed the Catholics. The latter, however, soon recaptured the city with an army under Antoine de Bourbon, the father of Henry IV., who was killed during the siege. Rouen was given up to pillage, and suffered terribly. Ten years later also, the St. Bartholomew massacre spread to Rouen, where a thousand people were killed.

In May, 1588, after the day of the Barricades, Henry III. left Paris, and soon appeared at Rouen, where he found a brilliant and cordial reception. After his murder Normandy supported the League against Henry IV., who besieged it but failed to take it in 1592. It did not capitulate till 1594.

During the war of the Fronde, Louis XIV. went to Rouen; and the rebel princes Condé, Conti and the Duc de Longueville were imprisoned there.

The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes was a great blow to the commercial prosperity of the city, as four thousand Huguenots were exiled.

In 1782, a plot was discovered to do away with M. de Maussion, the Intendant, who was greatly hated by the inhabitants. More than six hundred were implicated, and their leaders, Bordier and Jourdain, were hanged after a hasty trial. When the Revolution broke out, the municipality honored their memory by giving their names to two of the quays of the city.

During the Franco-German War, Rouen was occupied for seven months and suffered considerably from requisitions.

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People as a rule have no leisure to go to Rouen by water, and the approach by rail is disappointing. A traveller complains: "Even to-day you can only get into Rouen, as into a town that has been battered and taken by assault, through the breach in her fortified lines. If you enter by the railway from Paris, from Havre, from Dieppe, or from Fécamp, it is by subterranean tunnels only that approach is possible, and up a flight of steps that you make your first acquaintance with a corner of the town, a corner without character and without size, without the least promise of the beauty that is hidden farther off. Of all those great gates through which the mediæval city welcomed her Dukes or sallied out against her enemies, but one is left, the *Porte Guillaume Lion* close by the Quays at the end of the *Rue des Arpents*, which is as faded and decrepit as its entrance."

Arriving from Dieppe or Paris at the *Gare de l'Ouest* therefore, we mount the slope from the dismal railway station, and start to view the city. Fortunately, it is only a mile to the river, and everything we want to see lies between us and the line of quays. On our way towards the *Hôtel-de-Ville* we note a strange round tower with a top like an extinguisher. This we must stop to examine, because it is all that is left of the castle built by Philip Augustus. Its chief interest now is its associations with Joan of Arc, whose memory Rouen likes to perpetuate by naming a street and a square after her, as well as giving her a museum and a statue. This donjon is now called the *Tour Jeanne d'Arc*. When the Maid

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of Orleans was captured in 1430, in a sortie during the siege of Compiègne, she was sold to the English, brought here and tried in this tower. We are shown the old well and the cell in which she was kept for three weeks. The museum contains books, engravings, statuettes and many souvenirs of her career.

On our right the *Rue St. Patrice* leads to the church of *St. Patrice*, quite worth while stopping to examine, not only because it dates from 1535 and contains a fine Renaissance pulpit, but because of its famous windows, some of which were made in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. The oldest windows are in the chapels.

At the junction of the *Rue Jeanne d'Arc* and the *Rue Thiers* is the *Jardin Solferino*, at the east end of which is the *Musée Bibliothèque*, which has good collections of sculpture, paintings and ceramics. Behind this is the public library; and then come two churches,—*St. Gothard* and *St. Lawrence*. The latter is now occupied for stores.

The *Rue Thiers* leads us next into the *Place de l'Hôtel de Ville*, one side of which is occupied by the *Hôtel-de-Ville* and the great church of *St. Ouen*. The square is adorned with an equestrian statue of Napoleon I. On a big pedestal a horse stands on his hind legs and paws the air as he scents the battle from afar, and the Emperor restrains his might and displays his horsemanship. The bronze of the statue was furnished by guns captured at Austerlitz.

The *Hôtel-de-Ville* is a fine building with a public library and statues and portraits, particularly of

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celebrities who were born in Rouen. Those who are best known to foreigners are Corneille and Flaubert; the architect, Blondel; the artists, Letellier and Géricault; and La Salle, the discoverer of the Mississippi.

The abbey church of St. Ouen has been called by Mr. Ruskin the most perfect monument of pure Gothic in the world. Fergusson in his "History of Architecture" says it is beyond comparison the most beautiful and perfect of the abbey edifices of France. Except that of Limoges, the church is almost the only perfect building of its age.

The present building had several predecessors, the first of which is said to have been founded by St. Ouen about 400. The churches that stood here were destroyed by fire, the last in 1248. The present edifice was begun in 1318. The Hundred Years War delayed the work, but it made great progress under Alexander de Berneval, who was architect from 1422 to 1441. He designed the rose window in the south transept; and it is said that he was hanged for the murder of an apprentice who designed the more beautiful window in the north transept, thus arousing his mortal hatred.

The beautiful central tower was begun by his son; but it was not completed till about 1500. It was intended that the western towers should have octagonal crowns like the central one, but they were never completed. The cold and formal west front is Nineteenth Century work, to make way for which some of the most interesting features of the building were

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destroyed. The interior does not offer many objects of interest, but the multitude of windows (they are said to number 138) are noted for their beautiful glass. These date from the Fourteenth, Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries, and represent scenes from the Old and the New Testament and the Passion. Those in the chapels depict the religious history of Rouen. The square tower, with its octagonal belfry with open-worked crown, is of the same style and may be by the same hand as the "Butter Tower" of the Cathedral. It is greatly admired by architects and critics. The door at the south arm of the transept, called the *Portail des Marmousets*, is a marvel of the sculptor's art. It relates in stone the life and miracles of St. Ouen, and the death, funeral and assumption of the Virgin.

This beautiful church has several times suffered from the insurgents. In 1562, the Huguenots made bonfires in it and threw into the flames the organ, the choir-stalls, pulpit and vestments; and in 1793 the Revolutionary mob turned it into a blacksmith's shop. During the First Empire plans were put before the city to raze it, so little was its beauty appreciated.

Behind St. Ouen lies the old abbey garden, now transformed into the garden of the Hôtel-de-Ville. Here Joan of Arc swore her solemn oath in the presence of her judges and the townspeople, as is set forth in an inscription placed at the entrance of the garden.

A little to the south of the garden, begins the curi-

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ous street called *Rue Eau de Robec*, running alongside of the little stream of the Robec, practically a canal, bordered with houses, each of which has a little bridge, with steps and balustrades, over the canal. Some of these houses date from the Sixteenth Century and have carvings of stone above their doors. This street leads to the *Place Saint-Vivien* and the church of *St. Vivien*, dating from the Fourteenth and Sixteenth Centuries.

As a rule, however, instead of walking in this direction the traveller continues on his way to *St. Maclou*. Here is another superb church,—a perfect specimen of Norman Gothic of the Fifteenth Century. *St. Maclou* was begun in 1437, but was not finished until the beginning of the Sixteenth Century, and only then through the generosity of the two Cardinals d'Amboise, the second of whom consecrated it in 1521. The façade is peculiar in presenting five gables; the three in the centre containing doors. Some of the splendid carvings here are by Jean Goujon. The bell-tower, with its stone spire, was only finished in 1870. The interior also contains carvings by Jean Goujon and some very fine windows (unfortunately much mutilated), the most remarkable of which represents the Tree of Jesse. A beautiful old wooden house of the Fifteenth Century, on the right of the church, is used as the presbytery of the parish. The *Aître St. Maclou*, near by, also deserves a visit; for, though only a parish school, it is filled with splendid carvings representing the *Danse Macabre*.

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A little farther, and the *Rue de la République* brings us to the *Place de la République*, one of the most animated spots in Rouen, where many of the tram-cars meet and where the *Pont Corneille*, a fine stone bridge, crosses the Seine, passing over the island of *Lacroix*, where there is a statue of Corneille by David d'Angers.

We are now on the broad *quais* and in the vicinity of the old Markets (*Vieilles Halles*). The *Place de la République* communicates by the short *Rue Raquette*, on the left, with the *Place de la Basse-Vieille Tour* (a branch of the Fish Market), from which you can pass to the *Place de la Haute Vieille Tour* by a covered passage underneath the monument of *St. Romain*, dating from 1542. On Tuesday and Friday the *Place de la Haute Vieille Tour* presents a picturesque scene, because the peasants bring their wares here. On one side the grain market (*Halle aux grains*) will attract the attention, because of its woodwork of the Seventeenth Century.

The *Quai de Paris* leads from the *Porte Guillaume-Lion*, constructed in 1747 and covered with delicate sculpture, into the *Quai de la Bourse*, on which is situated the *Théâtre des Arts*, near which, on the *Rue de la Savonnerie*, are two old dwellings of the Fifteenth Century, which no one should neglect seeing. One of these, the *Logis des Caradas*, is one of the most curious buildings in Rouen. The *Théâtre* is modern; and the *Bourse* was built in 1734, but was enlarged in 1893. In front of it, in the open space planted with trees, the business men and farmers of

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the vicinity meet every Friday at four o'clock when the weather is pleasant.

On the left, of the Quai de la Bourse, between the Théâtre des Arts and the Bourse and directly opposite the *Pont Boïeldieu*, that crosses the Seine here, we find the *Cours Boïeldieu*, planted with trees and adorned with a statue of the composer, Boïeldieu, who was a native of Rouen. Here we have a charming view of the quays, the river and a portion of the *Faubourg Saint-Sever*. Military music is played here on Thursdays and Sundays. The next division of the river front is the *Quai du Havre*, at the end of which the *Pont à transbordeur* crosses the river.

An electric boat carries the passengers across the Seine. From the summit of this bridge there is a magnificent view.

The *Rue de la Vicomté*, leading from the Quai de la Bourse, to the *Place de la Pucelle*, is exceedingly picturesque, particularly between the quai and the very charming Gothic church of *Saint Vincent*, built between 1511 and 1556 and celebrated for its beautiful windows. It contains some fine carvings and the treasury owns some magnificent tapestries of the Sixteenth Century. On the corner of the *Rue aux Ours* there are two remarkable houses of the Fifteenth Century. Here also the *Tour Saint-André*, a Gothic tower of the Sixteenth Century, attracts attention on the corner of the Rue Jeanne d'Arc. On our way to the Place de la Pucelle, we pass the *Place Saint-Eloi*, with its church of St. Eloi, dating from the Sixteenth Century, and soon reach the Place de la Pu-

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celle, where the magnificent *Hôtel du Bourgtheroulde*, begun in 1486 by Guillaume le Roux, lord of Bourgtheroulde, amazes us with its wonderful detail of sculpture. This is one of the most beautiful Renaissance buildings in existence; and, though now used as a counting-house (*Comptoir d'Escompte de Rouen*), it is visited by all lovers of fine architecture. We now reach the *Place du Vieux-Marché*, on which the *Théâtre Français*, built in 1793, fronts, and where a fish-market and a vegetable-market are also situated; and it is interesting to note that a market has been held here ever since the Eleventh Century. In the Fifteenth Century this market occupied all the space between the *Rue du Vieux-Palais* and the church of St. Eloi; but in the Sixteenth Century it was divided into two unequal portions,—one of which was called the Vieux-Marché and to the one nearer St. Eloi the name of Place de la Pucelle was given because it was supposed that Joan of Arc was burned here. Her funeral pyre was built on the site of the *Théâtre Français*, near which a fountain with Joan of Arc's figure as Bellona, now commemorates the tragic event.

Once again into the *Rue Jeanne d'Arc*, at the *Place Verdrel* we come upon one of the façades of the *Palais de Justice*; and, as this is one of the most famous buildings in Rouen, we walk around to *Rue aux Juifs* to see the principal façade. The *Palais de Justice* is probably the most beautiful example of civil architecture of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries. In the centre there rises a delicate and

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charming tower, and the decorations include many statues of such personages as Louis XII., Anne of Brittany, G. d'Amboise and François I. in the costume of the day, and also ladies, monks, laborers, lords, etc., as well as a figure of Justice. The two wings of the building have been restored. The whole edifice bristles with pinnacles, arches, gargoyles and statues, while windows break the lines most effectively. The architects of the cathedral were responsible for the main building, which was constructed in 1499 by Louis XII. for the *Echiquier* of Normandy. The right wing was rebuilt in 1842-1852; and the left dates from 1885. The most interesting room of the interior is that of the *Cour d'Assises*, the old Hall of Parliament, which retains its carved and gilded ceiling of oak, dating from the reign of Louis XII. On the north side, the Palais de Justice faces the *Rue Saint-Lô*.

Now returning to the Rue Jeanne d'Arc (we never can get away from this street), we soon come to the *Rue de la Grosse-Horloge*, a wonderfully lively street and one of the quaintest corners left in Rouen. Some people go so far as to say it is one of the best examples of a mediæval street in existence. On the corner of the *Rue Thouret* the remnant of the old Hôtel-de-Ville may be noted; but, of course, the tourist's gaze falls upon what has long been familiar to him in pictures, the curious old clock-tower and arcade that, arching over the narrow street, joins the belfry-tower to the old Hôtel-de-Ville. The arcade of the *Grosse-Horloge* dates from 1511; and on its

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two sides are placed two enormous dials, which, in former days, used to display various subjects at every hour. The sculptures on the arch represent Christ as the Good Shepherd with his sheep. The tower, or belfry, at the side is very simple. It dates from 1389. Those who climb the two hundred steps will find at the summit two bells, both dating from the Thirteenth Century. One is called the *Cache Ribaud* and the other the *Cloche d'argent*. The latter is always used for a fire-alarm, and is rung every night at nine o'clock for fifteen minutes, keeping up the old tradition of curfew.

After having passed under the arch of the Grosse-Horloge, you see on the left, at the corner of this arch and the *Rue des Vergetiers* and against a little loggia of the Renaissance, a fine fountain, placed there in 1731–1733 by the Duc de Luxembourg. Directly opposite is a shop that offers a tempting display of jewelry.

The Rue de la Grosse-Horloge will bring us into the *Place Notre-Dame*, where we come face to face with the great façade of the Cathedral. To look upon this is an event in a life's experience. Frozen music, fairy cobwebs, stone lace-work,—every comparison, however fantastic or laudatory, is inadequate to describe the west front of Notre-Dame of Rouen.

As with so many old cathedrals, it is difficult to obtain a general view of Notre-Dame on account of the narrow streets and the buildings huddled in its vicinity. The best way to get a comprehensive idea of the structure is to go up to the roof of St. Ouen

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and look at it from above the tops of the intervening houses.

The present Cathedral was re-built after 1200, when the old one was destroyed by fire. The lower part of the *St. Romain* tower is the only remaining part of the old building. Like most of the mediæval cathedrals, Notre-Dame took a long time to build; it was not till 1508 that the ornamentation of the western front was taken in hand. As a result, we can study the whole history and development of the French Gothic style in this one edifice. If we take any particular interest in architecture therefore, we shall begin our examination with the oldest part, the Tour St. Romain.

The cathedral frequently needed repairs and restorations. The wooden spire of the central tower was burned in 1514. The tower was then raised thirty-six feet and the new spire reached a height of 430 feet. It lasted from 1550 to 1822, when it was again struck by lightning and destroyed. It was replaced by a spire of open ironwork which reached an elevation of nearly 500 feet. As a work of art most critics abuse it, but it has many defenders. The west front has recently been thoroughly renovated.

Nestling against the base and clinging to the buttresses of the Tour St. Romain in the *Cour d'Albane* is the porter's lodge. In old days offenders within the precincts were tried in this lodge and imprisoned in a dungeon below the tower. The porter had to guard them. Another of his duties was to look after the dogs that he put into the church every night to

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guard its treasures against thieves. This economical and faithful police force was not abolished till 1760.

The Tour St. Romain was not finished until 1465–1477. It stands on the left and is surmounted by a pointed roof. In it are the clock and cathedral bell. On the right is the *Tour de Beurre*, which was built in 1485–1507 with the money saved by those who denied themselves butter during Lent. This is a beautiful example of Gothic architecture.

Between these towers rises the gorgeous west front with its wealth of pinnacles, open-work arches, balustrades and niches, its three doors, its three hundred statues and its huge rose window. It is most impressive; for its richness dazzles the eye and bewilders the mind. The doors are beautifully carved: the central one is ornamented with the Tree of Jesse; the one on the right with scenes from the life of John the Baptist; and the one on the left has for its subjects Christ in Glory and the Martyrdom of St. Stephen.

The two entrances to the transept are also beautiful, and above each is a splendid rose-window.

The Cathedral is lighted by one hundred and thirty windows besides the three famous rose windows just mentioned. The interior is most imposing: the eye travels the whole length of the edifice and can take in the splendid effect of the long lines of columns, the two galleries and the elegant choir, in which there are ninety-six stalls, carved in 1457–1467 by artists from Flanders and Belgium, who worked under the direction of the sculptor Philippot.

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There are many wonderful statues and carvings and tombs for there are no less than twenty-five side chapels filled with works of art. The tomb of the Cardinals of Amboise, with the two noble kneeling figures, is one of the masterpieces of Renaissance sculpture. The tomb of Louis de Brézé, erected by his widow, Diana of Poitiers, is another famous work, dating from 1535-1544.

In addition to the magnificent religious and civic buildings, in which Rouen is so rich, a walk in almost any direction will reveal to the lover of the picturesque old houses with quaint gables and fine carvings that have survived the march of time and speak to us of other centuries, when people in other costumes and with other manners and customs than our own dwelt in them. In the *Rue Etoupée*, for instance, there is an old house called *Maison de la cité de Jérusalem*, with very curious sculpture, dating from 1580; an old inn in the *Rue des Bons-Enfants*; the house in which Fontenelle was born in the same street; ancient houses of the Fifteenth Century in *Rue de la Vicomté* near the *Rue aux Ours*; a carved wooden house of the time of Henri II. in the *Rue Louis Brune*; houses of the Sixteenth Century in the *Rue de l'Épicerie*; finely carved stone houses of the Renaissance in the *Rue du Bac*; and many others.

“No picture can be conceived of the Fourteenth or Fifteenth Century more perfect in its appointments than that which greets the eye as one walks down the *Rue des Arpents*, a street so narrow that since it was built the sun has never fairly penetrated

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its gloomy shade. The tall houses all but meet above : between their projecting eaves the sky appears as when in some deep mountainous defile one looks aloft to view the slender strip of heaven's blue. In such streets the modern life of rattling wheels and briskly stepping horses is kept at bay ; these are the narrow thoroughfares of a walled city, built for foot-passengers and the mounted cavalier ; and they echo now as then to the clack of *sabots* and the sound of coarse loud voices. . . . Another turning in the street, and one passes from the poverty and gloom to that which made the glory and the grandeur of those struggling centuries. We are in the open square of the Cathedral, whose massive majesty rises aloft like some vast mountain of stone. Its spires and tower pierce the blue ether, as if nature, in a whim of fancy, had lifted into the air a delicate masonry of gigantic cobwebs, and then, magician-like, had turned it to stone." ¹

The people of Rouen were fond of merry-making and had numerous festivals :

“ Within the great Cathedral and the many parish churches were the meeting-places of the people and the centres of their *fêtes*, as recorded by David Ferrand and others. In the more pretentious Latin poems of Hercule Grisel you see how all these *fêtes* and jollities lasted on till well into the Seventeenth Century. The *Fête Ste. Anne*, when boys dressed as Angels and girls as Virgins, ran about the streets ; the *St. Vivien*, which was a great popular fair in *Bois*

¹ Margaret Hunt.

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Guillaume and in the city; the *Festin du Cochon*, when Parliament was dined; the Pentecost, when birds and leaves and flowers were rained upon the congregation from the roof of the Cathedral; the Feast of the Farmers in November, when the principal dish of roast goose was provided by a crowd of boys who had to kill the wretched bird by throwing sticks at it, as it fluttered helplessly at the end of a high pole; the *Papegault*, when the *Cinquantaine*, or Company of Arquebusiers, went a-shooting to settle who should be the *Roi d'Oiseau*, very much as it is described in Germany in the pages of Jean Paul Richter; the *Jeu d'Anguille* in May, when there was a jousting-match upon the river like the water tournaments of Provence; the jollities of Easter Eve when bands of children went about the streets shouting derision at the now dishonored Herring, and pitching barrels and fish-barrows into the river; the greatest and most impressive ceremony of all, the *Levée de la Fierté* upon Ascension Day, which cannot even be hinted at in the space here—all these festivities made up a large part of the life of the real *Rouennais* of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, which was so narrowed and restricted in itself that it took every opportunity of expanding into a common gaiety shared by all the neighbors and the countryside.

“The river was a scene of far greater bustle and activity and picturesqueness than it is now. Like the Thames, the Seine lost half its beauty when the old watermen disappeared. The harbor of the Six-



ROZEN FROM BONSECOURS

Rouen

teenth Century was always full of movement: sailors were always spreading over the riverside streets into the countless inns and drinking-places; the river was full of boats going to and fro; the bank upon the farther side was the fashionable promenade of all the ladies of the town; the bridges were filled with idlers who had no better business than to look on. At the *fête* called the *Gâteau des Rois* all the ships were lit up in the port, and every tradesman in the town sent presents to his customers: the druggist gave gifts of liqueurs and condiments; the bakers brought cakes to every door; the chandlers brought the '*chandelles des Rois*' to every household."¹

The excursions around Rouen are charming. A trip to Bonsecours in the train affords a beautiful view of Rouen and the valley of the Seine; another to the *Forest of Roumare* on the right bank of the Seine will show the traveller fine old trees among which a large number of deer roam at will, and on the borders of which the old abbey of *St. Martin de Boscherville* still remains to show what an old religious house of the Twelfth Century was like.

The lovely *Forêt de la Londe* can be reached by boat and is famous for its oaks, elms and beeches. Then there is *Petit-Couronne*, with the house of *Cornaille* now a regular museum; and, perhaps, best of all, the ruins of the old Abbey of *Jumièges*, built in the Eleventh Century, and surrounded by a beautiful forest. Here Charles VII. lived for a time with the charming *Agnes Sorel*, who owned a manor-house in

¹T. A. Cook.

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the neighborhood ; and Agnes Sorel died here in 1450. There is much to enjoy here dreaming among the ruins and gardens, and the imagination may be stimulated and quickened by a visit to the museum which contains many ancient objects, such as furniture, jewels, pictures, tapestries and armor.

AMIENS

AMIENS is little visited, although it is only two hours from Paris and about the same distance from Rouen; and travellers who go there, as a rule, pay but a flying call, solely to see the magnificent Cathedral. Amiens is, however, almost as interesting a town as Rouen. It was the ancient capital of Picardy, and therefore has had a long history.

Objects of human workmanship of prehistoric times have been found at Amiens, proving that it was a settlement of extreme antiquity. When Gaul was conquered by the Romans, it was the capital of a Celtic tribe called the Ambiani. It soon became an important town, as it was situated at the junction of several Roman roads connecting it with Beauvais, Noyon, Soissons, Boulogne, Arras, Rheims and Paris. Christianity was introduced very early. In 407, a huge host of Franks crossed the frozen Rhine and devastated the Roman provinces, sacking Amiens and other cities. Little is known of it during the Dark Ages. It suffered greatly from the invasions of the Normans.

During the Hundred Years War, the town was attacked by the English and their allies. The possession of the town was long disputed by the Kings of France and the Dukes of Burgundy. Finally, Louis

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XI. took it on the death of Charles the Bold in 1477. The Emperor, Maximilian, who had married the daughter of Charles, tried to surprise Amiens in 1492, but was repulsed by the citizens.

In the first Protestant outbreak, in 1562, the Reformers were crushed and massacred by the Catholics of Amiens. There were scenes of bloodshed even in the Cathedral. In 1588, the city swore solemn allegiance to the League and remained loyal to the last. Henry IV. had been on the throne five years before it recognized him as king. Even then it refused to receive a royal garrison, which resulted in great trouble. Henry, intending to lay siege to Arras in 1597, had collected a lot of artillery and ammunition for the purpose and sent it to Amiens. The Spanish leader, Hernando Tello Porto-Carrero, however, though almost a dwarf, was alert and active. He had discovered that the city was carelessly guarded, particularly during the day; so he brought a body of troops to lie in ambush close to the Montre-Esen gate. On March 11th, while most of the people were at Mass—it was Lent—he sent some wagons loaded with wood into the town. They were in charge of a few picked men disguised as peasants. One of the wagons was halted directly under the portcullis so that it could not be lowered, and then one of the party stumbled and let fall a sack of apples and nuts he was carrying. The guard of the gate started to scramble for the fruit, and the Spaniards produced their concealed weapons and attacked them at a disadvantage. The portcullis stuck in

Amiens

the faggots, and the troops in ambush rushed to the aid of their comrades. The town was captured without any resistance: the Count of St. Pol, the Governor, made a hasty escape by the opposite gate. The Spaniards then pillaged the city, and were soon reinforced and supplied with everything necessary for strong defence. Henry, who was enjoying himself in Paris in company with La Belle Gabrielle, was roused to action, and declared peace must not be mentioned in his presence until so important a city, within so short a distance of the capital had been retaken.

The siege lasted six months, during which Porto-Carrero was slain, and a Spanish army of 20,000 men came to help the besieged, but retired without doing anything: so Amiens surrendered in September. The city lost all its privileges when the king entered; and it was forced to receive a royal garrison.

The Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries were a period of peace and prosperity for Amiens. Even the Revolution produced little tumult in the city. In 1802, a treaty of peace was signed here between Napoleon Bonaparte and England. In little more than a year, however, war broke out again.

Though somewhat austere and grave and dominated by the Cathedral, Amiens is, nevertheless, an attractive town, expressing much that strikes the traveller as being characteristically French. Like many European towns, a ring of boulevards marks the circle of ancient fortifications, of which the old citadel

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across the Somme, and between the *Faubourg Saint Pierre* and the *Faubourg Saint Maurice*, is the only relic. This old Citadel, now perfectly useless, was built by Henry IV. in 1598 and shares with the Cathedral the affections of the townspeople. The Citadel may be called the civic idol, and the Cathedral the religious idol of Amiens.

Of these eight handsome Boulevards, the *Boulevard du Mail* is very fine.

The busiest street is the *Rue de Trois Cailloux*, in which the principal theatres and shops are situated, particularly those of the pastry-cooks and confectioners. From this the *Passage de la Renaissance* runs to the right as you go on towards the *Place Gambetta* (formerly the *Place Périgord*), and the *Rue de la République* on the left, will take the tourist to the *Musée de Picardie*, a handsome building approached by a pretty, though small, garden.

The Museum is a source of great pride. It contains a good gallery of pictures and sculpture and a very complete collection of the historical relics of the old province of Picardy.

The Town Library, which is large and contains many valuable works, is situated on the same street, which ends at the *Place Longueville*;—and this brings us to the Boulevards again.

Pursuing our walk along the circle of Boulevards, we come to the *Promenades de la Hôtoie*, the pretty gardens where public festivals and concerts take place and which are always filled with strollers. Beyond the *Petite Hôtoie* lies the *Faubourg de Hem*.

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Near the *Hôtel-de-Ville*, which was begun in 1550, stands the curious Belfry, built in 1748 and restored in 1865. From the Belfry the street leads to *St. Germain*, a striking church of the Fifteenth Century with a handsome tower; and, beyond, and to the left, rises the Gothic tower of *St. Leu* also dating from the Fifteenth Century. But *St. Germain* and *St. Leu*, fine as they are in carving and glass, are, like all the other churches in Amiens, so overshadowed by the magnificence of *Notre-Dame* that few travellers spare the time even for a peep within their portals.

Amiens is now a large town, containing over eighty thousand inhabitants and is situated on the Somme and its tributaries the Selle and the Arve, very useful in the manufacture of the velvets, woollens, carpets and ribbons for which the town has been famous for centuries.

The Somme divides into about eleven branches forming canals and basins that suggest the towns of Holland. Bridges, large and small, connect the banks, and often the small docks and wharves present a picturesque appearance, such as the *Port d'Amont*, for instance.

From the *Pont du Don* a splendid side view of the Cathedral is obtained, showing the enormously high roof to great advantage and the trees and gardens of the *Bishop's Palace* in which stands a statue of Peter the Hermit, who was a native of Amiens.

The poor quarter of the town lies on the banks of the river and huddles along the canals and docks. It has changed little, if any, since Ruskin wrote:

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“I had a happy walk here this afternoon down among the branching currents of the Somme; it divides into five or six, shallow, green, and not over wholesome, some quite narrow and foul, running beneath clusters of fearful houses, reeling masses of rotten timber, and a few mere stumps of pollard willow sticking out of the banks of soft mud, only retained in shape of bank by being shored up with timbers and boats like paper boats, nearly as thin, at least, for the costermongers to paddle about in among the weeds, the water soaking through the lath bottoms and floating the dead leaves from the vegetable baskets with which they were loaded. Miserable little back-yards, opening to the water, with steep stone steps down to it, and little platforms for the ducks, and separate duck staircases, composed of a sloping board, with cross bits of wood, leading to the ducks’ door, and sometimes a flower-pot or two on them, or even a flower, one group of wall-flowers and geraniums, curiously vivid, being seen against the darkness of a dyers’ back-yard, who had been dyeing black all day, and all was black in his yard but the flowers, and they fiery and pure; the water by no means so, but still working its way steadily over the weeds until it narrowed into a current strong enough to turn two or three mill-wheels, one working against the side of an old flamboyant Gothic church, where richly traceried buttresses sloped into the filthy stream, all exquisitely picturesque, and no less miserable.”

Ruskin, who was very fond of Amiens, advised the



AMIENS: THE CATHEDRAL AND TOWN

Amiens

visitor to walk up the street of Three Pebbles (*Trois Cailloux*) from the Place de Périgord (it was not Place Gambetta when he wrote), stopping at one of the pastry-shops on the left to buy some tarts, or *bonnons*, for the children, and then on past the theatre, through three open arches, past the *Palais de Justice* and thence to the south transept of the Cathedral. "And coming up to the porch," he says, "everybody must like the pretty French Madonna in the middle of it, with her head a little aside, and her nimbus switched a little aside, too, like a becoming bonnet."

Notre-Dame of Amiens is one of the most perfect examples of Gothic architecture. It ranks with St. Peter's at Rome, St. Sophia at Constantinople and the Cologne Cathedral as one of the largest churches in the world; it is so large indeed that it is difficult to get any good view of the outside.

One peculiarity of Amiens Cathedral is that it is peculiarly high, which makes it impressive within and without. It has been called the "Parthenon of Gothic architecture." The great western façade resembles that of Notre-Dame of Paris and Notre-Dame of Rheims.

Although this Cathedral is also dedicated to Our Lady, the central porch of the principal entrance is devoted to Christ. Surrounding him, right and left, are the Apostles and the Prophets. The right porch contains a figure of the Virgin crushing a human headed monster beneath her foot, and the left porch is dedicated to St. Firman, the first missionary to Amiens. Above the porches, which are gabled, runs

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a gallery surmounted by arches in which are statues of the ancient kings of Judah. Above this is the exquisite rose window and above this another gallery joining the two towers.

The interior is superb with its vast forest of columns and wealth of sculpture and carving. The splendid windows known as Earth, Air, Fire, and Water shed their beautiful glowing hues over the scene. But the windows, carvings, statues, tombs and treasures of the many chapels pale before the great feature of this Cathedral,—the hundred stalls of the choir that were carved by four natives of the town from 1508 to 1522. Nowhere in the world is more ornate and exquisite carving to be found.

The present Cathedral was begun in 1220 to replace the older cathedral built by St. Firman the Confessor in honor of St. Firman the Martyr, which had been destroyed by fire in 1218. It was not finished until the end of the Thirteenth Century and the upper part of the towers and the superb western façade were not completed until the Fifteenth Century. The spire dates from 1529.

RHEIMS

UNDER the Romans, Rheims was one of the principal cities of Gaul. Christianity was introduced about 350 and the city was soon the seat of an archbishop. It repulsed an attack by the barbarians in 336, but was captured by the Vandals in 406 and was given up to fire and sword by Alaric in 451. When Clovis destroyed the last vestige of Roman power, the Archbishop, St. Remi, offered him the support of the Church. His wife induced him to become a Christian. When he anointed Clovis, in 496, St. Remi said: "Humble thyself, fierce Sicamber; adore what thou didst burn, and burn what thou hast adored!"

It was believed that the phial containing the holy oil with which Clovis was consecrated had been brought from heaven. It was preserved in the Abbey of St. Remi and Rheims acquired ecclesiastical importance in consequence, for the succeeding kings wanted to be consecrated with the same phial of oil. Thus when Pope Stephen III. fled to Gaul for help on the approach of the Lombards in 753, Pepin the Short induced the Pope to re-crown him at Rheims. Louis le Debonnaire was also crowned there by Pope Stephen IV.

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In 940, the Archbishop of Rheims was made a Peer of France, with the right of coining money. One of the ablest of the Archbishops was Adalberon, who was the chief instrument in ending the Carolingian dynasty in favor of Hugh Capet who was declared king in 987. Pope Sylvester II., who had been Archbishop of Rheims, gave the occupants of that See the sole right of consecrating the French kings; and, consequently from Philip Augustus to Charles X., every sovereign was crowned at Rheims. Perhaps the most impressive of all these brilliant ceremonies was the Coronation of Charles VII. in 1429, when Joan of Arc, with her banner, stood beside the high altar of the Cathedral and afterwards told the King that her divine mission was now accomplished.

“ This celestial figure illuminated by the mysterious rays that fell through the painted glass seemed the angel of France presiding at the resurrection of the country: one would say that at the call of the trumpets, which sounded loud enough to burst the vault of the Cathedral, all that vast concourse of mute and motionless seraphim, bishops and kings which fill and surround the august basilica were called into life.

“ After the peers had proclaimed the king and Charles VII. had been anointed, Jeanne advanced towards him and embraced his knees, weeping hot tears ‘ Gentle King,’ she said, ‘ here is expressed the pleasure of God who wished to see you come to Rheims to receive your sacred dignity showing that

Rheims

you are the true king, to whom the kingdom should belong.'

"Acclamations, broken by sympathetic weeping, were heard in all parts of the Cathedral. It was France awakening to a new birth, who was crowning herself. Nothing so great had taken place in the city of Saint-Remi since the day that the Apostle of the Franks had initiated Clovis and his people into the Christian faith."¹

Notwithstanding the magnificence of the Cathedral, the traveller can see Rheims in half a day; for the only other monument that demands a visit is the Church of St. Remi. Rheims as a town offers very little of interest since so many of the quaint old streets have been swept away for the sake of the wide and handsome boulevards, which gave Rheims quite a Parisian character. Of course the enormous Cathedral towers over the whole city, and all the large hotels and *cafés*, as well as shops that the tourist likes to patronize, cluster around it.

Notre-Dame is an ideal Gothic cathedral. At first glimpse it is not unlike *Notre-Dame* of Paris; but when the eye examines and compares the two critically, differences will be detected. It has, however, the same magnificent western façade, with the two open-work bell-towers; the row of statues; the three portals filled with sculpture and carvings; and the glorious rose-window. Nothing seems wanting to delight the eye and charm the mind.

The Cathedral had its origin in the little church

¹ Henri Mertin.

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in which St. Remi baptized Clovis, which was replaced by a larger church in 1211. In the next year the Archbishop began to build the present Cathedral, which was finished in 1242 and which was enlarged at the end of the Thirteenth Century by lengthening the nave, as the church was too small to hold the crowds that came to see the coronations. The glorious west façade was finished in the Fourteenth Century. Its principal features are the three portals with their numerous statues, the great rose-window, the *Galerie de Rois* (the Kings of France) and the two towers, in the southern one of which hang the two great bells. The central portal is devoted to the Virgin, while the carvings and statues on the left portal relate to the life of St. Paul and that on the right to the Last Judgment.

One of the two portals of the north transept is dedicated to St. Remi. On the other there is a beautiful small figure of Christ in benediction. Over the choir there is a tower known as the Angels' Tower, which is also decorated with statues.

The sculpture of this Cathedral ranks with the most beautiful produced in the Thirteenth Century; and there are no less than two thousand five hundred statues here, which make the Cathedral of Rheims a unique monument of decorative and monumental sculpture. It is only by a trip to the roof that one can fully appreciate the number of these productions: apostles, giants, kings, queens, saints, angels, fantastic monsters, mascarons, caryatides and gargoyles, project from the pinnacles of the but-

Rheims

tresses, fill the niches and ornament the balustrades of the roof in bewildering variety.

The interior of the Cathedral is equally impressive. It is nearly five hundred feet long and over a hundred and twenty feet high, and the nave and transepts have aisles, and the former eight bays. Eight chapels surround the choir. Marvellous statues and carvings, superb tapestries, rich altars, chapel paintings, the pulpit of St. Remi, a rood-screen of the Fifteenth Century, fonts, tombs, and rich pavement make a collection of marvels, while the resplendent windows create a dazzling effect.

The windows of Rheims are among the most beautiful in existence. Those in the choir and nave are considered masterpieces of the glass-workers art; but the greatest treasure is the enormous western rose; and when the light of the setting sun is thrown upon it the whole interior of the church is illuminated as if by a conflagration.

Behind the Cathedral stands the *Bishop's Palace*, a very large and handsome building, begun in 1498, finished in 1509, and partly rebuilt in 1575. It contains a chapel that dates from 1230; a fine suite of rooms that were used by the Kings when they came to be crowned; and the hall in which the royal banquet was served.

It is well to take from this point the tram-car, which, passing down the *Rue Gambetta*, will carry us directly to St. Remi, a beautiful church of the Eleventh and Twelfth Centuries, rebuilt over a more ancient chapel that contained the body of the saint

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whose name it bears. The west façade is a fine Gothic work of the Twelfth Century. The interior is very noble and renowned for its beautiful glass windows of the Eleventh and Twelfth Centuries. Behind the high altar is the Tomb of St. Remi, a sort of temple in marble of various colors surrounded by a group of white marble statues, representing the saint baptizing Clovis accompanied by the Twelve Peers of France. These are the only statues in St. Remi that escaped the fury of the French Revolution. The Tomb, however, only dates from 1847.

Adjoining the Church is the old abbey of St. Remi, now transformed into the *Hôtel Dieu*, or Hospital. The fine old cloisters still remain and repay a visit.

The superb west front of the Cathedral faces the *Place du Parvis*, on which was erected in 1896 the bronze equestrian statue of Jeanne d'Arc. The *Hôtel de la Maison Rouge* on this square bears an inscription informing everybody that in the year 1429 the father and mother of Jeanne d'Arc were entertained in this inn, then called the *Ane Rayé*, at the expense of the city, during the coronation of Charles VII.

The *Rue Carnot* is a continuation of the *Rue du Vesle* beyond the Palais du Justice. It ends at the *Place Royale*, which, with the *Place des Marches*, marks the very centre of old Rheims.

The Place Royale, created in 1759 by Legendre, is a square surrounded by houses with arcades and balustrades. On the south is the old *Hôtel des Fer-*

Rheims

mes with a beautiful statue of Mercury surrounded by children on the gable; and in the very centre of the square is the bronze statue of Louis XV., dressed as a Roman and crowned with a laurel wreath. This statue was placed there in 1818. Beyond the square the *Rue Ceres* is a continuation of the *Rue Carnot*; and, therefore, prolongs the *Rue du Vesle*, cutting a line across old Rheims from one end to the other. In the *Rue Ceres* we find some old houses, including the one in which Colbert, Louis XIV's great minister, was born.

The *Rue Colbert*, which joins the *Place Royale* to the *Place des Marches*, occupying the ancient forum, is a very animated square, which still retains some of its old houses: No. 9, of the Fifteenth Century, has a fine wooden façade which is much admired.

In the adjacent *Rue de Tambour* there is an interesting house of the Fourteenth Century, known as the *Maison des Musiciens*, built for the poet Guillaume de Machau and remarkable for the figures of the five musicians seated in the niches across the front.

The same street will bring us to the *Hôtel-de-Ville*, begun in the days of Louis XIII. and only finished in our time.

If we should like to prolong our walk from the *Hôtel-de-Ville*, either the *Rue de Mars*, or the *Rue Henri IV.* will bring us to the triumphal arch at the end of the promenades adjoining the station, near the old gate known as the *Porte de Mars*. It is said to have been built by Agrippa, when Governor of Gaul,

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in honor of Julius and Augustus Cæsar, and was named from a Temple of Mars that stood near here, on the old Roman road from Laon to Soissons. It is a very peculiar relic of ancient times, and has only been entirely exposed since 1857; for before that date it was enclosed in the ramparts. Some of its ornamentation remains, for example eight Corinthian columns; Romulus and Remus with the wolf under one of the arcades; Leda and the Swan; and, not far away, a Roman mosaic pavement is visible.

The boundaries of Rheims are quite clearly marked by the Vesle and a canal, and by large and leafy promenades that continue all the way from the railway station to the river; and on all the other sides of the town by a ring of shady boulevards, on which are built the sumptuous mansions of the rich wine-merchants. Beyond the boulevards and the Vesle, there is a wide zone of manufacturing and industrial suburbs that have increased very much of late years; for Rheims is a great manufacturing town and the centre of the champagne trade. The Champagne cellars, particularly the Caves Pommery, beyond the Pommery Gardens, are very interesting to visit.

PARIS

PARIS is built on the Seine, which flows through the great city in a sort of semi-circle for about seven miles from the fortifications at Bercy to the fortifications at Auteuil. The winding river cuts Paris into two portions: Paris of the Right Bank (*Rive Droite*) and Paris of the Left Bank (*Rive Gauche*). In the middle of the Seine there are two islands: the *Ile de la Cité* and the *Ile St. Louis*, both of which are covered with buildings and connected to the Right and Left Banks by bridges. These two islands are the oldest parts of Paris. One passes almost insensibly through the *Ile de la Cité* by the *Boulevard de Sébastopol*, which crosses the river from the Right Bank by the *Pont au Change*, and becomes the *Boulevard St. Michel* on the Left Bank.

In the Middle Ages, Paris was divided into three parts: *La Cité*, on the islands; the *Ville*, on the Right Bank; and the *Quartier Latin*, or University, on the Left Bank.

The first mention of Paris is in the Commentaries of Cæsar, who calls it Lutetia. Lutetia was the chief village of the tribe called Parisii, built on the island in the Seine, known in later times as the *Ile de la Cité*. Under the Romans Lutetia, as it was still

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called, became an important town. Constantine Chlorus built a Roman palace there, called the Thermes, in the Third Century, which was enlarged by Julian and was of great size.

Gibbon says that Lutetia "was accessible only by two wooden bridges. A forest overspread the northern side of the Seine; but on the south the ground which now bears the name of the university, was insensibly covered with houses and adorned with a palace and amphitheatre, baths and aqueduct and a field of Mars for the exercise of the Roman troops." The *Champ de Mars*, therefore, which stretches out behind the *Eiffel Tower*, is the survival of an old tradition.

The name of Paris was substituted for that of Lutetia in the Fourth Century, when, during Julian's reign a great council, called Parisea Civites, was held in Lutetia.

Roman Paris occupied the Ile de la Cité and the Ile St. Louis, and considerable ground on both adjacent banks. The Roman walls, of which many remains have been unearthed of late years, were constructed in 406. Christianity was introduced soon afterwards, when the Temple of Jupiter on the Ile de la Cité was turned into a Christian church.

St. Geneviève, the patron saint of Paris, is said to have saved the city in 451, during the invasion of the Huns under Attila, and to have procured supplies during the siege by Childeric. She also induced the clergy to build a church in honor of St. Denis. By her advice, Paris surrendered to Clovis, King of the

Paris

Franks, in 497; but only after his conversion to Christianity.

Clovis made Paris his capital in 508 and built the church of St. Peter and St. Paul, which afterwards became the Church of St. Geneviève.

The city prospered under the Merovingian kings, who built many churches and religious houses. From 700 to 900, however, Paris was greatly neglected and ceased to be the capital under Charlemagne. It suffered from the attacks of the Normans in 845, 856 and 861; and the obstinate siege of 885-6 brought Charles the Fat to its aid. However, he timidly bought off the invaders instead of fighting. With the return of security, the suburbs rapidly grew; and in 987 the city finally became the capital of the kingdom under Hugh Capet.

The Roman style of architecture changed for the Gothic under Louis VII. (1137-1180). From this period date the choir of *St. Germain des Près* and the *Cathedral of Notre-Dame*. Philip Augustus was the first to live almost exclusively in Paris: he built the *Louvre*, established the *University* (1200), built a new line of fortifications around the busy district on the Right Bank and ordered the streets to be paved and lighted.

Louis IX. (1226-1244), was equally fond of Paris; but preferred to the Louvre the *Palace of La Cité* (where the *Palais de Justice* now stands), which he rebuilt in splendor, and erected the *Sainte Chapelle* by its side for the use of the royal household.

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Charles V. built the *Palace of St. Pol*, where he died in 1380, and the more celebrated *Bastille*.

Paris saw little of Charles VII., Louis XI., Charles VIII. and Louis XII. Francis I. demolished the old Louvre, and the new palace was still unfinished when the three sons of Catherine de' Medici went there to reside. This great queen began the *Tuileries* for herself; and, likewise, Marie de' Medici built the *Luxembourg*. Charles IX. lived at the Louvre. On the accession of Henri IV. of Navarre in 1589, a new era began for Paris for many improvements were made.

The improvements were continued under the minority of his son Louis XIII. and his great adviser, Cardinal Richelieu, and afterwards to Louis XIV., who destroyed the old fortifications or bulwarks (boulevards) and made in their place splendid avenues planted with trees, which he called by the same old name of Boulevards. Among the most famous Boulevards cut through Paris in those days were the Capucines, the Italiens, the Madeleine, Montmartre and the Poissonière. He also erected four triumphal arches in memory of his victories two of which—the *Porte St. Denis* and the *Porte St. Martin*—still remain.

Many changes took place during the terrible days of the Revolution, when the Bastille was destroyed and the guillotine kept busy in full view of the Tuileries and the Louvre. Improvements for a new Paris were begun under the first Napoleon; when new squares, markets, streets, public gardens, bridges and

Paris

quays were created; but his downfall arrested the superb embellishments of Paris. Napoleon III., with the assistance of Baron Hausmann, the prefect of the Seine, turned Paris into the brilliant modern city it now is. When he came to the throne, Paris, generally speaking, consisted of narrow, dark and ill-ventilated streets, badly lighted at night and with no side-pavements. Broad straight Avenues or Boulevards were cut mercilessly through houses and streets that were cleared away and obliterated so that the squares should be connected and wide thoroughfares should cross Paris east and west, north and south. The old Boulevards were completed, forming outer and inner circles around the outskirts of the old Paris and the distant suburbs.

These were barely finished when came the siege of Paris by the Germans in 1870-1871, which, however, was not so disastrous to the city as were the acts of wanton destruction when the Red Republicans rose in the spring of 1871 and declared the Commune the only lawful government. The Communists set fire with petroleum to many of the chief buildings, among which were the Tuileries and the *Hôtel-de-Ville*. The Louvre, the *Palais Royal*, and most of the *Palais de Justice* were fortunately saved.

Among the finest of the new streets made in the reign of Napoleon III. were the *Rue de Rivoli* (two miles long), the *Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré*, the *Rue de la Paix* and the *Rue Royale*.

On its journey through Paris, the Seine is arched by about thirty bridges, the oldest of which are *Pont*

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Notre Dame and *Pont Neuf*. The former, which crosses the river near the Cathedral, was built in 1500. *Pont Neuf*, which runs over the narrow tip of the *Ile de la Cité*, spanning the river on both sides of the island, is, perhaps, the most celebrated of all the Seine bridges. It was begun in 1572 and finished in 1604 in the reign of *Henri IV.*, an equestrian statue of whom stands at the western end of the bridge.

The *Pont Notre Dame*, a stone bridge, was finished in 1512, but was almost entirely rebuilt in 1852. Between *Notre Dame* and *Pont Neuf*, the *Pont au Change* crosses the river.

Taking *Pont Notre Dame* as a starting point and going down the river towards *Auteuil*, we pass *Pont au Change*, with the *Tribunal of Commerce* on our left and the bright *Flower Market*; *Pont Neuf*; *Pont des Arts*, with the *Louvre* on our right, and on our left the *Institute of France*, formerly the *Collège Mazarin*, standing the side of the famous old *Tour de Nesle*; next comes the *Pont du Carrousel*, leading to the *Place du Carrousel* within the *Tuileries*; next, *Pont Royal* that may be said to mark the end of the great *Louvre* and *Tuileries* palaces; then we pass the *Pont de Solférino*; and then the *Pont de la Concorde*, leading to the *Place de la Concorde*, with the *Tuileries Gardens* and the *Place de la Concorde* on our right. The next bridge is the *Pont Alexander III.*, erected to commemorate the *Czar of Russia's* visit to *Paris* in 1896. It is easily recognized by the four winged horses that guard the four corners. On the *Left Bank* it leads directly to the *Hôtel des Invalides*.

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Next comes the *Pont des Invalides*, which is very wide; and, after it, the *Pont de l'Alma*, built in 1856; and then the *Pont de Iéna*, with its four groups of horses leading to the *Trocadéro* on the right and crossing the Seine close by the Eiffel Tower on the left. Beyond lie the *Pont de Passy*, and the *Pont de Grevelle*, between which is situated the narrow island of the Swans; then comes *Pont Mirabeau*, and finally the *Pont d'Auteuil* joins the ramparts that form the western boundaries of Paris.

If we should take the boat at the Pont Notre Dame and go up the river to Bercy, we first pass under the *Pont d'Arcole*, with the Hôtel-de-Ville on our left and the Cathedral of Notre-Dame (which we cannot see from the boat) on our right. The four bridges on the south side of the Ile de la Cité are *St. Michel*, *Petit*, *au Double* and *de l'Archevêché*. In front of us is the island of St. Louis, connected with the Ile de la Cité by the *Pont St. Louis*. On our right stands the grewsome *Morgue*. Next we pass, under the *Pont de la Tournelle*, and then *Pont Sully*, from which the *Boulevard Henri Quatre* will take us directly to the *Place de la Bastille*. After leaving the Pont Sully, on our right, we pass the *Jardin des Plantes* (on the Left Bank); and, after slipping under the *Pont d'Austerlitz*, we reach the *Pont de Bercy*, beyond which, on our left, wine casks line the bank of the river for about a mile.

As the Ile de la Cité is the oldest part of Paris, it is well for us to begin our explorations at this point. Moreover, upon it stand the Cathedral of

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Notre-Dame, the Sainte-Chapelle, the Palais de Justice with the old *Conciergerie* close at hand, and the modern *Hôtel Dieu*.

Although not far from Notre-Dame, Sainte-Chapelle is so surrounded by the buildings of the Palais de Justice that it is quite difficult to find. It stands in a courtyard of the Palais de Justice which was built on the site of the old Royal Palace of which the Sainte-Chapelle was the chapel. Indeed, this famous building consists of two chapels, one above the other, said to correspond in height with the floors of the Royal Palace. The upper chapel was reserved for royalty and the lower one for the use of the household.

The Sainte-Chapelle, which is considered a gem of Gothic architecture, was built in 1245-1248 at the order of King Louis IX., generally called St. Louis, as a shrine for the holy relics he bought and brought home from Palestine. These were said to be thorns from the Crown of Thorns and a nail from the Cross.

The upper church is very beautiful and much of its beauty is derived from the fifteen large windows filled with glass of the Thirteenth Century and the fine rose window of the Fifteenth Century at the west end. The walls and roof are decorated in red and blue and gold profusely sprinkled with gold stars. The Sainte-Chapelle has been very finely restored and miraculously escaped destruction during the Commune of 1871 when the Palais de Justice was set on fire by the mob.

So intimately connected are the Sainte-Chapelle and the Palais de Justice that the latter can be en-

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tered from a glass door near the west end of the upper chapel. Passing through this, the visitor finds himself in the Galerie Marchande and from this may enter the large Salle des Pas Perdus. In the autumn on the opening of the Courts of Justice the "Red Mass" is always celebrated in the Sainte-Chapelle.

The Palais de Justice, a fine view of which may be had from the Point au Change, is a very large building some parts of which date from the Fourteenth Century but the greater part has been rebuilt since the fire of 1776. The three circular towers with conical roofs facing the Seine belonged to the old Gothic building. In the Palais de Justice various courts of law and police courts are held. Within the precincts of the Palais de Justice are the Sainte Chapelle and the famous prison of the Conciergerie, in which Marie Antoinette, Robespierre, and Danton were confined.

Nearer the river is the modern Tribunal de Commerce behind which is the Flower Market.

Who can look upon Notre Dame for the first time unmoved? Like the Tower of London and St. Peter's at Rome this magnificent old cathedral is familiar to every one from early childhood. Therefore to stand in front of the western façade and gaze upon the wide portals, the great galleries, the superb rose window and the unfinished square towers is the experience of a life-time. What a noble building it is and how it seems, more than anything else in Paris, to be the sign and symbol of its greatness and the epitome of

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its history! In this cathedral the Te Deum was always sung after the French army had won battles, and in it the standards taken from the enemy were hung while the wars lasted. Though many critics prefer the view of the apse with the wonderful flying buttresses, most people like best to linger before the west front.

All these entrances are filled with beautiful sculpture. The central one is called *Porte du Jugement* (the Last Judgment) and is a mass of figures. The sculptures on the other two doors, the *Porte de la Vierge* and the *Porte Ste. Anne*, represent the lives of the Virgin and St. Anne. The iron-work on the doors is so beautiful that it is said the blacksmith who made it called the Devil to help him.

Above these three richly ornamented portals runs a long gallery filled with statues of the Kings of Judah, and above this comes the Gallery of the Virgin where stands a beautiful statue of the Madonna with attendant angels and Adam and Eve. Above this again runs a row of arches surmounted by a gallery where the grotesque monsters attract many visitors; and indeed a visit to Notre-Dame is not complete until a trip is made to this gallery, to gain an idea of the roof, the towers and the host of pinnacles, gargoyles, finials, crochets and statues and also a view of Paris and the winding Seine that almost bathes the walls of the cathedral.

In the south tower hangs the huge Bourdon of Notre-Dame that weighs more than sixteen tons and had a deep splendid tone. This bell was presented

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by Jean de Montaigne in 1400 and was named for his wife Jacqueline; but when the bell was refounded and rechristened in 1686 it was given the name of Emanuel Louis Thérèse, in honor of Louis XIV. and his wife.

The interior of Notre-Dame is very impressive. The long lines of heavy columns are carved upon their capitals with devices taken from the leaves of the woods and fields near Paris; the choir is very fine and the windows rich with ancient glass, some of which date from the Twelfth Century. Behind the choir there is a beautiful Lady Chapel containing much old glass and many fine carvings.

The little door called *Porte Rouge* at the south end of the transept dates from the Thirteenth Century and is much admired for its architecture and sculpture. The rose windows in the north and south transept vie in beauty with the great wheel or rose in the western end of the church. From 1182 to the present day Notre-Dame has been the scene of many important ceremonies of the church and state, although the coronations of the Kings of France took place at Rheims Cathedral. However, Henry VI. of England was crowned in Notre-Dame as King of France on Dec. 17, 1431, then only ten years old. In 1804 Napoleon's coronation took place here. Through the great nave other brilliant processions have passed for the baptisms, marriages and funerals of royal and princely houses, among which we may cite the marriage of Mary Stuart to Francis II. in 1552 and that of Henri of Navarre to Marguerite de Valois, six

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days before the massacre on the Eve of St. Bartholomew. Here also Louis Napoleon and Eugénie were married in 1853, and here their son was christened in 1857.

Its seven centuries of history and the extreme beauty of its architecture make Notre-Dame one of the most celebrated buildings of the world. On its site a Roman temple stood and after that two Christian churches, dedicated to St. Marie and to St. Etienne. The former was rebuilt by Childebert about the year 520; and these two churches were used for great religious ceremonies and royal pageants. By the Twelfth Century they were both falling into ruins and about 1160 the Bishop Maurice de Sully decided to replace them with one grand cathedral. Consequently, the corner stone of the present Notre-Dame was laid in 1163; in 1182 the great altar was consecrated; and in 1185 the choir was dedicated. The great western front with the two towers was begun in 1280.

The splendid old fabric, however, has suffered from the hands of vandals. In 1793 the Revolutionists doomed it to destruction; but changed their minds and turned it into a Temple of Reason, placing a statue of Liberty over the altar; and again in 1871 the Communists set fire to it, but little injury was done; and Notre-Dame still presides over Paris the true patron of the city notwithstanding St. Denis, whose famous Abbey lies five miles west of Paris on the Seine, and St. Geneviève, who rests in *St. Etienne du Mont*.

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Crossing the river by the Pont des Arts, we will go straight to the Louvre and take this famous palace as the starting-point for the sights of the northern side, or Right Bank. Generally speaking, this is "gay Paree"; for on this side of the river are the great Boulevards; the Opera House; most of the theatres and cafés; the brilliant streets; the fashionable shops; and all the glare and glitter and brightness for which Paris is so famous. The fashionable residential quarter also lies on this side in the *Chaussée d'Antin*, west of the *Madeleine* and in the *Faubourg St. Honoré*. Here, too, official and diplomatic life centres around the residence of the President of France. His palace, the *Elysée*, situated in the *Faubourg St. Honoré*, in gardens that reach behind it to the *Champs Elysées*, is a mansion of historical associations.

This palace was built for the Count of Evreux at the beginning of the Eighteenth Century, but was afterwards enlarged. It was one of the residences of Madame de Pompadour; then of the Duchess of Bourbon, from whom it received the name of *Elysée Bourbon*; then of the first Napoleon; and then of Louis Napoleon, and, therefore, was called *Elysée Napoléon*.

Between the Pont des Arts, Pont du Carrousel and Pont Royal stretch the *Quai du Louvre* and the *Quai des Tuileries* for about a mile. Here extend the magnificent buildings of the Louvre, connecting with what is left of the Palace of the Tuileries, followed by the gardens of the Tuileries and the Champs

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Elysées. On the other side, this superb group of palaces and gardens faces the Rue de Rivoli, which runs in a straight line to the Place de la Bastille, changing its name on the way to *Rue St. Antoine*. The Palace of the Louvre consists of extensive buildings enclosing a square: the north wall faces the Rue du Rivoli; the east, the Rue du Louvre with the old church of *St. Germain l'Auxerrois*; the west, the façade of the Tuileries; and the south, the Seine, or, to be more explicit, the Quai du Louvre.

The Louvre was originally a hunting-lodge in a forest where wolves abounded; and from the word *loup* for wolf some authorities derive the name. Others say it comes from the Saxon word *lower*, meaning a fortified camp. Philip Augustus replaced this simple building with a castle, a mass of fortified towers and prison walls around a court-yard. This old Gothic building was demolished by Francis I., who began the present Louvre, which was completed by Louis XIII. The long gallery, west of the south-west corner of the original quadrangle, was begun by Henri II. and finished by Henri IV. The main façade of this looks upon the Seine and really forms a connecting link between the Louvre and the Tuileries. This was finished in 1608 and the frieze is adorned with beautiful statues by Jean Goujon. Louis XIII. completed the west side, and Louis XIV., the south side. The east side, known as the Colonnade of the Louvre (555 feet long), was begun in 1665 and finished in 1670. The edifice was not finished because Louis XIV. had re-

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moved his court to Versailles and was more interested in embellishing his palace there. Consequently parts of the Louvre remained roofless; and temporary buildings encroached up to the very walls of the palace. These were cleared away in the early days of the First Republic. The building was finally completed by Louis Napoleon, who built the huge wings extending west of the old palace.

Long ago the Louvre ceased to be a royal residence; and in 1793 was converted into a picture gallery and museum of antiquities. These treasures are situated in the original Louvre and the south wing of the new Louvre. If we include the sculpture, the Assyrian, Egyptian, Etruscan, Greek, Roman and other antiquities, the furniture, the carvings, the tapestries, the gems, the enamels and other curios, as well as the paintings (of which there are over 2,500) the Louvre is, perhaps, the greatest of all museums. Some of the most famous pictures in the world are here, such as Leonardo da Vinci's "Mona Lisa," Raphael's "Belle Jardinière" and Murillo's "Holy Family" and one of his most beautiful examples of the "Immaculate Conception." In the sculpture gallery, the greatest treasure is the "Venus de Milo."

The space that connects the Louvre with what remains of the Tuileries is known as the *Place du Carrousel* from which a fine view is to be had of the Tuileries gardens, the *Place de la Concorde* and the Champs Elysées. Until Napoleon III. removed all the buildings that were crowded into the number of poor and narrow streets that entered this square, the

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Place du Carrousel had rather a mean appearance. When this was cleared and the two palaces of the Louvre and Tuileries were united, this splendid mass of buildings covered about sixty acres. The Palace of the Tuileries was built on ground occupied by lime-kilns or *tuileries*, and was begun in 1566 by Catherine de' Medici but was finished by others. Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette and the other members of the royal family were brought here from Versailles at the beginning of the Revolution; when they escaped they were brought back and compelled to stay in the Palace until they were removed to the Temple. The Tuileries was used as the royal residence from the Restoration to the war of 1870. The main building, which faced the gardens and reached from the Rue de Rivoli to the Pont Royal, was burned by the Commune in 1871: the north and south wings only are left. In the south wing, restored after this fire, is situated the Pavillon de Flore in which Marie Antoinette used to hold her receptions. Beyond, the Tuileries Gardens, planted by Louis XIV., reach to the Place de la Concorde, which, therefore, connects the Gardens of the Tuileries with the Champs Elysées. The Obelisk brought from Luxor in 1836 marks the spot where stood the guillotine at which Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, Philippe Egalité, Danton, Robespierre and others were beheaded when the Place de la Concorde was called the *Place de la Révolution*. Beyond the Champs Elysées the great *Avenue des Champs Elysées* runs in a straight line to Napoleon's magnificent *Arc de Triomphe de*

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l'Étoile, begun in 1806 but not finished until 1836. The reliefs upon it represent Napoleon's victories. From this great Arch several fine avenues radiate in all directions through the finest residential quarter of Paris. On the south the *Avenue de Kléber* and the *Avenue de Iéna* lead to the *Palais de Trocadéro*, a sort of Oriental building built for the Exposition of 1889. It is now a fine museum in the midst of handsome and well-kept gardens.

The *Avenue de la Hoche* will take us on the north to the pretty *Parc de Monceau*; the Avenue des Champs Elysées is continued as the *Avenue de Neuilly* leading to Neuilly; and the *Avenue Victor Hugo* and the *Avenue du Bois de Boulogne* will take us directly to the *Bois de Boulogne*, beyond the line of fortifications.

The *Bois de Boulogne* is an enormous park of about 2,250 acres. It was once part of the Forest of Rouvray and belonged to the Crown. Napoleon III. gave it to the people in 1852.

We have now gone west of the Louvre. Let us now go east. First, on the Rue du Louvre we find the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, the bell of which gave the signal for the massacre of the Huguenots on St. Bartholomew's Eve, 1572. Who can hear this bell without emotion? St. Germain is one of the most interesting churches in Paris. Though it dates from the Ninth Century the oldest part of the present edifice is of the Twelfth Century. The imposing western entrance or porch is of the Fifteenth Century. Not far away, on the Rue de Rivoli, the

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tower of *St. Jacques de la Boucherie* is all that remains of a church that was destroyed at the close of the Eighteenth Century. This old tower is a fine specimen of Sixteenth Century Gothic architecture; and if we climb to the top we shall be rewarded by an extensive view of Paris.

Continuing our walk down the Rue de Rivoli, we soon come to the Hôtel-de-Ville, which occupies the site of the magnificent old Hôtel-de-Ville, destroyed by the Commune of 1871. This was a beautiful Renaissance palace, begun in the reign of Francis I. and nearly trebled in size by modern additions. From one of its windows Louis XVI. was forced to show himself on Oct. 6, 1789, wearing the tricolor cockade. The present Hôtel-de-Ville was rebuilt in the style of the old one; but with greater magnificence. This building has pavilions in the centre and at each corner is surmounted by a clock-tower. It is decorated with statues of famous Parisians. The Prefect of the Seine, the chief magistrate of Paris, lives here and has his offices here also.

As it nears the Place de la Bastille, the Rue de Rivoli becomes the *Rue St. Antoine*. We are now in the *Faubourg St. Antoine*, a manufacturing quarter, the home of rather poor people, and workers, especially carpenters, wood-carvers and cabinet-makers. Here, too, we find the town home of Madame de Sévigné, the *Maison Carnavalet*, now a municipal museum.

The Place de la Bastille is now marked by a tall column standing in a circle where a number of ave-

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nues meet and diverge again. This column denotes the site of the old fortress, originally the Castle of Paris, built by order of Charles V. between 1370 and 1383 at the *Porte St. Antoine* as a defense against the English. When it became a state prison in the Sixteenth Century, vast bulwarks and moats were added. The Bastille had four enormous towers five stories high in which, as well as in the cellars beneath them, the prisons were situated. The prisoners of the Bastille, were, as a rule, celebrities and persons in high life sacrificed to political intrigue, family quarrels, court intrigue or religious persecution. On the 14th of July, 1789, the mob rushed to the Bastille and took it by storm, killing Delaunay, the governor and several of his officers. On the following day the people began to destroy the hated prison.

About a mile north-east of the Place de la Bastille is the enormous cemetery of *Père-la-Chaise*, where many famous Frenchmen are buried. Two other cemeteries are almost equally famous: *Montmartre*, in the extreme north of Paris on the summit of a long steep hill; and *Montparnasse*, south of the Luxembourg on the left bank.

Nearer to the Seine than *Père-la-Chaise* and on the way towards Charenton lies the *Bois de Vincennes*, a beautiful park, resembling the more fashionable Bois de Boulogne, but larger in extent. Its 2,275 acres once, like the Bois de Boulogne, formed part of a royal forest, which was greatly improved by Louis XV. The Bois de Vincennes is to the East-enders of Paris what Epping Forest is to the East-enders

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of London. In the centre is a large open space used as an exercising-ground for soldiers; there is also a race-course in the Bois de Vincennes; and three lakes, one of which is fifty acres in size.

The old castle of Vincennes, now used as a store house for artillery, was a favorite dwelling for royalty from the Twelfth to the Fourteenth Century, when it was turned into a state prison. Henri of Navarre, Condé, Fouquet, Mirabeau and the Cardinal de Retz are a few of the distinguished captives that have sighed behind its walls.

North of the Louvre on the Rue de Rivoli stands the *Palais Royal*, a mass of buildings consisting of a palace, theatres, public gardens, bazaars, shops, restaurants and cafés. The original palace, which was built for Cardinal Richelieu in 1634-1636, on the site of the *Hôtel Rambouillet*, has suffered greatly from fire and has been several times rebuilt. It is now closed to the public, but behind it is a long garden with seats where the band plays in summer afternoons, when people flock here in great numbers to enjoy the music, the grass, the flowers and the fountains. Surrounding the garden is a colonnade beneath which are shops the windows of which are filled with jewelry, fans, and pretty articles that are Parisian in character.

The spot is historical. Cardinal Richelieu bequeathed his palace to Louis XIII. Henrietta Maria, the widow of Charles I. of England, dwelt in it for some time, and after her Anne of Austria and her young son Louis XIV. In this palace

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the Duke of Orleans held his wild orgies when he was Regent, and during the reign of his son Philippe Egalité it became the centre for political intrigue, and revolutionary meetings were held here. This prince, both for the sake of his low purse and to please the *Sans-culottes* of Paris, who were striving for equality, made part of the gardens a public resort and converted the pavilions of the court into bazaars. On his downfall, the Republicans took possession of the Palais Royal and used it for the sittings of the tribunes during the Reign of Terror. It was into these gardens that Camille Desmoulins rushed from a neighboring *café* on Sunday, July 12, 1789, and, springing upon a table, made the great speech inciting the people to arms, and, taking the leaves from the trees, bade the crowd wear a green leaf for a badge. It was this crowd that marched the next day to the Hôtel des Invalides, where muskets were found, and thus armed marched to the Bastille.

On the restoration of the Bourbons, the Palais Royal came back into possession of the Orleans family and Louis Philippe lived here until he ascended the throne in 1830. In 1848 it was sacked by the mob when many fine paintings and other works of art were destroyed. It was repaired and magnificently refurnished by the Emperor and given by him in 1855 to his uncle, Jerome Bonaparte, whose son Prince Napoleon lived there until 1871 when the Red Republicans set fire to it. The latter's apartments were destroyed; but the flames were checked before they reached the galleries and shops.

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At one end of the Palais Royal we find the Théâtre Français, built towards the end of the Eighteenth Century, the home of the best acting in France. Upon its stage all the great actors and actresses have appeared and many famous plays have had their first presentation.

The Théâtre Français marks the beginning of the Avenue de l'Opéra, one of the most brilliant streets in Paris that runs in a straight line directly to the Opera House. The Opera House is one of the sights of Paris. It was finished in 1874 and looks impressively down the street which bears its name. The front is decorated with statues. Within it is very sumptuous. The chief features are the foyer, in which people promenade between the acts, and the magnificent staircase, the columns and steps of which are of white marble, the handrail onyx, the balusters of rosso antico and the ceilings, wall-paintings and electric lights most brilliant.

From the Opera the *Boulevard des Italiens* will take us directly to the *Place and Church of the Madeleine*. The Madeleine is the most fashionable church in Paris. It was built in the Eighteenth Century in the classic style, with Corinthian columns and steps leading up to the porch about twenty feet from the ground. The interior, though cold, because the church is lighted only by three circular windows in the roof, is very richly decorated with marbles, sculpture, paintings and gilding.

From the Madeleine we can take the Rue Royale to the Rue St. Honoré, another street that is full of

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interest. The Rue St. Honoré leads to the Faubourg St. Honoré.

North of the Palais Royal on the *Rue de Richelieu*, in former days stood the *Palais Mazarin*, the home of Louis XIV.'s great minister. Here the splendor-loving Cardinal Mazarin had his treasures and valuable curiosities. Very little of the original building is left. On this site now stands the *Bibliothèque Nationale*, the great National Library of France, perhaps the largest library in the world, consisting of about three million books, and a hundred thousand volumes of manuscripts.

Continuing our walk north along the Rue Richelieu we soon reach the Bourse, or Exchange; and further north we come to the *Boulevard Poissonnière*, little frequented by the tourist. Here we find shops and business offices and cafés and much street life to attract our attention. Presently we come to the Porte St. Denis and the other gateway Porte St. Martin.

On the south side of the Seine, or the Left Bank, the chief objects of interest are the Cluny Museum, the Palace and Gardens of the Luxembourg, the *Sorbonne*, the *Panthéon*, the Hôtel des Invalides, the *Jardin des Plantes* and several churches.

Crossing the river by the Pont au Change, we pass almost imperceptibly into the *Boulevard St. Michel*, which runs in a straight line through the very heart of this side of Paris. The Boulevard St. Michel, one of the most animated streets in Paris, takes us directly to the Musée de Cluny, situated near the Boulevard St. Germain.

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This attractive old building, which partakes of all the charm of a palace and a mediæval abbey, was built by the Abbots of Cluny in the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries on the site of an ancient Roman palace, the baths of which still remain and connect underground with the Cluny mansion.

The Hôtel de Cluny is one of the few remaining monuments of old Paris, the one specimen of the lovely architecture of the second period of the Gothic style allied to the charming and fantastic taste of the dawn of the Renaissance.

From its foundation to the end of the Eighteenth Century, the Hôtel de Cluny was always at the disposition of the Kings of France; and the most illustrious guests were housed within its walls. Mary Tudor, the sister of Henry VIII. and widow of Louis XII., resided here during her period of mourning; here James V. of Scotland dwelt when he came to marry the daughter of Francis I.; and here the princes of the House of Lorraine—the Cardinal de Lorraine, the Duc de Guise and the Duc d'Aumale—also sojourned.

We do not come here, however, solely to see a fine old abbey, nor are we attracted to Cluny merely on account of its historical associations. We come rather to see the superb collection of old furniture, carvings, tapestries, gold and silver-work, porcelains, Venetian glass, armor and the marvellous assortment of curios, —all the outgrowth of the collection made by M. du Sommerard, who selected the Hôtel de Cluny for their resting-place in 1833. After his death, the

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State bought the collection and the palace; and called it by the double name of Musée des Thermes and Hôtel de Cluny.

The chief entrance is composed of a long building flanked with two wings that extend nearly to the Rue du Sommerard. The entrance gate, once surmounted by a rich piece of Gothic sculpture, still preserves its wide band decorated with ornaments and figures in relief. The walls are crenellated and the building surmounted by an open gallery, behind which rise several high dormer windows, richly decorated with sculpture and devices of the Amboise family. Towards the centre of the building rises a large *tourelle* sculptured with attributes of St. Jacques, in allusion to the chief founder of the abbey—Jacques d'Amboise. In one corner of the court-yard stands an old well; and on entering the right wing, near by, we find ourselves at the door of the unrivalled museum of Mediæval and Renaissance antiquities. Passing through the various rooms devoted to furniture, sculpture, embroideries and chariots and coaches, we ascend a stairway and find another series of galleries to explore. Here, too, is situated the *Chambre de la Reine Blanche*, which Mary Tudor occupied. It is called the Chamber of the White Queen, because white was the mourning dress of the queens of France. The original decorations are still on the walls and show the styles of 1515.

The Chapel which adjoins this room is a splendid specimen of the architecture of the day and was once beautifully adorned with statues and stained glass

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windows. The paintings on each side of the altar and the carvings still remain. The staircase, which is in one corner of the Chapel, descends in a graceful spiral into the lower hall that joins the Hôtel de Cluny to the Palais des Thermes. A great central pillar supports the roof, which forms the floor of the Chapel above.

On entering the great Salle des Thermes, we are struck by the solidity of the brick walls forming a room that is almost square, being sixty feet long, sixty feet high, and about forty feet wide. From this we pass to various rooms that were devoted to various baths; the last one being under the Boulevard St. Michel.

Behind the Hôtel de Cluny are the gardens; and the façade on this side is quite different from that facing the Rue du Sommerard. This is of a more severe style of architecture, having no open-worked balustrade beneath its simple projecting roof; the dormer windows are, however, richly carved; and the exterior of the Chapel presents a great elegance of form combined with rich ornamentation. The half-cupola, supporting the Amboise coat-of-arms upheld by two cherubin, is very fantastic, as are also the leaden gargoyles in the form of dragons that project from the roof. The Court planted with trees extends to the Palais des Thermes.

If, on leaving the Hôtel de Cluny, we cross the Boulevard St. Michel and walk down the *Rue Racine* to the *Place de l'Odéon*, so-named from the Odéon Theatre built in 1818, we soon reach the Pal-

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ace of the Luxembourg, on the *Rue du Vaugirard*, surrounded by its splendid gardens.

The Luxembourg is one of the famous palaces of Paris, a notable building full of historical associations. It was built at the order of Marie de' Medici in the style of the Pitti Palace, and takes its name from the Duke of Pliney-Luxembourg whose mansion stood on this site. Marie de' Medici had the interior beautifully decorated and Rubens painted for one of the halls that magnificent series of twenty-one pictures dealing with episodes in the life of Marie de' Medici, which were taken to the Louvre in 1779. This queen bequeathed the Luxembourg to her son, Gaston d'Orléans from whom it descended to his two daughters, La Grande Mademoiselle and the Duchesse de Guise. The Luxembourg continued to be a royal residence until the Revolution, and during the Reign of Terror it was used as a prison. Among the notable persons confined within its walls were Danton, Camille Desmoulins and Josephine de Beauharnais, afterwards Napoleon's wife. In those awful times people used to come to the garden and stand for hours, hoping to get a glimpse of their friends at the windows of the Palace.

In 1795 the Luxembourg became the Palais du Directoire, then the Palais du Consulat and during the First Empire the Senate assembled here. After the Restoration and under Louis Philippe the Chamber of Peers assembled here and it is now the Palace of the French Senate.

The President of the Senate lives in the *Petit-*

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Luxembourg, a separate mansion built by Richelieu, who lived in it until the Palais Royal was finished. Joseph Bonaparte dwelt in it during the First Empire.

Beyond it in the midst of the gardens is the famous picture gallery, or Musée, formerly the Orangery. Here are gathered the best work of living French sculptors and painters, which, ten years after the death of the artist, are removed to the Louvre.

The gardens are beautiful. Fountains, among which the Medici fountain is the most celebrated, terraces embellished with statues and fine oleanders in tubs, trees, lawns, flower-beds and pretty walks attract people all day long. Everybody enjoys these gardens: some people read or sew or dream idly on the seats beneath the trees and arbors; others play croquet or lawn-tennis; and children and their nurses roam about at their will. To the left of the *Carrefour de l'observatoire*, where a fountain with eight horses for its chief adornment throws its spray, we see an elaborate statue of Maréchal Ney, on the spot where he was shot in 1815.

Some distance south of the Luxembourg and east of the Montparnasse cemetery, the famous Paris Observatory was built in 1672.

The Boulevard St. Germain passes through the famous Quartier Latin, the headquarters for students and art-workers, in which are situated the University, or Sorbonne, the schools and colleges such as the *Institut, the Beaux-Arts*, etc. Beyond it lies the Faubourg St. Germain facing the Tuileries on the

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other side of the Seine, the chief residence of the old French aristocracy.

The Sorbonne, which takes its name from its founder, Robert de Sorbon, dates from the Thirteenth Century. It was at first a sort of school of philosophy attached to the University.

Between the river and the Boulevard St. Germain, *St. Séverin*, in the *Rue St. Jacques*, attracts our attention. It dates from the Thirteenth, Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries, and contains some fine old stained glass windows.

A more celebrated church, *St. Sulpice*, is situated on the other side of the Boulevard St. Germain, not very far from the Luxembourg, which lies south of it on the Rue du Vaugirard. St. Sulpice is the largest church in Paris,—larger than Notre-Dame. It was built in the reigns of Louis XIV. and Louis XV.; and its two tall towers give it a strong individuality.

A little to the north of St. Sulpice another old church claims our notice. This is St. Germain des Près, which originally stood, as its name tells us, in the meadows. That was a long time ago, for *St. Germain des Près* is probably the oldest church in Paris. It was finished in 1163. Many historical events occurred within its walls.

The Panthéon stands on a high hill in the Latin Quarter and was intended for a church to be consecrated to St. Geneviève, the patron saint of Paris. It was built between 1764 and 1790; but, on the breaking out of the Revolution, it was converted into

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a temple dedicated to all the great men of the nation. In 1806 it was reconsecrated as a church and in 1830 was turned again into a temple; it was again made a church in 1851; but in 1885, when Victor Hugo was buried there, it was again declared to be secular. Voltaire, Rousseau, Mirabeau, Soufflot, its architect, and other noted Frenchmen lie in the crypt.

Sculptures and wall-paintings decorate the interior and a splendid view of Paris may be had from the dome, which is 278 feet high.

Not far from the Panthéon, we find the very interesting church of St. Etienne du Mont. This fine church was built in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries and is a mixture of Gothic and Renaissance styles. One of its chief features is a beautiful carved rood-screen of the Seventeenth Century. At each side a fine staircase winds up to the gallery. In one of the chapels may be seen the shrine and tomb of St. Geneviève, the patron saint of Paris.

The Hôtel des Invalides is nothing more nor less than a soldier's home. It was built at the end of the Seventeenth Century for aged and infirm soldiers. It is very large and its gilded dome is a conspicuous object. Beneath it lies the body of Napoleon in its granite sarcophagus. The Hôtel des Invalides houses a fine collection of armor and weapons.

The Hôtel des Invalides stands some distance west of St. Sulpice and the Luxembourg. The great esplanade north of it takes us to the Seine, which



PARIS: THE PANTHÉON

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we may cross by the Pont des Invalides and the Pont Alexandre III.

Between the Luxembourg and the Invalides there is situated the great shop that all travellers like to visit—the *Bon Marché*, which is easily reached from the Right Bank by the Pont Royal which leads directly into the Rue du Bac, on which this big house is built.

About the same distance from the Luxembourg, on the east, we find the *Jardin des Plantes*, the principal entrance to which is from the Place Valhubert on the river. It consists of about seventy-five acres and botanical and zoological gardens. Near it are the great wine stores—the *Halles aux Vins* behind the *Quai St. Bernard*. From here the Pont Sully will take us across the Seine to the *Boulevard Henri Quatre* that leads us straight to the Place de la Bastille.

BLOIS

THE old province of Touraine was—and still is—the Garden of France. Along the silvery Loire and its four tributaries—the Cosson, the Cher, the Indre and the Vienne—are grouped a number of castles, Mediæval fortresses and Renaissance palaces, that appeal to all lovers of romance and history as well as architecture. On the river Vienne stands Chinon, near the Abbey of Fontevrault with its Plantagenet tombs; on the Indre, stands Loches, with its memories of Richard Cœur-de-Lion and Louis XI., and also Azay-le-Rideau; on the Cher, Chenonceaux; on the Cosson, Chambord; on the Loire, Chaumont, Amboise, Blois and the ruins of Plessis-les-Tours.

Blois, too, was in such a state of ruin when Balzac wrote of it, that he feared posterity would only know of the splendid old castle through his descriptions; but of late years Blois has been restored and redecored, though not refurnished, and it attracts visitors from all parts of the world.

Although Blois is an old town, its early history is confined to a few scant notices: its earliest inhabitants were probably Celts. It was burnt by the Normans in 854. The town was of no special importance until it became the favorite residence of the Valois kings.

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It suffered from the depredations of the English during the Hundred Years' War. In 1429 Joan of Arc stopped here on her way to raise the siege of Orleans, and had her banner blessed by the Archbishop of Rheims.

Blois was favorable to the Reformation, and during the Wars of Religion was pillaged by opposing armies as the fortune of war changed. After the murder of the Guises, Henri III. never returned to Blois. Marie de' Medici was exiled in 1617 and practically kept a prisoner in the castle for two years till she escaped. Blois formed part of the estates given by Louis XIII. to his brother Gaston of Orleans, who made it his residence till his death in 1660.

The town lost many of its best citizens when the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes drove so many Huguenots into exile. Blois welcomed the Revolution and did not suffer the terrible excesses that stained the history of so many other cities. In 1870, it surrendered to the Germans after a short bombardment.

Tradition speaks of a stronghold here in Roman days and history of a castle and residence built in the Tenth Century by Theobald the Trickster. Froissart, who was chaplain to one of the Courts of Blois and who lived in the castle, described it in 1388 as "fine, large, strong and luxurious,—one of the most beautiful castles in the Kingdom of France." In 1391, it was sold by the last Count of Blois to Louis d'Orléans, who brought here his bride Valentine de Milan, in 1393. After the murder of

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the Duke in Paris, she retired to Blois, with her four children, one of whom was Charles d'Orléans, who in after years composed many of his poems here. His son, Louis XII., was born here; here Anne of Brittany, wife of Charles VIII., died; here the Emperor Charles V. came to visit François I.; here Henri III. twice assembled the States General that met in the *Salle des Etats*; here, by the King's orders, the Duc of Guise was assassinated, on Dec. 23, 1588; and here Henri IV. was married to Marguerite de Valois. The Castle of Blois has been the scene of many ceremonies: of feasts, of weddings, of funerals, and of great entertainments; hunting and hawking parties have gone forth from its portals; horns have sounded, and lutes and viols have echoed in the rooms; and splendid balls and ballets have taken place within its walls. Every event, however, is overshadowed by the murder of the Duc de Guise.

This terrible tragedy was enacted in the second floor of the François I. wing. Henri, under pretence of having to go at an early hour to pray in the church of Cléry, had summoned his council to meet him at six in the morning of Dec. 23, 1588, specially inviting his uncles, the Duc de Guise and the Cardinal de Loraine. It was a cold wet morning, and the Duc de Guise was warming himself at the fire and eating some plums while waiting for the King. Presently the latter sent a messenger to bid the Duc come to the *Cabinet vieux*; and, while on the way there through several rooms, he was amazed to find himself followed by nine of the King's gentlemen-in-waiting.

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Taking hold of his beard, he turned half round. "At this moment," history goes on to say, "Montsery, who had been standing at the chimney-piece, rushed forward, seized his arm, and stabbed him in the throat with his dagger, while Effrenats laid hold of his legs, and Sainte-Maline stabbed him in the back of his head, for they wished if possible to complete the murder in this remote room. But in spite of these wounds, he knocked down one of the murderers with a blow of his sweet-meat box, and although his sword was entangled in his cloak, and Effrenats hanging on to his legs, he yet had strength enough to force his way back to the King's bedroom, with his arms stretched forward, his eyes glazed and staring, and his mouth gasping and wide open. Pushed by Loignac, he fell on his face at the foot of the King's bed, crying, '*Mon Dieu; misericorde!*' and expired. As soon as Henri III. was sure the Duc was dead, he went out of the *Cabinet Neuf* into his bedroom to look at the body of his victim. He kicked him on the face, as the Duc himself had done to Admiral Coligny on the day of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, and exclaimed, '*Mon Dieu! how big he is! He appears bigger dead than alive!*' and then gave him another kick. Catherine, who was confined to bed with a violent attack of gout in the room below, heard the noise, but did not know the cause. That same morning the brother of the Duc, the Cardinal of Lorraine, with the Archbishop of Lyons, was shut up in the dungeon of the *Tour de Moulin* on the first floor. Next morning, Saturday, 24th of December, at eight

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o'clock, Du Guast appeared at the dungeon with a lighted torch, and summoned the Cardinal into the presence of the King. A short way outside the door, in the narrow gallery round the tower, the Archbishop was met by three soldiers belonging to Du Guast's company, who murdered him on the spot. On the night of that day the bodies of the two brothers were carried up the *Escalier de Louis* to the room in the third story where they were burnt and the ashes thrown into the Loire."

Thirteen days later Catherine de' Medici died (Jan. 5, 1589) "and her death," says the historian Etoile, "was as little heeded as that of a goat."

After the assassination of the Duc de Guise, the Castle fell into disfavor. Henri IV., who was married here in the chapel to Marguerite de Valois, visited it once; Louis XIII. imprisoned his mother, Marie de' Medici, here, and afterwards gave it to his brother, Gaston d'Orléans; and Louis XIV. took refuge here when driven from Paris by the Fronde.

The Castle of Blois stands, as we have said, on a lofty terrace, and is of four different dates: the buildings containing the Salle des Etats are of the Thirteenth Century; the chapel and buildings surrounding the principal portal are of the time of Louis XII.; the Renaissance façade on the north dates from François I.; and the west façade is the work of Mansart, dating from 1635.

Two old towers date from the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Centuries—the *Tour des Oubliettes*, the donjon; and the *Tour du Foix*, surmounted by a little



BLOIS: STAIRCASE OF FRANCIS I

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pavilion in which Catherine de' Medici used to consult the stars with her astrologer.

The beautiful façade of Louis XII. charms everybody. Over the portal that monarch rides on a fine steed; here also are seen the porcupine—emblem of the Ducs d'Orléans and the cyphers of the good king and his "blessed queen," Anne of Bretagne. On the right is the heavy mass of the Salle des Etats. This dates from the Thirteenth Century and is of imposing and severe style. Eight columns divide this hall into two parts. In the court, to the left, a little arcaded gallery is the one remnant of the residence of Charles d'Orléans, who replaced the old feudal fortress of the Comtes de Châtillon with the elegant palace of Blois, in which he held his brilliant court and where he wrote some of his most charming poetry. His son, Louis d'Orléans, was born here, who, when Louis XII. retained all his love for Blois, made it his capital and built here his rich, elegant and harmonious palace.

The finest portion of the whole castle, however, is that of François I.,—a masterpiece of Renaissance work, the inner façade of which is even more richly decorated than the exterior. The celebrated and beautifully carved staircase ascending within a projecting tower is the chief feature. On the first floor are the apartments of Catherine de' Medici, including the study with its two hundred and fifty carved panels, from one of the windows of which Marie de' Medici, escaped from her imprisonment. The second floor contains the rooms of Henri III., where the Duke of

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Guise was assassinated; and the third is crowned by a handsome balustrade,—a veritable piece of stone lace-work—from which a superb view is offered.

Not far away rises the Tour des Oubliettes dating from the Thirteenth Century—the donjon tower with its prison below.

The other façade looks upon the *Place Victor-Hugo*, once the *Place Saint Vincent*, and is no less remarkable for its massive and delicate carvings, its Italian *loggie* and its Tour du Moulin from which a magnificent panorama unfolds. Opposite is the Jesuit Church of St. Vincent, built in the Seventeenth Century and the oratory of Anne de Bretagne, now restored with taste, and the garden in which Louis XII. liked to ride his mule; on the right, the *Hôtel de la Chancellerie*, with its ship-like roof; then the walls of the town and the old square tower of the lords of Beauvoir and farther away the forest of Blois.

From the terrace a magnificent scene charms the spectator: directly in front, the *Faubourg de Vienne*, *Saint-Saturnin*, the slopes of *Saint-Gervais* with its modern *château* and the green leaves of the tall trees of the *Forest of Russy* are conspicuous; below, the splendid *Hôtel-Dieu*, in the style of Louis XIV., and *Saint-Nicholas*; on the right, the royal and majestic Loire loses its silver ribbon in the distant mists; and on the left rises *Chambord* with its clusters of needle-like spires,—a fairy palace!

A sympathetic traveller gave not long ago the following glimpse of this fascinating town of Blois.

“ Blois is perhaps the most historical and the least

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personal of all the royal castles on the Loire, and has the uninteresting fate of being national property. In its great days, three hundred years ago, the history of Blois was the history of France. One cannot connect it with the private life and fancies of any particular king or queen. All the stately procession, bad and good, alike splendid, walks in the cloisters and courts of Blois and through its richly-painted rooms. Charles d'Orléans, Louis XII. and Anne of Bretagne; François I., his guests and his following kings; Catherine de' Medici, whose rooms and oratory are rather terribly near the *oubliettes* of the *château*, and who died here, struck with horror and remorse at last after the murder of the Duc de Guise; Henri IV., Marie de' Medici, Gaston d'Orléans, Louis XIV., Stanislas Leczinski; and, in later days, Napoleon and Josephine, Marie Louise and her son.

“In this century the *château* has been a barrack and a powder-magazine; but in the last few years it has been restored, and now those empty rooms and galleries echo with the feet of tourists. You walk on strips of matting along the polished floors, and look at the beautiful colors of wall and ceiling, and refurnish the rooms in your mind for Henri and Catherine, and feel as if you were not in the home of kings and queens, but in their very magnificent prison. The Château de Blois is dead, with all its splendor; but it is worth while, in the glowing heat of the day to stand under Louis XII.'s red cloister, and look at the lovely white façade to the right, with

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the crowned *F.* and Salamander marking everywhere the work of François le Magnifique, and the open staircase tower standing lightly forward, a crowning feat of the Renaissance, almost unmatched in Europe for grace and beauty. Nobody knows the names of the architect, builder and carver who worked on that north wing of the Château de Blois; but they were probably natives of Blois,—the same, perhaps, who built Chambord. These Tourangeaux are very clever people.

“The Château de Blois stands up high above the town, looking down on the Loire, and on all the narrow streets of houses that go winding and climbing round it. The town has great attractions of its own—a grand old church St. Nicholas—and many of the streets and lanes are flights of steps, sometimes with a flower-garden or a clump of trees in the middle of them. There are curious old houses in these streets, which M. Joanne describes as ‘*étroites, tortuenses, écarpées, désertes.*’ Every one who loves an old French town knows what that means, what lovely color and shadow, what masses of flowers in dark corners, what busy old brown women and smiling young girls, and quaint little cropped children. Twelve o’clock strikes, and all the bells in the city break into music overhead, some high, some low, the whole air ringing with them. If the fascinations of Blois have kept you wandering and climbing about since half-past eight, you now begin to be hungry, and find your way back to the hotel as fast as the shop-windows will let you. Mountains of strawber-

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ries on this early day in June and *crème de St. Gervais* in little brown pots, with vine-leaves tied over them! Is not this enough to cover any small annoyances and sweeten one's temper for the day?

"Then Chambord, the last of the group of five *chateaux*,—the largest, the saddest, the loneliest, once, perhaps, the most magnificent.

"You drive from Blois through a cheerful country, wide and open with many-colored fields and vineyards and distant woods. Here and there is a little white stone village, or a farm by the roadside, and everywhere are blue figures moving,—loading hay-carts, weeding crops, tending animals. But with the park of Chambord all this life ceases; you drive along a broad clearing between low dismal looking woods, the remains of the great forest which the *Princesse de Wagram*, to whom Napoleon had given the place, cut down years ago. It is a very long road through the forest, perfectly straight and still; you have gone some distance before you are aware of a faint vision of towers and pinnacles, still far away, closing up the end of the avenue. At last you come to Chambord,—the Versailles of Touraine.

"There stands the great lovely palace, a wonderful fantastic mass of towers and turrets and pinnacles, soaring grey roofs, high ornamental windows, and amazing chimney-pots, all fretted and carved in the wonderful ways of the Renaissance, with the crowned *F.* and the Salamander everywhere."

On leaving the castle, the eye sees little to attract it except the *Hôtel d'Épernon* and the *Hôtel d'Am-*

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boise; both of the time of Louis XII.; but in earlier days, at the end of the *Place du Château*, stood the churches of *Saint-Martin* and *Saint-Sauveur*, which were destroyed in the Revolution. The latter had witnessed court ceremonies for six hundred years, and this was the church in which Joan de Arc and her standard were blessed.

Taking the stone stairway, situated between the Hôtel d'Amboise and the Castle, you come out at the *Rue Saint-Lubin*, the street of the old residences of the Renaissance and particularly interesting on account of its wooden houses built during the time of Charles d'Orléans; for, on his return from captivity, Duc Charles gave permission for the wood in his forest of Blois to be cut, saying, "he would much rather house men than beasts."

Now crossing the *Place Louis XII.* to the *Collège de Blois*, occupying buildings that belonged to the *Abbey du Bourg-Moyen*, we pass the strange square fountain which dates from the time of Charles d'Orléans, the statues of which were originally gilded. A few steps farther and we reach the *Hôtel Hurault*, also called *Le Petit-Louvre*, built about 1477, which is approached by a long alley beautifully ornamented and adorned with sculpture. Further along in the *Rue des Trois-Clefs* (formerly the special quarter of the iron-workers) is the *Tour d'Argent*, formerly the mint, with an octagonal tower of the Fifteenth Century, and parts that are still older. Five minutes or so from there, on the *Rue Saint Honoré*, is the noble and sumptuous *Hôtel*

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d'Alluye, built by Florimond Robertet, minister and secretary of finances under Louis XII. and François I. The Cardinal de Lorraine lodged in this hôtel, now splendidly restored, in 1588 after the tragedy of Dec. 23. It is built of stone and brick and the peristyle of the court is surmounted by a gallery ornamented with busts of the twelve Cæsars.

On the Rue St. Honoré we also find the modern monumental stairway of one hundred and twenty-two steps adorned by the bronze statue of the famous physician and natural philosopher of Blois, Denis Papin (1647–1710), who is said to have discovered the principle of steam as a force by watching the lid of his saucepan rise and fall while full of boiling water.

Ascending to the right along the *Rue du Roi* the *Cathedral of St. Louis* is soon reached (formerly Saint-Solenne) reconstructed by Louis XIV. after the terrible storm of 1678. Behind the cathedral rises the *Bishop's Palace* with its beautiful gardens and trees and its famous terrace, visited by all travellers for the panorama seen from it. On the left the railway bridge of Romorantin crosses the Loire; opposite you is the *Forest of Blois*; at your feet, the picturesque town with its houses, some climbing and some apparently tumbling down on the right and left; and, last but not least, the Loire and the fine spires of Saint-Nicholas springing into the sky. The latter is a much admired old abbey church, some parts of which date from the Fifteenth Century.

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Crossing the bridge over the Loire that was built in 1717-1724 to the Faubourg de Vienne, the chief attraction here is the church of Saint-Saturnin, which contains the venerated sanctuary of *Notre-Dame-des-Aydes*, the patron saint of Blois. In this church, there is a stone tower with a staircase, which is considered one of the most beautiful and elegant specimens of the Fifteenth Century in the whole of France.

To see Blois at its best, it should be visited in the spring, particularly when the lilacs are in bloom; for a French poet has remarked that "he who has not seen Blois when the lilacs are in blossom has no idea of delicate beauty." Enthusiastic lovers of Blois also tell us that the most charming approach is by the left bank of the Loire, so that first you see the bridge surmounted by its elegant pyramid; then, on the left, the towers of Saint-Nicholas; then, the imposing mass of the buildings, consisting of the Castle, the Cathedral, the Bishop's Palace and the Terrace; and, finally the hills on which the town of Blois lies. Blois is lovely, however, at all seasons; for, as a French writer truly remarks:

"As in the time of the good La Fontaine the banks of the Loire are still the most delightfully wooded in the world and the nightingales always utter those pearly notes that charmed Madame de Sévigné in May, 1680.

"There is nothing commonplace in Blois: from the Roman capitals of Saint-Nicholas and the carvings of the old houses and ancient hotels to the

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sculpture of Louis XII. and François I., everything is distinguished and superior.

“ If the stranger experiences at Blois a brilliant vision of the Renaissance, the Frenchman feels inexpressible sensations: his ear is caressed by the purest accent of our language, his eye charmed by the marvels of art and nature; his mind stirred by so many historical memories; and he clearly feels the impression which comes from the heart of his country. No city is more proud, nor more French; and none more intimately associated with the joys, the griefs, the grandeur of the ordeals through which France has passed.”¹

¹ Henry de Cardonne.

TOURS

ABOUT forty miles below Blois, still on the lovely Loire, lies Tours, once the capital of Touraine. The scenery is still the loveliest that France can show: riverside meadows of the brightest emerald diversified by the dark shades of green-wood with trees large for France, through which the whitest of roads winds; vineyards that spread out a perfect sea of green and purple grapes; and cottages standing in tiny gardens where the brightest of flowers bloom and the downiest of peaches ripen; and tiny grounds where every one has his pretty trellis-work arbor and vies with his neighbor in cultivating a choice variety of grape.

The way by the river is no less charming; and from it are seen the innumerable towers and spires of the ancient castles and modern mansions that cluster so thickly on both banks. A recent traveller says:

“Here and there long ridges of reddish or whitish soil break from the level land, with desirable slopes for the vines, and abrupt falls where they approach the river’s banks. The feudal lords—English for the most part in those days—of half-a-dozen centuries ago marked the value of such building sites. And still, as then, the gloomy donjons and the

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scarcely less sombre conical towers of their castles stand forth strongly against the blue sky. From some points several may be seen at once, their turrets and spires like sheaves of masonry. Everywhere they are suggestive; from Chaumont—where Henry the Second and Thomas à Becket met in 1170 for the last time—to Loches, whence in the Ninth Century the Plantagenets issued to a world destined subsequently to know them by heart. No buildings in France are more redolent of the vigorous high-handed doings of bygone days, from fighting and sieges to courtly intrigues, brawls and worse in the name of religion, cowardly bloodshedding and the love that Kings bear their Queens and the most beautiful of their subjects.”¹

All that is interesting in Tours lies between the Loire and the Cher, which two rivers unite here, and, are moreover, joined on the east by a canal. Sometimes Tours is severely menaced by floods, for the river overflows its banks and inundates the streets and boulevards; then again, in the summer, the Loire almost dries up, and the immensely long bridge that forms a continuation of the *Rue Nationale* and connects Tours with the high road to Bordeaux, now spans the shrunken Loire with only three of its fifteen arches, for the others cross but a dreary waste of stones and pebbles. Nevertheless, the people flock to this famous bridge, the pride of Tours, to gaze at the sunsets, which are so perfect on the Loire. There are two other bridges, above

¹Sir Herbert Maxwell.

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and below the *Pont de Tours*: the *Pont de Cyr*, which passes over the *Ile Simon*; and the *Pont de St. Symphorien*, which crosses from the suburb of that name and passes over the *Ile St. Jacques*. The first bridge over the Loire was built by Eudes II. in 1024 at this point. The great bridge, 1,400 feet long, was built in 1780.

From this side of the river Tours presents a lovely picture, changed in no essentials since Gautier had his enchanted vision:

“The Bridge of Tours is very celebrated, and possesses in itself nothing exceedingly remarkable; but the appearance of the town is lovely. On my arrival, the sky with a few flakes of snow floating negligently over its surface, was tinged with the sweetest blue; a white line, similar to that traced by a diamond upon glass, cut the limpid surface of the Loire, and was formed by a tiny cascade proceeding from one of the sand-banks so frequent in the bed of this river. In the clear air, *Saint-Gatien* reared its brown profile and Gothic spires, ornamented with balls and roundings similar to those of the steeples of the Kremlin, giving to the city a most romantically Muscovite air; a few other towers and spires, belonging to churches, the names of which I do not know, completed the picture; while numerous vessels, with their white sails, floated, like so many sleeping swans, upon the azure bosom of the stream.”

Nor is Balzac's enthusiasm too excessive. Many a person has also noted:

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“Across the tender foliage of the islands and from the background of the picture, Tours seems like Venice to rise from the bosom of the water; and the gray towers of the old Cathedral spring into the air and are confused with the fantastic creations of some whitish clouds.”

Tours boasts of an existence before the days of the Romans, when, known as *Altionos*, it occupied the hill of *St. Symphorien* on the right bank of the *Loire*. It was moved to the other side of the river by the Romans, who named it *Cesarodunum*. In the Third Century *St. Gatien* preached Christianity here and *St. Martin*, the third Bishop of Tours, converted the whole district. It will be remembered that *St. Martin* served as a soldier under *Constantine*; and, on being discharged from the military service, became a noted monk. Indeed, he founded a monastery near *Poitiers*, where he lived a life of great austerity until he was forced to come from his retreat. Then he was made Bishop of Tours, and so many pilgrims came to see him—for the fame of his sanctity and his skill in working miracles was so widespread—that he soon established a monastery near Tours, to which he retreated. He is the saint that gave his cloak to a beggar outside one of the gates at *Amiens*. When he died at *Candes* in 397, his body was buried in a small chapel which soon became a hallowed shrine. This small church being found inadequate to accommodate the great concourse of people, a handsome basilica was built here in 491. This was one hundred and sixty feet long

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and the high roof was supported by one hundred and twenty columns. Fifty-two windows lighted up this fine church, which was destroyed by fire in 903. In 1014 this was rebuilt, but in 1906 this, too, was burned to the ground. During the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries an enormous basilica was built over the tomb of St. Martin. It was 377 feet from west to east and 230 feet from north to south. Two great towers adorned the principal entrance, and one great tower was placed at each end of the transept. One of each is now standing—famous landmarks of Tours. The *Tour de l'Horloge*, or Clock Tower, was one of those that adorned the entrance, and the *Tour Charlemagne* stood at the south end of the transept. They are now so far apart and separated from one another by so many roofs of houses that it is hard to realize they belonged originally to the same edifice. The Charlemagne tower received its name because it was built over the tomb of Charlemagne's wife, Luitgarde, who died in Tours in 800. This great church was demolished in 1802 for the sake of extending the street. St. Martin's church was rebuilt in 1891, and in the crypt stands the empty tomb which once attracted pilgrims from all parts of the world. People sometimes fancy that St. Martin is the patron of the Cathedral; but the latter is dedicated to St. Gatien. This mistake was made in the following little picture that Sir Herbert Maxwell gives:

“As one would suppose in a place so hallowed by ecclesiastical tradition, Tours is more religious than

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most French towns of its size. The deep bell of the Cathedral of St. Martin booms solemnly over the acres of dull red roofs below its belfry, the plane-trees and elms which are still—as when our Evelyn visited the place and declared that ‘no city in France exceeds it in beauty and delight’—the pride of Tours, and the broad silver ribbon of the Loire, with its stately bridges and sandy islets. Side by side with shops for the sale of the most modern of French novels are shops in which crucifixes, gay prints of saints and devotional books seem offered with more confidence than the fiction in the other windows.

“A market-day in the city is well worth experiencing. The villagers from contiguous parts come into Tours in quaint, lumbering old wooden wains and alight in the back streets, which still preserve certain of their mediæval qualities. Then how they talk, to be sure! Our own country folk are prodigies in this respect on the like occasions; but they do not equal the Tourainers with baskets of eggs and couples of fowls to sell. Yet not at Tours, as elsewhere in the old cities of France, does the grand old cathedral of the place look down upon a parti-colored host of buyers and vendors. The market squares are remote from its chiselled towers and the myriad of statuettes which adorn its superb façade.”

Near Tours occurred the famous battle in which the Arabs were defeated by Charles Martel in 732,—a battle so important to the fortunes of Europe that we must pause a moment to speak of it. The Arabs, who had been pressing on from Spain into Southern

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France and had made all of the district from the mouth of the Garonne to that of the Loire their own, had planted their manners and customs and religion there. But the great Abdalrahman had larger ambitions: he wished to carry the religion of the Prophet across the whole of Europe, and in 731 his armies overran the southern provinces until the valiant Charles Martel, a son of the elder Pepin, drove the Arabs back over the Pyrenees with such effect that they never undertook the conquest of Gaul again. The battle took place in the centre of France between Tours and Poitiers and lasted a full week. The great Abdalrahman himself was killed and three hundred and fifty or three hundred and seventy-five thousand of the Mahometans were slain while only fifteen hundred Christians lost their lives on the field of Tours. The importance of this victory is best appreciated by referring to Gibbon who says:

“The victorious Saracen overran the provinces of Aquitaine, whose Gallic names are disguised, rather than lost, in the modern appellations of Périgord, Saintonge and Poitou: his standards were planted on the walls, or at least before the gates of Tours and of Sens; and his detachments overspread the Kingdom of Burgundy as far as the well-known cities of Lyons and Besançon. The memory of these devastations, for Abderame did not spare the country or the people, was long preserved by tradition; and the invasion of France by the Moors or Mahometans, affords the ground-work of those fables, which

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have been so wildly disfigured in the romances of chivalry, and so elegantly adorned by the Italian muse. In the decline of society and art, the deserted cities could supply a slender booty to the Saracens; their richest spoil was found in the churches and monasteries, which they stripped of their ornaments and delivered to the flames; and the tutelary saints, both Hilary of Poitiers and Martin of Tours, forgot their miraculous powers in the defence of their own sepulchres. A victorious line of march had been prolonged above a thousand miles from the rock of Gibraltar to the banks of the Loire; the repetition of an equal space would have carried the Saracens to the confines of Poland and the Highlands of Scotland: the Rhine is not more impassable than the Nile or Euphrates, and the Arabian fleet might have sailed without a naval combat into the mouth of the Thames."

After the Saracen was driven back, Tours still remained an important centre.

Gregory of Tours wrote his famous history of France here, and here Alcuin established his school of theology and philosophy.

During the Middle Ages Tours was governed by a line of counts from whom Henry II. of England was descended and who brought it, therefore, to the English crown. It was in consequence a source of dispute between England and France until it was united to France again in 1242. From that time forward Tours became the favorite residence of the French kings. Louis XI. was particularly fond of

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this town and established manufactories of silk and cloth of gold and silver, which enriched it greatly.

Although Tours is a modern town with its wide boulevards and throngs of foreign residents and tourists who long have realized that it is one of the most charming towns in France, there is still a strong flavor of the Middle Ages and Renaissance. Carved houses and quaint roofs alternate with buildings of the present day and the river flows by the *Quais* as quietly as it did in the days of Balzac beneath the long bridge which often occurs in his stories.

The *Rue Nationale* (or *Rue Royale*) is the widest and handsomest street in Tours. Beyond the *Palais de Justice* it becomes the *Avenue de Grammont* and crosses a little bridge over the Cher. It begins at the Pont de Tours, at this end of which stand two statues—one to Rabelais and one to Descartes, and here are pretty gardens of the *Place de l'Hôtel-de-Ville*. The west side of the square is marked by the *Hôtel-de-Ville*, an Eighteenth Century building. On the left side of the Rue Nationale is situated the Museum, containing pictures, sculpture and collections of antiquities, etc.

Behind the Museum and partly hidden is the church of *St. Julien*, an old abbey church founded in the Sixth Century; rebuilt in 1085 and again in the Thirteenth Century; and conspicuous for its fine tower of the Tenth Century.

At the end of the Rue Nationale stands the Palais de Justice, a modern edifice of 1840, with a square in front of it in which a statue of Balzac reminds

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the visitor that the great novelist was born in this very street. At this point the Boulevards begin, which separate the old town from the suburbs.

Beyond the Tour de l'Horloge the markets are situated, where the lover of the picturesque always finds much to entertain him and charm his eye.

On the other side of the Rue Nationale, and a few yards south from St. Julien's Church by the narrow street called *Saint François de Paule*, we become acquainted with the church of *Saint François de Paule*, built in 1677; and here we are in the neighborhood of the old fashioned hostelry, the *Boule d'Or*. From this spot, on the left hand, the *Rue de la Scellerie* leads past the Theatre and the *Archbishop's Palace*, built in 1775, to the Cathedral.

The Cathedral is one of the most beautiful Gothic edifices in France. It was begun in 1130 and finished in 1547 and is so lavishly decorated that Henri IV. said it was a jewel without the casket. The façade consists of a series of elaborate gables, crocketed pinnacles and round canopied buttresses, rising from three recessed portals, lavishly ornamented with statues. Above is a beautiful rose window of many leaves. Two very ornamental towers rise on either side.

The north tower contains a staircase by which the visitor may ascend to the very top to enjoy the superb view. The church is flanked by bold flying buttresses that produce a very fine effect.

The interior is superb, particularly on account of the magnificent glass windows of the Thirteenth,

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Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries. Indeed some admirers have said that the interior seems to be a framework for a glass tapestry of the most exquisite patterns and pictures and gorgeous liquid hues. The blue of these windows is extraordinary in depth and beauty of color.

One of the features is the finely carved marble tomb of the children of Charles VIII. and Anne of Brittany in the first chapel to the right. Another feature is the stairway of the *Psalette* in the cloister that leads to the upper gallery which was the singing-school. The carvings of the stairway of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries are greatly admired.

In the vicinity of the Cathedral are the Guise barracks, within which are two towers, the only relics of the castle built here by Henry II. of England. From the larger one Charles de Lorraine was imprisoned by Henri III. after the murder of his father the Duc, and escaped.

There are two other old churches that deserve a visit: *Notre-Dame-la Riche* in the *Rue de la Riche*, built in the Thirteenth but largely reconstructed in the Sixteenth Century; and St. Saturnin dating from the Fifteenth Century, and situated near the Pont de Tours. It is in its neighborhood that we find many quaint streets and ancient houses, particularly the one fabled to have belonged to Tristan l'Hermite, the executioner to Louis XI. However, it is now supposed to have been built by Anne of Brittany for some gentlemen archers of her guard. It is a stone house faced with red brick, four stories high with

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fine old doors and windows and a *tourelle*, or round tower, seventy feet high, in which there is a staircase.

It may be interesting to know how this house appeared in 1909:

“In the neighborhood of Saint Saturnin and in the tangle of narrow streets branching off from the *Place Plumereau*, we found many examples of Fourteenth, Fifteenth and Sixteenth Century houses, including a few with wooden fronts ornamented with roughly carved naïve statuettes. One of the most celebrated is a house of brick and stone in the *Rue Brisçonnet*, which goes by the name of the House of Tristan l’Hermite, because some ignorant person, possibly in the days of Balzac, when he had not the opportunity of learning better, mistook the tasseled rope of Anne of Brittany, with which a portion of the façade is decorated, to be the emblem of Louis XI.’s hangman! It was never, of course, in any way connected with that sinister Provost of the Marshals of France, and, indeed was not built until the end of the Fifteenth Century, during the reign of Charles VIII. A still older house—it was built in 1440—is the *Hôtel Gouin* at 35 *Rue de Commerce*, in the same quarter. Its almost pure white stone façade, facing a courtyard opening on the street, is one mass of lovely arabesques, which present so fresh an appearance, thanks to careful restoration, that you might almost imagine they were carved but yesterday.”

The same traveller visited *Plessis-les-Tours*, which is just a mile west of Tours.

“All that now remains of the King’s favorite resi-

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dence is one wing in red brick and stone, and the splendid park which once surrounded it has been reduced to the area of a small market-garden. A meek soft-voiced person, who undertook to be our guide, made a brave attempt to interest us in things which, even when viewed with a good deal of imagination, were incapable of creating a spark of enthusiasm. She led us to the summit of a small winding staircase to show us a view of a district which in no way resembled a park where royal hunting-parties and royal interviews had once been held; she showed us a dismantled room in which Louis, a victim of superstitious terrors, is said to have given up his last breath; she took us into a so-called guardroom on the ground floor restored to something like its ancient appearance by the Tours doctor who owns the château, and containing nothing more interesting than some human bones found whilst opening up the moat; she pointed out the cramped cell in the grounds where Cardinal La Balue, confined in one of Louis's celebrated iron cages, is supposed to have pined for years, and she told us ineffectual stories of subterranean passages which again, according to legend, communicated with the House of Tristan l'Hermite. . . .

“ Indeed, far from being the grim castle depicted in ‘*Quentin Durward*,’ Plessis-les-Tours was a most agreeable manor-house, surrounded by a park so beautiful that it was called ‘*The Garden of France*’ (a description afterwards extended to the whole of Touraine), and enjoying a view from its windows of the wooded slopes of Saint Cyr and Joué. ‘*It is built,*



RUINS OF PLESSIN-LES-TOURS

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says Léon Godefroy, in an account of a visit which he made there in 1638, 'principally of brick, except one side which is constructed entirely of freestone, and furnished with many windows. It is covered all over with fleurs-de-lis, mingled with ermines and porcupines and crowned characters.' Not even so much as this remained of its decoration about the middle of the Eighteenth Century, and the buildings still standing were of so little architectural importance that, in 1773, they were used as a reformatory. The Revolution was the signal for a further step in the degeneration of a once famous castle; it was sold as national property, and whilst its buildings fell, little by little, into ruins, its park was slowly transformed into the present malodorous district of piggeries and unsightly cottages. Never did a royal domain meet with a more unworthy end."

BORDEAUX

ON this side of the ocean most persons think of Bordeaux as a town where fine wines, olives, olive oil and sardines come from; but it is far more than a great emporium for table luxuries.

Bordeaux is a very handsome town, lying on the left bank of the wide Garonne, a river that rises in Spain and runs across the boundary, not caring much to which country it belongs. In addition to the splendid harbor, always full of ships and presenting animated scenes, and the broad quays that border the river, the town itself contains much to interest the tourist. There are wide streets, fine promenades, well-appointed hotels, good shops, and many people hurrying to-and-fro, on pleasure and business intent. Bordeaux possesses one of the finest theatres in France and one of the noblest specimens of Gothic architecture in the Cathedral of St. Andrew, or St. André, according to the way you prefer to call it, by the French or English name. A number of other fine old churches and several splendid gateways give Bordeaux a special charm for those who love old buildings and records of the past.

Bordeaux is one of the most ancient cities in France: it was a settlement before the dawn of history. It is first mentioned by Strabo and Ptolemy;

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but they do not say how it came into the power of the Romans, who made it the capital of Aquitaine and entirely demolished the original town about 200 A.D., and reconstructed it in their own style of architecture. Built in the form of a square on the left bank of the river, it was protected by high walls pierced with fourteen gates. It prospered greatly under the Romans and was celebrated for its wines and oysters. Christianity did not appear till about 300, the earliest missionaries being St. Martial, St. Hilary and St. Martin.

During the invasions of the Barbarians, the ancient splendor of the city disappeared. In 408 it was burned; and in 413, it was taken by the Visigoths, who occupied it for more than a century. After the battle of Vouillé, it was occupied by the Franks under Clovis, and played an important part in the wars of the period. In 729, Eudes, Duke of Aquitaine, called in the Saracens to help him against the Goths; and they captured and pillaged Bordeaux. In 780, Charlemagne made it the capital of Aquitaine.

Its position on the river made it an easy conquest for the Normans who ravaged the coast of Aquitaine in 857, defeated and slew Count Seguin, the lieutenant of Charles the Bald, and pillaged, burned and entirely destroyed the city. It partly recovered its prosperity two centuries later under the Dukes of Gascony and Aquitaine, who rebuilt most of the religious establishments; but it was under the English rule, which began in 1152 and lasted for three hundred years, that it flourished and rivalled Paris

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in importance. The English kings granted many privileges that favored the liberties and commerce of the port, and the city increased in size so that the walls had to be extended from time to time. The principal source of prosperity was the wine trade with England and Spain.

Edward I. established two eight day fairs, which were the origin of the *Foires du Bordeaux*. Philippe le Bel seized the Duchy of Guienne and held it for a short period during which the city was enlarged by the addition of the *faubourgs* containing the principal convents and monasteries. The new walls were built in 1302. Clement V., a native, was crowned Pope at Bordeaux in 1305, and resided for some time in the city. He gave the archbishop of Bordeaux the title of Primate of Aquitaine.

During the Hundred Years' War, the city remained generally faithful to the English, and was rewarded by Edward the Third with many valuable privileges. It was the headquarters of the English governor of Aquitaine, and is especially memorable as the residence of the Black Prince. It was to Bordeaux that King John of France was taken after his capture at the Battle of Poitiers in 1356. The Prince was received with much rejoicing, and he and his men spent the winter there wasting in festivities the immense spoil they had won. The Gascon lords were unwilling that John should be taken to England, and Edward had to give them one hundred thousand crowns to satisfy them.

On his return to Bordeaux five years later, he kept

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a splendid court. When Pedro the Cruel was dethroned by his subjects, he went to Bordeaux and induced the Black Prince to come to his assistance. Just before departing for Spain, Edward's second son, Richard of Bordeaux, was born. When that unfortunate king in after life was dethroned by Bolingbroke, Bordeaux protested and threatened to break away from England and submit to France should his life or liberty be endangered. When he was assassinated, however, the city repulsed the offers of the French King, thinking its trade and privileges safer under English rule. This judgment was justified; for, under the House of Lancaster, Bordeaux became one of the first cities in France in commerce and population.

In 1451, the city was besieged by the French under Dunois, and offered to surrender, unless help came from England, on condition that their privileges and customs should be preserved, and that the French King should not impose any new taxes on them. In October, 1452, the English under the famous Talbot arrived, but were defeated and their leader was slain at the battle of Castillon in the following July. After a siege of three months, Bordeaux surrendered, and had to pay a fine of 100,000 gold crowns, and was deprived of all its privileges. These hard terms were somewhat softened by the King Charles VII., who, however, built two strong castles to keep the city in subjection. These were the Château Trompette and the Château du Ha. To gain the affection of the citizens Louis XI. restored some of their privileges,

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and encouraged foreigners to settle there; but Bordeaux did not recover her ancient splendor till the reign of François I.

In 1548, an unpopular tax provoked rebellion, and some of the king's officers were killed. The trouble was soon suppressed by the Parliament, and some of the offenders were condemned to death. Nevertheless, Henri II. commissioned the Constable Montmorency to punish the city. Although unopposed, he entered by a breach in the walls made by his artillery, abolished all civic rights and privileges, imposed a fine of 200,000 livres, destroyed the Hôtel-de-Ville, and forced the magistrates and 120 citizens dressed in mourning to dig up with their hands the corpse of the King's lieutenant and bury it in St. Andrew's. Besides this Montmorency caused 150 others to be executed. Two years later, the King pardoned the city, and restored some of its privileges.

Protestantism made an early appearance in Bordeaux. In 1542, a special commission was appointed to hunt heretics. The city was a centre of turmoil during the religious wars; and in 1572, the horrors of the massacre of St. Bartholomew were repeated there, 264 Calvinists being killed with the governor's permission. In 1585, nearly fourteen thousand of the inhabitants died of the plague.

During the War of the League, Bordeaux was loyal to Henri III.; and accepted Henri IV. as his successor, but begged him to change his religion, which he afterwards did. His son, Louis XIII., was married in 1615 to Anne of Austria in the church of St.

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Andrew. The minority of Louis XIV. was a period of civil war for Bordeaux. Under the active administration of the Marquis de Tourny, who was governor under Louis XV., the city was completely transformed. The ramparts were demolished, the moats filled, new streets laid out, and important buildings erected everywhere. A public garden was also made at a cost of 300,000 francs. The improvements were continued under the Duc de Richelieu, and Bordeaux became one of the most beautiful cities in France.

At the outbreak of the Revolution, the city eagerly followed the example of Paris, and in the Convention the deputies from Bordeaux were most active Girondists. When that party was proscribed, Bordeaux rebelled against the Convention which in consequence sent a commission to terrorize the city in 1793. The president of this body, Lacombe, set up the guillotine on the Place Dauphine, and kept it busily at work for eight months. On the fall of Robespierre, it was used to terminate his own career. Under the Empire, the commerce of this port suffered greatly from British hostile measures; but after the Restoration prosperity returned. Towards the close of the Franco-Prussian war, the French government abandoned Tours when it was threatened by the Germans, and went to Bordeaux which thus became the capital of France for three months. In February, 1871, the assembly was held there which nominated Thiers for president and concluded to end the war. Since that date Bordeaux's exporting trade

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has increased rapidly and Bordeaux is a great mart for cod, sardines and other fish. It also exports immense quantities of wine, for next to the wines of Champagne no French wines are held in such high repute as those grown in the district of Bordeaux. Both red and white wines are made from the grapes of these vineyards.

And now let us have a look at the city. In the first place, let us note that Bordeaux is the fourth largest city in France and the second port. It is only sixty miles from the Atlantic ocean; and the Garonne is so deep here that large ships can anchor at its docks. Consequently the quays of Bordeaux are of great importance and are always animated. The harbor is one of the most beautiful in France and the great *Pont de Bordeaux* one of the most remarkable bridges in the world. It is 532 yards long and consists of seventeen arches. From it a fine view of the town and the harbor can be obtained. Higher up the river is the more modern Railway Bridge. The quays along the river bear different names and most of the principal streets start from them.

The *Cours Victor Hugo* is really a continuation of the *Pont de Bordeaux*, and turns on its way in a semi-circle towards the Cathedral. As we leave the bridge the first thing to attract our attention is an old gateway, the *Porte de Bourgogne*, erected in 1751-1755 and altered in 1807. From the *Quai de Bourgogne*, a new handsome street called the *Cours d'Alsace-Lorraine*, also leads to the Cathedral.

Further along the quay we come to a more inter-

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esting gateway,—the *Porte de Cailhau*, the ancient entrance of the *Palais de l'Ombrière*, once the residence of the Dukes of Aquitaine; but, unfortunately, pulled down in 1800. This gateway dates from 1495, and is a Gothic structure with two round towers.

Next comes the *Quai de la Douane*, with the Custom House, built at the end of the Eighteenth Century, and near it is the *Place de la Bourse*, adorned with a bronze fountain of the Three Graces; then we come to the Exchange, which is a duplicate of the Custom House; and now, having passed the *Quai de la Bourse*, we reach the *Quai Louis XVIII.*, which skirts the enormous *Place des Quinconces*. This enormous square was formerly the enclosure for the *Château Trompette*, one of the fortresses built by Charles VII. after the submission of Bordeaux in 1453. The castle was destroyed in 1789. Two columns on the riverside surmounted by statues of Navigation and Commerce also serve as lighthouses. The centre of the square is adorned with fountains and colossal statues of Montaigne and Montesquieu. The other side of the Place is bounded by the *Cours du Trente-Juillet*.

The *Cours du Trente-Juillet* begins at the *Allées de Tourny* and the *Place de la Comédie*. This is the very centre of Bordeaux. Many streets meet here; and here we may see the life of the town. The busiest and gayest street is the *Rue St. Catherine*; and then there is a very wide thoroughfare that runs from the *Quai de la Bourse* under different names,

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first, as *Cours du Chapeau Rouge*; then as *Cours de l'Intendance*; and, finally, as *Rue Judaïque*.

The Place de la Comédie takes its names from the Grand Theatre that was built here in 1755-1780 and restored within recent years. It is one of the finest theatres in Europe, and is built in the classic style with a portico and a colonnade of twelve Corinthian columns. Its vestibule and large staircase are very notable.

The neighboring Public Library also stands on the left side of the Allées de Tourny. The latter is a beautiful promenade with trees, cafés, and a monumental fountain at each end.

Near the Library stands *Notre-Dame*, founded in the Thirteenth Century and rebuilt in 1701; and beyond this church the interesting circular market.

The Cours du Trente-Juillet leads from the Allées de Tourny to the Jardin Publique, the chief park of Bordeaux. This was laid out by the Marquis de Tourny, but was re-arranged in 1859. It contains a beautiful English Park and a Botanical Garden, with large conservatories. A band plays here afternoons of winter and evenings of summer. On the southwest side is a Museum of Natural History.

The Rue du Colisée near the Gardens will take us to the ruins of the old Amphitheatre also called the Palais Gallien. The Emperor Gallienus, who died in 268, is supposed to have erected it.

Now going southward we soon reach the ancient cathedral of *St. Seurin*, built in the Eleventh Century. It is a very fine old building and contains the



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tomb of St. Veronica. Next we cross the *Allées Damont*; and, still going southward, take the wide cross street, *Rue Judaïque* to the *Place Gambetta*; then down the *Rue Porte Dijeaux* at its south-east corner, and from there we turn into the *Rue des Remparts*, which takes us to the new *Museum*, the *Hôtel-de-Ville* and the *Cathedral*.

The *Hôtel-de-Ville* was formerly the archepiscopal palace and was built in 1770–1781 for the Prince Cardinal de Rohan-Guéménée. It was restored after a fire in 1862, and is notable for its fine colonnaded entrance.

At the back of the *Hôtel-de-Ville* we find the *Museum* or picture-gallery. It is a large building, consisting of two wings, in front of which is a pretty garden.

Southeast of the *Hôtel-de-Ville*, the *Cathedral of St. André* rises with its famous towers. It is one of the finest Gothic churches in the south of France and is especially notable for its exquisite choir. Among the many historic events that have taken place here is the christening of Richard II. of England, and, as we have already said, the marriage of Louis XIII. and Anne of Austria. Some distance from the main edifice, and opposite the end of the *Cours Victor Hugo* stands the famous *Clocher Peyberland*, a tower in which hangs a big bell and on whose summit stands a gilded statue of the Virgin. This tower, strange to say, was sold during the Revolution; but was bought back and restored in 1850.

Southwest of the *Cathedral* the *Palais de Jus-*

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tice, an enormous building erected in 1839-1843, attracts our attention. Behind it stands the *Prison*, on the site of the *Château* or *Fort du Hâ*, built at the same time as the *Château Trompette*. South of the *Palais de Justice* is the *Hospital of St. Andrew*, and near it the *Church of St. Eulalie*, rebuilt in the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries.

The *Rue St. Eulalie* will take us back into the *Cours Victor Hugo* which, as we know, leads from the Cathedral to the *Pont de Bordeaux*.

Now we come to the new *Lycée National*, and near it, in a short street to the right, we find the *Porte de l' Hôtel de Ville*, also called the *Porte de St. Eloi* because the old church of *St. Eloi* is very near this gate. This is one of the most interesting relics in *Bordeaux*. It was one of the entrances to the old *Hôtel-de-Ville*, which, as we have seen, was destroyed in the reign of *Henri II*. It was built by *Henry III*. of *England*. Its lower part dates from the Thirteenth Century and the upper part from the Sixteenth. The street runs through the archway, over which hangs a curious clock; above the second arch hangs a bell; and the whole gateway is surmounted by three towers. It is perhaps even more interesting than the old gateway we saw in *Rouen*.

On the right of the *Cours Victor Hugo* and quite near the *Quai des Salinières* and a little above the *Pont de Bordeaux* the church of *St. Michael's* demands a visit. Even more interesting than the church is its bell-tower, which stands a little distance away from the edifice. This was built in 1472-1492

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and is 354 feet high. The spire was destroyed by a hurricane in 1768 and rebuilt.

Continuing our way, we soon reach the Railway Bridge that we saw when we entered Bordeaux, and near this we discover the old church of *St. Croix*, founded in the Seventh Century, rebuilt in the Tenth Century, and several times restored.

We are now in the artisan and poor quarter of Bordeaux. Suppose we return to the Pont de Bordeaux and watch the shipping in the harbor until it is time to take our train.

LYONS

LOOKED at upon the map, the city of Lyons suggests New York, as it is built upon a long narrow peninsula that reminds us somewhat of Manhattan Island. The Saône borders Lyons on the west, just as the Hudson borders New York, and the Rhone flows on the east side of the city much as the East River does. At the end of the peninsula, which may be compared to Battery Point, all resemblance ceases, because, instead of a large harbor and bay and the open sea beyond, the Saône and Rhone unite here; and then the Rhone continues alone its journey of miles to the Mediterranean Sea, or, to be more definite, to the Gulf of Lyons.

In appearance, however, there is nothing to suggest either Manhattan Island, or the City of New York, or the Jersey, or the Long Island shores, for the country is very hilly; the rivers are spanned by a number of bridges; and the quays on both sides of the Saône and Rhone are very animated.

The Saône enters Lyons between the faubourgs of Vaise and Serin; and from that of Serin, on the left, there is an ascent to the hill of *La Croix-Rousse*. As it journeys onward, the Saône loops around the hill of *Fourvière*, that rises to a height of 410 feet

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and upon whose summit *Notre-Dame-de-Fourvière* attracts about 1,500,000 persons every year.

Those who think of Lyons merely as a great manufactory for rich and beautiful silks, will be surprised to read the impressions of a traveller, who says:

“Lyons, the great industrial city of France, shut in by steep hills between two strong rivers, running along busy quays and places of traffic, through sunny courts and squares, up narrow sombre streets which no carriage could ascend—up to the heights of Fourvière, crowned with the famous sanctuary of Our Lady—is picturesque as few cities are.”

Lyons is the second city in France in size and importance; but it is not only a busy modern town. Lyons has had a long and troubled history. In fact, Lyons is one of the most ancient cities of Europe. As early as 500 B.C., some Greek refugees got permission from the native Gauls in the neighborhood to settle here, and the town was long known as Lugdunum. In 43 B.C. Munatius Plancus founded a Roman colony at Fourvière. This became of importance; and Agrippa made it the starting-point of the four great Roman roads throughout Gaul. Under Augustus the capital of Gallia Lugdunensis could boast of fine aqueducts, a theatre, temples, and all the elegances and luxuries of life. Then it united with the colony of Forum Vetus (Fourvière) on the Saône.

In 59 A.D. Lyons was destroyed by fire in one night; but it was rebuilt by Nero and greatly em-

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bellished by Trojan, Adrian and Antoninus. Four emperors of Rome were born in Lyons—Germanicus, Claudius, Caracalla and Marcus Aurelius; the latter permitted terrible martyrdoms to take place in his native city. In 197 a worse persecution of the Christians was ordered, in which Irenæus, it is said, lost his life. In the crypt of the church of St. Irénée on the Saône side of the city you can visit the tomb of this saint, and also the bones of the Christians put to death under Septimus Severus. The Christian church took deep root in Lyons, and many martyrs suffered here for the cause. A traveller notes:

“The church of Lyons, celebrated for its antiquity, the number of its martyrs, and its unbroken traditions of apostolic origin, is specially worthy of study. Every part of the city revives some interesting Christian memory—the street of St. Polycarp, whose disciples, St. Pothin and St. Irenæus, were the first bishops of Lyons; the Gourguillon, down which flowed the blood of the martyrs from the Forum Vetus (whence Fourvière), in the time of Septimus Severus; the dark tomb-like crypts, ancient as the Christian traditions of the city, with bones of the saints and altars consecrated by popes; the *Hôtel-Dieu*, founded by King Childebert in the Sixth Century that has never been closed on suffering humanity; mediæval churches covered with marks of violence from the Huguenot and the revolutionist; and countless monasteries and convents of the Nineteenth Century. Every age is represented here, and over all is diffused an air of life and activity and

Lyons

modern progress that only enhances one's interest in the numerous vestiges of antiquity."

In 478 Lyons became the capital of the Burgundians, after which it fell into the possession of the Franks; then the Saracens captured it; Charlemagne recovered it; and in the Eleventh and Twelfth Centuries it rose to great prosperity. At one time it was the capital of Provence; at another, a fief of Germany; and, finally, the disputes between the Archbishop of Lyons and the Counts of Forez became so great that the inhabitants placed themselves under the protection of Philippe-le-Bel, and the town was united to the Kingdom of France in 1307. Many Councils of bishops met in Lyons, Pope Clement V. was crowned here in 1305, and his successor, John XXII., was elected here. The Protestants conquered Lyons in 1562 and Lyons joined the League under Henri III.; but later the city followed Henri IV. After the death of Cinq-Mars and De Thou, by order of Cardinal Richelieu, nothing of importance occurred here until after the Revolution. At first Lyons supported that movement, and the guillotine was busy on the *Place des Terreaux*. In 1793, the city withdrew from the Revolutionists; and, consequently, an army of 60,000 men besieged it. The city was taken and almost destroyed. After the fall of Robespierre, many of the Terrorists were drowned in the Rhone.

Wars and persecutions are not the only disasters that have fallen upon Lyons. It has suffered from floods on the Rhone side. A terrible one in 1856

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rendered 20,000 persons homeless and almost destroyed the district known as *Les Brotteaux*.

Lyons is divided into three sections: the town proper lying between the two rivers and including the old suburb of La Croix Rouse, now chiefly inhabited by workmen in the silk-factories; the quarter on the right bank of the Saône, including Fourvière and Vaise; and the quarter on the left bank of the Rhone, including *La Guillotière* and *Les Brotteaux*.

In addition to these divisions, Chartreux and St. Serin adjoin the quarter of Croix-Rousse; and there are several suburbs, of which St. Irénée, St. Just and St. Georges are the most important.

Formerly the city ended, or rather, the two rivers met at the *Place Bellecour*; but a citizen of Lyons named Perrache, redeemed all the land below this point and forced a union of the Saône and Rhone lower down. Consequently all this part of Lyons is known by his name.

The chief railway station is situated in the Perrache quarter, and in front of the station the wide *Cours du Midi* runs from river to river. On the other side of this fine promenade is the *Place Perrache*, a square adorned with flower-beds and four fountains, representing the seasons. In the centre stands a Monument of the Revolution (replacing an old statue of Napoleon I.).

From the Place Perrache the *Rue Victor Hugo* runs to the *Place Bellecour*.

On the left of the Rue Victor Hugo as we go from the Place Perrache to the Place Bellecour is the

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Place Ampère, with a statue of the physician Ampère, a native of Lyons (1775–1836); and, on the left of it, *St. Martin d'Ainay*, the oldest church in Lyons. It dates from the beginning of the Sixth Century; but was rebuilt in the Romanesque style in the Tenth and Eleventh Centuries. Its fine façade and tower are noticeable, as is also a band of red lozenges that decorates the exterior. The interior is dark and impressive.

The Place Bellecour marks the very centre of the town in every sense. The middle of the handsome square is adorned with an equestrian statue of Louis XIV., and rich houses surround it on all sides. A band plays here every evening and naturally people gather in this vicinity. At the northeast corner of the square begin the two splendid streets—the *Rue de la République* and the *Rue de l'Hôtel-de-Ville*. The former runs to the *Place de la Comédie* and the second to the *Place des Terreaux*. In this district we naturally find handsome shops, fine houses and well-dressed promenaders.

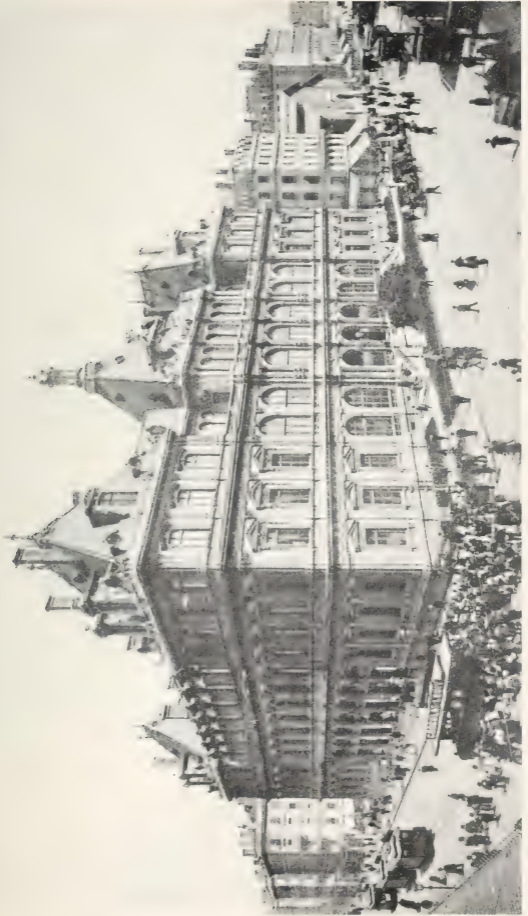
On the left of the *Rue de l'Hôtel de Ville* rises the church of *St. Nizier*, a Gothic building of the Fifteenth Century, with a much older crypt. It was at one time the Cathedral of Lyons. Not far away, we find another church—that of *St. Pierre*, on the *Rue St. Pierre*, near the *Palais des Beaux Arts*. The *Rue de l'Hôtel de Ville* takes us directly to the *Place des Terreaux*, so called from the filled up canal that used to connect the Saône and the Rhone at this point.

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The Place des Terreaux is the next important square to the Place Bellecour. A fountain now plays here, which is a far prettier sight than the guillotine that used to do its wicked work in 1794. In this square, too, Cinq-Mars and De Thou were beheaded by Cardinal Richelieu's orders in 1642, on charge of treason. On the south side of the Place des Terreaux we note the *Palais St. Pierre*, or the Palais des Arts, an Eighteenth Century building, in which are housed all the chief museums of Lyons. Here we find the library, two picture galleries, the museum of sculpture and antiques, a large collection of old marbles, and the Natural History Museum. It formerly belonged to the Dames Bénédictine, whose refectory is still intact as Room IV. in the present building. The central courtyard, surrounded by a colonnade, affords an attractive public garden. The east side of the Place des Terreaux is marked by the *Hôtel-de-Ville*.

The Hôtel-de-Ville was built in 1646-1655 and was burned down in 1674. It was twice restored and is now a handsome edifice. It faces the Place des Terreaux and is richly ornamented with statues, including a fine one of Henri IV. on horseback. Behind it towers the rather curious belfry—the *Tour de l'Horloge*—130 feet high.

From the Hôtel-de-Ville we reach the Grand Theatre on the Place de la Comédie, which is surrounded by arcades containing shops. From here we will go down the Rue de la République to the Place Bellecour. On the left the *Palais de la Bourse et*



LYON: PALAIS DE LA BOURSE

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du Commerce, a large modern building with two façades and pavilions with pointed roofs, one side faces the square called *Place des Cordeliers*, in which *St. Bonaventura*, a church of the Fifteenth Century, attracts our attention.

The next square we come to is the *Place de la République*, in which the *Monument de la République* makes a striking landmark.

Not far from the *Place de la République* is situated the enormous *Hôtel-Dieu*, founded in the Sixth Century, but the present hospital was erected in 1737-1842.

Coming back to the *Rue de la République*, we soon reach the *Théâtre Bellecour*, and this brings us once again to the *Place Bellecour*.

We have noted that the *Place Bellecour* is the centre of the city; and, as we now want to explore the *Saône* side, we will take the *Rue Bellecour* to the *Pont de Tilsit*. We will cross this bridge; and at the foot of the great hill of *Fourvière*, not far from the *Pont Tilsit*, we find the *Cathedral of St. Jean*, which was built in the Twelfth and Fifteenth Centuries. This is one of the most beautiful churches in France; and is noted particularly for its fine choir. The nave was finished in 1480. Some of the windows contain glass of the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Centuries. In one of the towers hangs an enormous bell of nearly ten tons.

In front of the *Cathedral* is the *Place St. Jean*, there is a beautiful marble fountain with a bronze group representing the *Baptism of Christ*.

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Near the Cathedral, on the same side of the river and a little north, we find the *Palais de Justice*, a building in the Classic style with a portico of twenty-four Corinthian columns. This occupies the site of the old Palace of the Counts of Forez. From this point the bridge that crosses the river is appropriately named *Pont du Palais de Justice*.

We will not cross here, however, for our main object was the ascent of the hill of Fourvière, which so many feet have trod.

The famous church occupies the site of the old Roman Forum. A chapel to the Virgin was erected here in the Ninth Century and was consecrated by St. Thomas of Canterbury at a later period; and in 1476 it was turned into a collegiate church by Louis XI. The present *Chapelle-de-Notre-Dame-de-Fourvière* was built in 1586 and has undergone few changes, although it is now overshadowed by the fine modern church at its side. The old Chapelle contains a black image of the Virgin, and the walls are covered by thousands of offerings made by rich and poor in recognition of blessings received, especially during the cholera plague of 1643. It suffered greatly at the hands of the Huguenots and during the Revolution. In 1804 pilgrims began to visit it again, and in 1805 Pope Pius VII., returning from the Coronation of Napoleon went there to bestow his benediction on Lyons. A gilded bronze statue of the Virgin surmounting the tower looks towards Lyons.

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The new church owes its origin to an episode during the Franco-Prussian War. One day in 1870, the women and children of Lyons ascended the hill of Fourvière and offered a vow that if their town were spared the horrors of war, they would erect a new church on the hill. The enemy did not enter Lyons, and the new sanctuary was begun in 1872 by the grateful citizens. This new church is called the "Fortress Church," on account of its appearance. It has four strong towers and is built in a very heavy style. One of its features is a statue of the Archangel Michael standing over the centre of the apse. His extended wings measure twenty feet from tip to tip.

The northwest tower is used as an observatory, but the northeast tower is open to the public for the sake of the view, and what a superb view meets the eye of the visitor, who can see it duplicated in miniature enamel pictures with the names of the mountains and points of interest all around the balustrade.

From here we can see Mt. Blanc, the Alps of Dauphiné, the Cévennes, and mountains of Auvergne, while northward, beyond Fourvière, the Mont d'Or, plentifully sprinkled with villas, slopes towards the river.

Another feature of this church is the "Gallery of Benediction," an open circular gallery surrounding part of the apse, ornamented with beautiful columns of red Italian granite and groups of winged herons. Every year on the eighth of September a special

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benediction takes place here in memory of the vow of the city in 1870. A recent visitor greatly impressed with the ceremony, wrote:

“Service and the twilight came together. From everywhere the heights of Fourvière were visible, and the quays, the bridges, the streets and public squares were thronged with people. High over all the bells of the city churches rang in their deep sweet chorus in response to the great cathedral chime. Suddenly the cannon’s roar was heard, and while the shadows fell on the kneeling worshippers and the last rays of the setting sun tinged the distant Alpine peaks with a dying effulgence, the Benediction, in tones that seemed unearthly, came so clearly that the peace and promises, both everlasting, seemed, not pre-figured, but realized.”

The Rhone side is quite different from the Saône side. The swiftly flowing river sweeps past St. Clair, a district that slopes upward to Croix-Rousse, and the first bridge that spans it is Pont St. Clair; and then the river passes Terreaux, Bellecour and Perrache on the right bank, on which several important buildings are situated.

On the left bank, which is very low and often flooded, we find the *Parc de la Tête d’Or* and the quarters of Brotteaux and Guillotière.

La Guillotière is of no interest whatever to strangers; Les Brotteaux, lying above it, is a handsome modern quarter; but the chief attraction on this side of the Rhone is the *Parc de la Tête d’Or*, consisting of 280 acres laid out in 1856. Here we find sylvan

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walks, shade trees, a lake with islands, Zoological and Botanical Gardens, a restaurant and many other places for rest and recreation. On the east side of this park the railway to Geneva reminds us that Switzerland is not far away.

MARSEILLES

MARSEILLES ranks as the third city in France, and although one of the oldest, is remarkable as containing no ancient buildings. The interest of the town is entirely centred in the famous *Rue de la Cannebière* and the Old Harbor, which is always so full of boats large and small and the picturesque lateen sails of the Mediterranean.

More than two thousand years ago a Greek colony from Phocæa in Asia Minor founded Marseilles, which was known as Massalia. Some people, however, think that the Phœnicians had planted a little town at this spot before the Greeks came. Be that as it may, at any rate the Greek colony was composed of very remarkable persons, who showed great ability in dealing with the inland tribes, excellent government, frugality, temperance and great commercial and naval enterprise. They carried their wine across Gaul and over the Alps into what is now the Tyrol, and they established colonies all along the coast from Monaco to Cape St. Martin in Spain. One of their sailors, Pytheas (330-320 B.C.), went through the Pillars of Hercules and visited the coasts of Gaul, Britain and Germany. The Massaliots, as the people were called, found a rival in Carthage. Naturally enough, during the Punic

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Wars, the city took sides with Rome; and the Romans rewarded Marseilles by helping her subdue the neighboring tribes in the Ligurian mountains. During the wars between Cæsar and Pompey, Marseilles favored the cause of Pompey, and was finally taken by Julius Cæsar. After that, the city became more important as a centre for medicine and literature; while its commercial importance gradually declined.

About the Third Century, it became Christianized. In the Eighth Century it was destroyed by the Arabs; and, for a long time afterwards the coast towns of Italy benefited by the commerce of the Mediterranean that had been formerly the source of great prosperity to Marseilles. In the Tenth Century Marseilles was repopled under the protection of its viscounts, and in 1112 the town bought up the rights of these lords and formed itself into a republic. Its governor was appointed for life. He was aided by a council composed of three notables, eighty citizens, three clerics and six important tradesmen.

However, at a later period during the Middle Ages the town was divided into three parts—the Republic proper with the Old Harbor; the higher town governed by a Bishop and having its harbor at the creek of La Joliette; while the southern suburb, on the other side of the town, was governed by the Abbott of St. Victor and it owned the *Port des Catalans*.

During the Crusades Marseilles enjoyed great prosperity. Many people passed through the town

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and there was a great deal of ship-building here. Moreover, its fleet was large and its commerce and manufactures increased at the same time. Various persons attempted to gain possession of such a wealthy and important city, and it suffered from pillage, incendiarism and even massacre during the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Centuries. At last, King René, the great patron of the troubadours, made it his winter residence; and all the arts of peace as well as trade began to flourish again. Under François I. Marseilles again was besieged in 1524; and during the religious wars it remained true to the Roman Catholic cause, and long refused to acknowledge Henri IV. Then, during the troubles of the Fronde, Louis XIV. came here himself to suppress the disturbances, took the town by storm and built *Fort St. Nicholas*.

In 1720, when the city had recovered again and was enjoying great prosperity, a frightful plague carried away nearly fifty thousand persons in a year.

Marseilles was a hotbed of the Revolution, though the "La Marseillaise" did not originate there. It may be interesting to note in passing that this thrilling song was composed by Rouget de Lisle in Strasburg in 1792, and first sung by the youth of Marseilles in Paris in that year. Paris went wild over the song and called it "Hymne des Marseillais."

The Marseillais, however, hated Napoleon because his wars were very damaging to the commerce of Marseilles. Consequently they rejoiced at his defeat

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at Waterloo and supported the return of the Bourbons. The conquest of Algeria and the opening of the Suez Canal brought great prosperity to Marseilles, which is the chief commercial port of the Mediterranean.

Marseilles, being the largest commercial port of France, is the centre for numerous lines of steamers that go to all parts of the world,—to China and the Far East, to India, to Turkey, the Black Sea, Smyrna, Syria and Greece, to Algiers, Tunis, Malta and all the ports of the Mediterranean, to London, to Havre, to Brazil, to La Plata and to New York. Perhaps of all its many imports silk is the most valuable, and much of it comes from China, Japan and the Levant.

The coasting-trade is almost as great as the ocean trade. The ship-owners possess a vast number of vessels and there are hundreds and hundreds of fishing-boats always to be seen in the harbor of Marseilles.

The harbor is formed by an inlet of the sea that runs eastward into the heart of the city. It is very narrow. The entrance is guarded on the left side by a promontory on which stands the Fort St. Nicholas that was built by Louis XIV. and on the other side by *Fort St. Jean*, the old Château Babon of the Knights of Malta, rebuilt under King René, and, at a later period, under Louis XIV.

Further to the left of St. Nicholas is the *Château de Pharo*, presented to Napoleon III. by the town and returned to the town by the Ex-Empress Eugénie

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for medical purposes. The name refers to an old lighthouse, or Pharos, that stood on the site.

The Old Harbor called *Vieux Port*, is, as we have said, very narrow and measures but seventy acres. It lies at the foot of the Cannebière and is bordered by the *Quai du Port* on the left, and by the *Quai de Rive Neuve* on the right. At the head of this harbor the famous Cannebière begins.

Of course such a small harbor as the *Vieux Port* would be entirely inadequate for the vast amount of shipping that comes to Marseilles. Consequently beyond the Old Harbor, basins, docks and quays extend for many acres. The *Bassin de la Joliette*, bounded by the *Quai de la Joliette*, consists of no less than fifty-seven acres; and here the big steamers land. A very important street called the *Rue de la République* ends at the *Place de la Joliette* and leads to the Cannebière.

Near the *Quai de la Joliette* we find the *Cathedral*, a fine building of black and white stone with two imposing towers and a dome. It is no less than 460 feet long. Just beyond by the *Quai du Port* on the right side of the harbor stands the *Hôtel-de-Ville*.

The principal street of Marseilles is the famous Cannebière that begins at the head of the harbor and is continued by the *Rue Noailles*. La Cannebière was so-named from the former rope-walks that were once at this spot. It is the gayest part of the town and its shops and *cafés* are as brilliant as those of Paris. Indeed, the Marseilles people are fond of saying "If

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Paris only had a Cannebière, Paris would be a little Marseilles.”

On the Cannebière also stands the *Bourse*, built in 1852–1860, with a big Corinthian portico under which are two colossal statues,—one representing France, and the other Marseilles. On the other side of the *Bourse* lies the Old Town, through which several streets have been cut of late years, particularly the *Rue de la République* that leads to the *Gare Maritime* and the docks at the new harbor.

Taking the *Rue de Noailles* to the beautiful *Allées de Meilhan*, we find at its junction with the *Allées des Capuchins*, *St. Vincent de Paul*, one of the chief churches of Marseilles, built in the Gothic style of the Thirteenth Century, and not far away the *Post Office*. Beyond is the *Cours du Chapitre*, continued by the *Boulevard de Longchamps*. This takes us directly to the *Palais de Longchamps*, nearly a mile from the *Rue de Noailles*.

The *Palais de Longchamps* was built in 1862–1869 and is a handsome edifice in a beautiful situation at the end of the long *Boulevard* from which it is separated by a garden. It consists of two buildings, connected by a semi-circular colonnade, and a triumphal arch, which is nothing more nor less than the *Château d'Eau* of the Marseilles aqueduct, ornamented with statues and made beautiful by cascades. Here we can enjoy the collections of paintings and natural history. Not far away from the *Musée des Beaux-Arts* the Zoological Garden is situated.

If we take the *Rue de la République* to the Can-

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nebière, we first cross the *Boulevard des Dames* and then we reach the *Place d'Aix*, where stands an *Arc de Triomphe*, in the very centre of the square. This was begun in 1825, finished in 1832, and originally intended to commemorate the Duc d'Angoulême's victory at the Trocadéro in 1823; but it is now inscribed "*à la République, Marseille reconnaissante.*"

From here we take the *Cours Belzunce*, one of the finest streets, and named for Bishop Belzunce, who performed so many noble deeds during the plague of 1720.

A fountain marks the intersection with the *Canebière* and the *Rue de Noailles*. Beyond this point the street becomes the *Cours St. Louis* for a short distance; and then the *Rue de Rome*, another important street. At the end of the *Rue de Rome*, the *Place Castellane* marks the beginning of the *Prado*, the great promenade of Marseilles, which, at the *Rond Point du Prado*, turns sharply to the right and continues for nearly a mile to the sea. Handsome villas cluster thickly here; and, to the left, in a fine park, is situated the *Château Borély*, containing the Archaeological Museum, presented to Marseilles by the Borély family. Beyond this is a race course and on the way to the sea we find numerous cafés and restaurants.

Long before you get to the Prado, the *Cours Pierre-Puget* leads at right angles from the *Rue de Rome* towards the harbor; and, on our way thither we pass the *Palais de Justice*, another modern building standing on a large square approached by steps and a por-



MARSEILLES: NOTRE DAME DE LA GARDE

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tico with six columns. The *Promenade Pierre-Puget*, to which this street leads, is laid out on one of the reservoirs of the aqueduct, which forms a beautiful cascade here. The views of the Mediterranean and Marseilles are charming from this spot.

Not far away and on a very steep hill stands the celebrated *Notre-Dame de la Garde*, so beloved of sailors, the steeple of which rises 150 feet above the summit of the hill and bears a gilded statue of the Virgin thirty feet high. We can ascend to it by the *Boulevard Gazzino*. The present church occupies the site of one built in 1214; and, like the Cathedral, it is built in the Byzantine style of rich materials.

If from the Promenade Puget we turn to the right, pass under the bridge, and take the *Boulevard de la Corderie* to the left to the Anse des Catalans, we shall find the ancient church of St. Victor, with its battlemented towers of 1350 and its crypt of the Eleventh Century.

Mr. Hare takes us by another way to this old church:

“We may turn by the Quai du Rive Neuve, along the east side of the Port, to where, opposite the Bassin de Carénage, a long staircase leads up to a terrace on which rise, like a fortress, the black massive castellated towers of the curious old church of St. Victor, remnant of the famous abbey founded by St. Cassier in 410, destroyed by the Saracens, rebuilt 1040, again destroyed, and finally rebuilt 1200-79, and fortified by Urban V., in 1350, of which date is the existing tower. In the catacombs of St. Victor

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it is said that St. Lazarus lived and that St. Victor is buried with his companions in martyrdom. The crypt, belonging to the earliest church on this site, communicated with a number of galleries and chapels cut in the rock, and once contained many early Christian tombs, now absurdly removed to the Museum. Urban V. was abbot of St. Victor before he was Pope.

The Rue d'Andoune and Boulevard Tellène lead up from St. Victor to the bare rocky hill—a noble position ill occupied by the ugly pilgrimage church of Notre Dame de la Garde, rebuilt 1864; on the site of an old chapel of 1214, and filled with ex-voto. The view is exquisite over the town and sea.”

Further on, to the right, is Fort St. Nicholas and the Château de Pharo, and just beyond the Fort the *Corniche Road* begins, which makes up for its lack of shade by the beautiful view of the Bay of Marseilles and the islands of If, Ratonneau and Pomègue.

These three islands lying beyond the harbor are always a delight to the eye, especially the Château d'If, about two miles away, and around which so much romance has been thrown by Dumas in his “Count of Monte Cristo.” The old fortress castle was built in 1329 and was used as a state prison. Within its walls have been confined among others of note the mysterious Man in the Iron Mask in 1686; the Comte de Mirabeau in 1774; and Philippe d'Orléans in 1793. The Abbé Faria's cell and that of Dumas's Edmond Dantès are always shown.

“The Château d'If has as many aspects as Edmond Dantès assumed after his escape from it, when,

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emerging from long confinement in 'a loathsome dungeon,' he swam six miles in a stormy sea as a foretaste of the entrancingly impossible adventures that followed. You may look at the Château all day and every day from the same place or from different places, and never weary of looking. It seems as imposing and picturesque whether it is seen dominating a quiet sea, blue as only the Mediterranean (and sometimes the sea of the English west coast) can be, or whether on a grey, quiet day it lies flat against the background of hills, and seems within reach of one's hand as one leans over the parapet of the Corniche Road. Again, it assumes majestic proportions when a wind is blowing up, while the clouds on the horizon are a mass of angry shifting colors, bewildering to the eye in their very harmony, and charged with the beautiful terror of a coming storm. Yet again in another aspect of storm, backed by the heavy clouds that portend the 'mistral,' the penetrating wind that sweeps down the Rhone Valley, still the castle retains, under all the sea-changes that it takes on, an air of command and dignity. To him looking seawards from the land, it is always the one point sought for, and it never fails to satisfy the desire of the eye, not even when, having made close acquaintance with it and found its glories diminish as he sails nearer and nearer to it, the voyager returns to shore possessed with a dread that when he looks again over the waves the wondrous fantasy of the thing may be killed by the remembrance of nearer intimacy. But, in truth, nothing can kill it. On the contrary, the

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moment one arrives again on the hill of Endoume, one falls under the spell anew: the mean aspect that the poor old fortress affords to him who is close under its walls or standing on its ramparts is forgotten; the Château d'If is once more a castle of fantastic glory and the reality of imagination triumphs over the pretence of fact." ¹

¹W. H. Pollock.

MADRID

AS we are now entering Spain, once the richest country of Europe and a country that appeals to the imagination on account of its wild scenery, its romantic buildings and its semi-tropical gardens, it may be useful to run over a little Spanish history very quickly and briefly.

Spain was so long broken up into separate kingdoms, constantly at war with one another, that it is very hard (and not necessary for us) to remember the names of the different kings before the monarchy was united.

The ancient provinces were Old and New Castile and La Mancha, Leon, Asturias, Galicia, Estremadura, Andalusia, Murcia, Valencia, Aragon, Catalonia and the Basque Provinces.

The Spaniards are a mixed race. First, there were the original inhabitants of the peninsula,—the Iberians; then came the Phœnician and Carthaginian settlers; then the Roman conquerors; then the Goths; and then the Arabs and Moors. To these must be added the Gipsies and the Jews.

All of these layers of races have mingled in some measure except the Gipsies and Jews. Of course, the Spaniard differs in the different provinces, but they all are alike in certain particulars: they are

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somewhat indolent and careless of time; fond of music, dancing and bull-fights; and, as a general thing, temperate. They are haughty—especially the Castilians—like their noon siesta, and spend the evenings in gaiety and pleasure. The homes of the wealthy are luxurious; but the ordinary houses and inns are poorly furnished and far from cleanly.

The first kingdom independent of the Moors was that of the Asturias, which, towards the end of the Eighth Century, was increased by what are now parts of Leon and Castile. Then Navarre was founded. Castile became a kingdom in 1035; and, from its central position, was soon the most powerful of the Spanish states. About the same time part of Aragon had been taken from the Moors.

The three kingdoms—Castile and Leon (which were now united), Navarre and Aragon—waged war against the Moors, sometimes in combination and sometimes separately.

Ferdinand II. “the Catholic,” and the last sovereign of Aragon, by his marriage with Isabella, Queen of Castile, in 1469, united the whole of Spain under one sceptre. Theirs was a great reign, for it saw the Conquest of Granada in 1492, when the Moors were finally driven out of Spain; the conquest of Navarre; and the discovery of America by Columbus.

Spain was now a splendid country, consolidated into one empire, with the wealth of the New World pouring into her treasury.

Charles I. (Charles V. of Germany) succeeded

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Ferdinand and Isabella, and Mexico and Peru were added to the possessions of Spain. Then followed the reigns of Philip II., Philip III., and Philip IV.; contests with the Dutch and the German Protestants in the Thirty Years' War; then the meddling of Olivares in politics; then Charles II.'s unfortunate reign; and then Philip V., the first of the Bourbons; and next came Charles III. (1759-1788), to whom the country owed much. After him comes Charles IV., who abdicated in favor of his eldest son, Ferdinand VII. He was taken prisoner by Napoleon, who placed his brother, Joseph Bonaparte, on the throne of Spain. Spanish blood rebelled, however, and councils were raised in every province to administer government, raise troops and resist the French.

After only ten days' residence in his capital, Madrid, Joseph was defeated and forced to retire to Vittoria. In July, 1808, Sir Arthur Wellesley, afterwards Duke of Wellington, heading a British force to help the Spaniards, landed in Spain and began the Peninsula War. He met with such success that Napoleon assumed command of the French army and entered Spain in November with 100,000 men. This was the time when Marshall Soult carried off so many splendid pictures, including the "Holy Family" and the "Immaculate Conception," now in the Louvre.

The reign of Ferdinand's daughter, Isabella II., was disturbed by the Carlist Rebellion (1834-1839), in which Isabella had the help of the British. In

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1868 the latter was driven from her throne; and for years Spain was the scene of much disturbance.

In 1874 Alphonso, son of Isabella, was made King of Spain; and, on his death in 1885, his son, Alphonso XIII. succeeded him, with his mother as Regent.

Alphonso was crowned in 1902 and married to Ena of Battenberg, the niece of King Edward of England, in 1906. Both of these ceremonies took place in Madrid.

Although some Spanish historians claim great antiquity for Madrid, the earliest authentic mention of this city occurs in an Arab chronicle, dating from the Tenth Century and then under the name of Majrít. In 1003 Alphonso VI. of Castile took it from the Moors; and, after that, although Ferdinand IV. assembled the first Cortes here in 1329, Madrid was only a hunting-lodge and an occasional residence of the Kings of Castile until Philip II. made it his capital in 1560. He enlarged the city and widened the streets; but he preferred the *Escorial* as a residence.

Charles III. improved and enlarged Madrid; laid out parks and promenades; built roads and canals; encouraged art, science and letters; and to him are owing the *Prado Gallery*, the Natural History Library, the Observatory, the *Alcalá Gateway*, the General Hospital, Botanical Gardens and the Custom House.

Notwithstanding all the various improvements and adornments Madrid was even during the early

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part of the Nineteenth Century "the dirtiest capital in Europe"; but this did not affect the opinion of the citizens, who considered, and still consider, Madrid the "capital of the whole world," and "the envy and admiration of all mankind." They even have a number of proverbs and legends, such as "there is but one Madrid," and "when Madrid is mentioned, all the world is silent with awe."

"There is but one stage from Madrid to *la Gloria*, or Paradise, in which there is a window for angels to take bird's-eye peeps and look down on this counterpart heaven on earth. One reason why there are no country-houses in the vicinity is seriously accounted for because no sane person could ever be found to quit this home of supernatural enjoyment even for a day. When Adam obtained a day's leave to revisit the earth, on passing through Spain he found nothing changed since his time, until he came to Madrid, when he was with difficulty dragged back to Paradise. No wonder mortal men, and even the grandees, should think it the greatest of punishment to be banished from *la Corte* to their distant estates—a term which conveys to Spanish ears a meaning which cannot be translated into English."¹

There is far more reason for this excessive pride to-day than when these sayings originated, for Madrid is now a fine, stately, attractive and up-to-date city:

"That Madrid has modelled itself upon Paris is not to its discredit. The city manifests the modern spirit in Spain rather than the mediæval atmos-

¹ Richard Ford.

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phere. It does not live upon its past like Cordova and Toledo. Madrid aspires to be a progressive modern municipality. The streets are broad, the system of lighting is modern, there are electric tram-cars, motor-cars and London and Parisian vehicles in the thoroughfares. The streets are deluged with the fire-hose three times a day and the nuisance of the dust is thereby abated.

“The Englishman, the Frenchman and the German feel at home in this cosmopolitan centre; and yet everywhere there are the signs of Spain, the essential characteristics of a Southern people, as shown in courtly manners, mode of living, amusements, dress, and racial temperament. Even here in the hub of modern Spain, the Spaniard exhibits his placidity and patience.

“No, despite the tramcars, the modern air of the streets, and the London and Paris fashions in dress, you cannot fail to realize that this is a Spanish city. Look at the workman in his canvas blouse and drill trousers, with the *boina* on his head and hemp-soled canvas shoes upon his feet; or the work-girl, with a rose in her hair and a fan in her hand. These are types of Spain, distinctive in their social ideals, their garb and their physiognomy. Now and then a peasant from the provinces is seen rubbing shoulders with a grandee, clad in the costume of Piccadilly. The contrast is sharp; the man about town and the field-toiler might be natives of two different countries, for the wear of the peasant is more African than European. His feet are in sandals, his legs

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bound with linen, his head tied up in a kerchief, and his body clothed with white cotton. And around his waist is a broad gay silk sash, in whose voluminous folds he conceals his money and his keen-edged, long-bladed *navaja*.

“How antiquated, too, in British eyes is the ox-cart, heavy and ramshackle, with its squeaking wheels, and pair of bullocks under the carved wooden yoke! And the mule-teams—the gaunt, bony beasts, in Moorish-looking harness, with jangling bells around their necks, and the quaint devices of the clipper upon their coats, attended by swarthy men in knee-breeches and short jackets, with the peaked Castilian hat upon their cropped heads—these surely are of the days when Don Quixote rode on the great grey wastes of La Mancha, accompanied by his loyal Sancho.”¹

If you put your finger in the very centre of Spain, you will find Madrid situated at almost the same distance from the Mediterranean and the Atlantic. It is built on a high plateau on the left bank of the Manzanares, a tributary of the Tagus, a little river that has been the subject of numerous jests on account of the thin thread of water that trickles through an arid bed. One story, for instance, is told of a dying soldier who refused a glass of water, saying: “Give it to the Manzanares: the river needs it more than I do.”

The Manzanares is spanned by four bridges: the *Puente Verde* on the northwest, the *Puente del Rey*

¹ A. F. Calvert.

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and the *Puente de Segovia* on the west; and the *Puente de Toledo* on the south; and there is another jibe at the river in the common saying that it would be better to sell the bridges and buy some water.

Madrid was formerly surrounded by a wall of brick and earth pierced by five large gates and eleven *portillos*; but the wall was taken down in 1868, and only three of these old entrances remain: the *Puerta de Toledo*, on the south; the *Puerta de Alcalá*, on the east; and the *Portillo de San Vincente* on the west. The eastern gate, the *Puerta del Sol*, which took its name from a representation of the sun upon it, was removed in 1570.

And now, before exploring the city, let us take a general view of Madrid as we approach it:

“ There is something grandiose in the last stage of the journey. From whatever quarter you come to the town, the few concluding miles are a decided ascent. You zig-zag through a tawny plateau with dried water channels seaming it. The people, like the landscape, are sun-dried and brown. There are no trees to abate the heat or break the force of the wind-piercing cold in winter from the snow-clad Guadarramas to the north and desiccating it from the south in summer. You rise and rise until at length you come to the russet-and-white suburbs of the capital. This itself stands higher still, like a vast citadel, close pressed by the blue heavens. Gateways open from it, marking where the snow-white and very bad roads start for the extreme ends of the Kingdom. But whiter, if possible, than these roads

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is the huge Royal Palace, which shows a face of some five hundred feet in length on the south side of the town. There are gardens beneath it, with trees of fair size; and lower still the much mocked Manzanares trickles from one washerwoman to another, choked with soapsuds. But the outlook from it—save at early morn or sunset—is really quite savage. Spain seems a desert.

“One continues to ascend from the railway station, over rough cobbles, past majestic buildings and pretty palm decked squares studded with statues until the Puerta del Sol is attained. Here we are about two thousand five hundred feet above the sea-level and in the very holiest of holies of the Spaniard’s heart. The Puerta del Sol is not a beautiful open space, like Trafalgar Square, or the Place Vendôme. But it is tolerably roomy in a town notorious for its sufferings from cramp. The best hotels look upon it; the tram-cars start from it; bull-fighters, pelota players, and politicians alike gossip at their best in its *cafés*; and if there is any national agitation afoot, you may feel its pulse here as nowhere in Spain. You may buy innumerable trivial things from the street hucksters who stand with their backs to the buildings of the Puerta del Sol, and live full pleasant days—journals, matches, old books, sweet-meats, and so forth. And nowhere in all Spain are they so assiduous in urging you to gamble in the State lotteries.

“The streets that proceed from the Puerta del Sol are all respectable without being magnificent. Some

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think that of Alcalá even magnificent, with its handsome shops and offices, its increasing breadth and its fashionable vivacity. It certainly ends with conspicuous pomp among the palaces in which Spain's State affairs are mismanaged. The verdure of the park—a glorious evergreen—begins where it ends; and the stately triumphal arch at the corner of the park hints at Spain's earlier greatness, and the crowds that pass under it Sunday after Sunday in the summer towards the bull-ring. Madrid's beggars seem to like the neighborhood of the Alcalá and they ought to be good judges.”¹

Although Madrid is a big city, we can find our way about very easily. We have only to take two centres for our sight-seeing—the *Puerta del Sol* and the *Plaza Mayor*—for all the principal streets run from these two squares. Moreover, all the places that we really need to see lie in the extreme east and extreme west. On the east the *Calle de Alcalá* will take us to the *Prado*, from which we can reach the Picture Gallery and the gardens of *Buen Retiro*.

The great street on the west of the *Puerta del Sol* is the *Calle Mayor*. On the west we find the *Plaza Mayor*, the *Plaza de Oriente*, the Royal Opera House, the Royal Palace and the Armoury.

The *Puerta del Sol* is, as we have seen, the principal square, and takes its name from the old gate that stood here. It assumed its present appearance in 1856, and it is now the very centre of the life of the city, where *cafés*, shops and tram-cars abound.

¹Charles Edwardes.

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Nearly all the principal streets meet or diverge at the Puerta del Sol. The widest and finest of all is the Calle de Alcalá, which runs eastward to the Prado. It is the fashionable promenade and the route for all the big processions. If we were to walk along this big artery towards the Prado the first building of importance on our left is the Royal Academy of Arts, founded in 1752, to promote painting, sculpture, architecture and music. We stop to look at some of the pictures in the gallery, for here are many fine examples of Rubens, Ribera and Murillo, including the splendid "St. Elizabeth of Hungary Healing the Sick," originally painted for the Caridad in Seville. Some critics prefer it to all of Murillo's works.

Next on our walk we pass the *Iglesia de la Calatravas*, a church of the Seventeenth Century; then the church of *San José*; then the Theatre of Apollo; and then on the other side of the street, in a large garden, the War Office, a building of several historical associations, and which was once the home of General Prim, who was murdered in this very Calle de Alcalá. Last of all we come to the Bank of Spain, built in 1881-1891, which faces the *Salon de Prado*. Our walk has now brought us to the *Plaza de Madrid*, a beautiful square, in the centre of which stands the famous Cybele Fountain, representing the goddess of the earth in her chariot drawn by lions—a splendid colossal group in marble. On our right is the Salon de Prado and the gardens of Buen Retiro, with its summer theatre.

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The Calle de Alcalá continues along until it reaches the circular *Plaza de la Independencia*, which is surrounded by handsome residences. In the very centre stands the old *Puerta de Alcalá*, a gateway erected by Charles III. in 1778. It was much damaged by the French in 1808. On the south east is the main entrance to the Buen Retiro. The Calle de Alcalá now goes along until it reaches the *Plaza de Toros*, or Bull Ring.

Another important street that runs a little south of the Calle de Alcalá from the Puerta del Sol is the *Carrera de San Jerónimo*. This is one of the fashionable residential streets and contains some very fine shops. It expands into the *Plaza de las Cortes*, in the centre of which stands a bronze statue of Cervantes, erected in 1835. Around the base of the statue some scenes from "Don Quixote" are represented. Cervantes lived in Madrid in much style from 1609 until his death; and here some of "Don Quixote" was first printed.

The Plaza receives its name from the *Palacio del Congreso*, the Congress, or House of Commons, where the law-makers of Spain meet. The fine building, which was erected in 1843-1850, faces the Cervantes Monument and has a large portico with six columns and a wide flight of steps on which are two big lions. The *Salón de Sesiones* is something like the Senate Chamber at Washington, for it is lighted from the roof and the deputies sit and speak from their chairs arranged in semi-circular rows around the President's desk.

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The Prado is the famous meadow of San Jerónimo, and was once the most fashionable promenade. The wide Salon de Prado is not a drawing-room, as might be inferred from the name; it is, on the other hand, a sort of Mall, with several rows of shade trees; and in the centre the fine Fountain of Apollo, erected in 1780, throws its glittering spray amidst the greenery. Near this is the *Plaza de le Lealtad* with its Monument (*Monumento del Dos de Mayo*), erected in 1840 to the Martyrs of Liberty who fell here on May 2, 1808, while trying to expel the French from the city.

Murat executed many citizens in the Prado in 1808 and this led to the intervention of the British under Wellington.

On every anniversary of May 2 a procession marches to this Monument and a religious service is held.

The south end of the Salon de Prado is marked by the Fountain of Neptune; and beyond this the *Paseo del Prado*, on which stands the great Museum and Picture Gallery, runs along, passing the *Plaza de Murillo* and the Botanical Garden until it joins the *Calle de Atocha* at the great Southern Railway station.

We enter the Prado Museum by the *Calle de Felipe Cuarto*, one of the most famous picture galleries in the world. The building was begun by Charles III., to whom Madrid owes so much, and finished by Ferdinand VII. Three rooms were opened in 1819. There are about two thousand works here, and many

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of them of the first order. The Room of Queen Isabella II. contains many of the gems of the gallery.

Although there are splendid works here by Raphael and Titian and Rubens (who lived in Madrid), the visitor will prefer to spend his time before the magnificent works by Velasquez, of which there are so many. Although Velasquez was a native of Seville, he lived the greater part of his life in Madrid, where he became court-painter to Philip IV. When he died in 1660, he was buried with much ceremony in the church of San Juan.

Velasquez is not only the greatest of Spanish painters, but is one of the greatest painters of all time. He could paint every kind of picture—landscapes and hunting and battle scenes as well as portraits of people in high life and low life. His portraits are superb, and in this gallery the great Spanish lords and ladies of the Seventeenth Century seem to walk out of the canvases and appear as living persons. Wonderful, too, are the series of court fools and dwarfs that he painted at the Court of Philip IV.

Among his most famous works here, is that called "Las Meniñas," in which Velasquez has painted the children of Philip IV. and himself as painting them. The story goes that Philip was so delighted with this picture that he said: "There is one thing lacking," and, taking up a brush, painted the Cross of Santiago on the arm of the painter's portrait in the picture.

Another superb work of Velasquez is that of the "Tapestry-Weavers"; another is "The Surrender of

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Breda"; and great indeed are the many portraits of the King's children, especially of the little Don Baltazar Carlos, who so often appears on horse-back.

Another great Spanish painter, who is splendidly represented in the Prado, is Goya, also famous for his portraits and even more for his Bull Fights.

Behind the Prado Picture Gallery we find the most important church of Madrid—*San Jerónimo el Real*, built in 1503 and restored in 1879. Here the Crown Prince of Spain—Prince of the Asturias—takes his oath of allegiance, and here King Alphonso and Ena of Battenberg were married.

The Buen Retiro Gardens were originally grounds surrounding a royal hunting-seat, or palace, and now consist of about two hundred and sixty acres,—forming a beautiful park, where there are many delights for the eye and many places for recreation and amusement, — walks, drives, bridle-paths, ponds, lakes, fountains, grassy swards, seats, pavilions, bands of music, a museum of objects from the Spanish colonies, an exhibition building and a small Zoological Garden.

There are four entrances to Buen Retiro, the chief one begins at the Plaza de la Independéncia and leads to the big lake—(*Estanque Grande*), where there is boating in summer and skating in winter.

From the Zoological Gardens the broad *Paséo de Fernan Nuñez* runs southward, the fashionable afternoon drive.

Buen Retiro was built by Philip II. as a country-

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house, or pleasant retreat, as its name signifies, for his English Queen, Mary Tudor; and, to please her, in the style of a Norman castle. It was afterwards rebuilt in 1633 by Olivares, the favorite of Philip IV., who laid out the gardens. In this splendid palace, that had by this time become something like the French Fontainebleau, lived Philip IV., Philip V., Ferdinand IV. and Charles III.; and the most magnificent festivals and pageants and other court entertainments took place here.

Ferdinand VII. restored the Palace, which was destroyed during the French occupation in 1809-1812. It stood on the spot now occupied by the Artillery Museum, just behind the Monument of May the Second.

The other promenades and pleasure-grounds are the *Paséo de la Virgen del Puerto*, chiefly the resort of the poor, west of the Palace; and the *Paséo de las Delicias*, south of the town.

Northward, beyond the Plaza de Madrid, the Prado is continued by the *Paséo de Recoletos*, which takes its name from an old Franciscan convent that formerly stood here. It begins at the Cybele Fountain and is lined with the villas and palaces of aristocratic and wealthy persons. Running through the handsomest portion of the city and being distinguished by a group of museums and the National Library, the *Paséo de Recoletos* reaches the *Plaza de Colon*, marked by a statue of Columbus, and then is continued as the *Paséo de la Castellana*.

The liveliest street on the north, however, is the

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Calle de la Montera, which runs north from the Puerta del Sol, and is continued under the names of *Calle de Fuencarrál*.

The principal street on the west side of the Puerta del Sol is the *Calle Mayor*, which takes us to the Royal Palace. On the Calle Mayor stand the City Hall and the quaint old tower, *Torre de los Lujanes*, in which Francis I. of France was confined before he was taken to the Alcazár.

South of the Calle Mayor we find one of the most important of all Madrid's many squares,—the Plaza Mayor.

The Plaza Mayor was laid out by Philip III. in 1619: it is surrounded by an arcade, and the centre is ornamented by a statue of Philip III. on horseback, the work of John of Bologna and Tacca.

The Plaza Mayor is a very interesting spot, once the centre of the city, the market-place, where tournaments and bull-fights and *autos-da-fé* used to take place. The royal family gazed upon these scenes from the balcony of a house called the *Casa Panadería*, because it belonged to the guild of bakers. This interesting old house was built in 1590, and was rebuilt after a fire in 1672, and remains in good condition.

From the southeast corner of the Plaza Mayor, the *Calle de Atocha*, one of the most important streets of Madrid, leads to the outskirts of the city. It is continued beyond the Botanical Gardens, by the *Paseo de Atocha* that runs past the Observatory and then becomes the *Ronda de Atocha*. On its way, the Calle

de Atocha meets the Prado at the big Southern Railway Station, as we have seen.

If we should take the *Calle de Toledo*, which runs from the southwest corner of the Plaza Mayor to the Toledo Gate, we shall see some very curious scenes. At the *Rastro*, for instance, the poor people have a "rag fair," at which all sorts of queer articles, including antiques, are offered for sale; and which on Sunday mornings is as lively as Petticoat Lane in London's Whitechapel. This great mart extends from the *Plaza del Rastro* all along the *Ribera de Curtidores* to the *Ronda de Embajadores*.

Near the Calle de Toledo is the chief market of Madrid and the church of *San Isidro el Réal*, the patron saint of Madrid, whose bones were removed from the tomb of San Isidro in the *Capilla del Obispo*, erected by the Catholic Kings in 1520. This church adjoins the church of *San Andrés* in the *Plaza de Moros*; and, from this church, we can take the *Carrera de San Francisco*, which will lead us to the church of *San Francisco el Grande*, which was made the national pantheon—the burial-place for Spain's distinguished personages.

In this church Alphonso XIII. was crowned in 1902. In all the churches we find splendid gilt carvings and fine pictures, and San Isidro and San Andrés both deserve a visit.

As a rule, however, the southern portion of Madrid is much neglected by tourists. Here is the general impression it gives the stranger:

"The old part of Madrid is an extraordinarily per-

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plexing settlement. You may wander for hours among its alleys, coming now and again to tiny little squares, each with a statue in its midst and a *café* named after the statue; and the more you try, with or without direction, to get free of the alleys and strike some main lung of the town, the more hopelessly you seem to be lost. There is something rather eerie, too, as well as baffling, in the solitude of many of these hand-breadth streets, with their ancient shrines and ancient escutcheons (showing what the old nobility were content to put up with!), to say nothing of their extremely ancient smells.

“One soon understands Madrid’s most inveterate vice. She was forbidden by her kings in the past to spread. The consequence is that she has grown perforce skywards. Her older streets are very dismal malodorous passages, and you may guess at the multitude of inhabitants to each towering house by the multitude of washed linens and other picturesque garments which decorate the balconies, one above the other, and the very roofs of the houses, a hundred feet and more over the tiresome stones of the street. Small rooms are a natural sequel to this state of things. Even at reputable hotels they thrust their guests into bedchambers of quite penitential dimensions, with any sort of a prospect—some worse than none. The staircases are like pit-shafts, and the atmosphere suffers for the same reason. This is so in some of the quarters where foreigners are lodged. What it is like in the muddled rookeries between the Plaza Mayor and the Toledo Gate, where one can

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scarcely see the sky for the network of overhanging clothes, one prefers to imagine rather than investigate." ¹

The *Calle del Arenal* leads from the *Puerta del Sol* to the *Plaza de Isabel Segunda*. On the way we pass the Church of *San Ginés*, and when we reach the Plaza, we find a statue of the Drama, appropriately enough, because it stands in front of the Royal Opera House.

Beyond the Plaza de Isabel Segunda is the enormous *Plaza de Oriente*, the largest square in Madrid, beyond which again the Royal Palace makes an imposing appearance. The Plaza de Oriente was made at the order of Joseph Bonaparte. A fountain with bronze lions ornaments the centre; fourteen statues of kings also adorn it; and a famous bronze statue representing Philip IV. on horseback, designed by Velasquez and cast by Tacca in 1640, was removed here from the Buen Retiro Garden in 1844. Beyond this, as we have said, looms the Royal Palace, on a sort of hill overlooking the Manzanares. It was originally a hunting-seat, built by Henry IV. on the site of an old Moorish Alcázar, and which was enlarged when Charles V. chose Madrid for his residence in 1532. It was much improved by Philip II., but was destroyed by fire in 1734. Philip V. rebuilt it in 1737-1764 and employed the Italian architect, Sacchetti of Turin, who selected the Tuscan style.

It is a long building about 100 feet high and 470

¹ Charles Edwardes.



Detroit Photographic Co.

MADRID: ROYAL PALACE

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feet square, of white granite and flanked by wings on either side.

Although the chief entrance faces the south, the northern entrance is usually preferred, for it brings the visitor into a large square (145 feet each way), of imposing appearance.

The Palace is sumptuous. The famous Throne Room contains a magnificent chandelier of rock crystal and silver. The throne itself is supported by two lions of gilt bronze. The State Dining-Room is one of the largest in Europe, and one of its decorations is a picture of Columbus offering treasures from America to Ferdinand and Isabella on his return to Barcelona.

Another interesting room is the *Camara de Gasparini*, decorated in the reign of Charles III. The ceiling is made of porcelain from the factory of Buen Retiro, and the walls are covered with ivory-white satin embroidered in gold and flowers of different colors. The Palace is also famous for its superb tapestry, and there is a great collection of clocks, gathered by Ferdinand VII. and scattered throughout the Palace. The great staircase of black and white marble is another feature of the Palace.

In the north wing is situated the Royal Chapel, where royal infants are christened and princes and princesses are married. Kings are married in San Jerónimo. The religious services are impressive; but etiquette in the seating of the grandees is strictly observed. On the west side of the Palace are the beautiful gardens known as the *Campo del Moro*.

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These were laid out by Philip II. and restored in 1890 at great expense. Two of the fountains were brought here from Aranjuez. That known as the *Tritons* appears in one of Velasquez's pictures, which you can see in the Prado gallery.

North of the Palace are the Royal Stables, which are of great size. Many of the animals come from famous studs. Particularly remarkable are the cream-colored horses from Aranjuez, the *jaquetas* of Andalusia, and the fine Shetland ponies. The state carriages are superb and many of them ancient.

South of the Palace is another building containing a famous collection of arms and armor. There is nothing in the world of its kind except the Vienna collection, that equals the Royal Armoury of Madrid.

Like all Spanish cities, Madrid keeps all the festivals of the church with great pomp; but the celebrations of Holy Week and Christmas are conducted with much more splendor in Seville. Corpus Christi is a season of particular display in Madrid and the processions are very impressive and brilliant.

One curious custom that seems to be lost in the mists of antiquity, for nobody seems to know the origin of it, is the celebration of the Eve of St. John (June 23). The people assemble in the Plaza de Madrid; and, when the big clock in the vicinity strikes midnight, dip their hands in the fountain and scatter the water far and near, particularly over those who cannot get near the basin.

Of all the sights, customs, and pleasures that

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Madrid has to offer, however, nothing compares with the Bull Fights. Every Spanish town has its Bull Ring, and delights in the Bull Fight, but the contests of the arena of Madrid are the most brilliant in Spain.

The Plaza de Toros is a huge six-sided, or circular structure, built in 1873 and accommodating 14,000 spectators. It is nothing but a huge circus, as far as the arrangement of seats is concerned. However, rows of boxes called *palcos*, in which Spanish ladies with lace mantillas on their heads and fans in their hands destroy all resemblance to the American circus.

“ On the day of the *corrida* Madrid is roused into a mood of joyous expectancy. The town is *en fête*; the streets are thronged, and every kind of vehicle is seen in the procession to the Plaza de Toros. For an hour the carriages stream in, and the crowd on foot files along to the tiers of seats. Overhead is the vivid sky and a burning sun, which brightens all that it shines upon. Thousands of fans are waving; thousands of dark eyes gleam from the *palcos*. Presently the music begins from the large orchestra, a stirring air fills the arena and almost drowns the voices of the crowd. One is reminded of a scene in the amphitheatre in the days of the grandeur of Rome, when gladiatorial contests attracted a vast concourse of all classes of the population, for the same love of daring and agility still sways the passion of the people, and the same indifference is evinced when blood flows.

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“ The tournament opens with an imposing procession of the bull-fighters, arrayed in all the glory of their gala costumes, in which there is a plentiful glitter of tinsel and spangles and gold braid. Two *alguaciles*, or mounted men in a bygone garb of the police, ride in front of the troop of *toreros*. The two *espadas*, who are taking the leading part in the *corrida* to-day, come next, and they are followed by the *picadores*, or spearmen, who are well protected with pads and leg-guards. Next come the *banderilleros*, or dart throwers, a nimble company, in bright silk and velvet, and the rear of the procession is made up of the *muleteros*, with the gaily-trapped mules that are used to drag the corpses of the bulls from the ring.

“ A bugle note rings out like a challenge, and the key of the *toril*, or bulls' den, is thrown by the President in the arena. The ring is now cleared of all the combatants except a trio of *picadores*, who, sitting astride their wretched nags, await the entry of the bull. Amid the hush, *toro* rushes into the arena, a huge black beast, with elongated horns, a thick brawny neck, a sleek shining coat, and a pair of flashing angry eyes.

“ The *banderilleros* come next and infuriate the poor half-crazed bull with steel darts adorned with colored papers which they throw at him and which stick in his hide. Sometimes they are furnished with little bombs that explode as they strike him.

“ Next come the *toreros*, or bull-fighters, and last of all the *espada*, with a red cloak on one arm and

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a sword in the other hand. He is to kill the bull, and he must give a thrust that runs through the animal's neck straight to his heart.

“The best time to see Madrid is early in the morning or late in the afternoon and evening.

“Madrid never seems to slumber; it is one of the most restless places upon the earth. It has the dignity of Castile and the frivolity of Paris; it exhibits the congestion of London in parts within its gates, but it has no dingy, sunless slums, and few signs of an ugly indigence.

“There is the luxurious Madrid of the aristocracy and the *hidalgo*, the Madrid that lives for fashion and pleasure, and there is the Madrid of the shopkeeper and the lower middle class. Beneath these strata are the wage-earners, the mechanics and laborers, a frugal and usually industrious community. There is also the Madrid of a large nondescript class composed of mendicants, thieves, hawkers, and the rabble and derelicts of society.

“There is the Madrid of the casinos, some intellectual, others merely social or sporting. The city has its coteries of ardent politicians, military men, financiers, reformers, freethinkers, revolutionaries, and and its societies of the scientific, learned, and artistic. There is no specific character which one can point to as typical of Madrid. One passion is, however, manifest throughout all classes—the love of bullfighting. Seville is the school of the *torero*; Madrid is the scene of his valor in the arena. The bullfighter is the idol of the populace. In the *cafés* of

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the Puerta del Sol, or in the ring of the Plaza de Toros, his figure is one that arouses the deepest interest and warmest admiration. The great bull-fighter is the pet of Madrid society, the demi-god of the populace, the model of the 'sports' of the city."¹

¹ A. F. Colvert.

TOLEDO

TOLEDO is one of the most picturesque cities in the world. It is built like a rock, on a rock, and stands, like Rome, on seven hills. The melancholy Tagus, whose sands are fabled to run with gold, dashing through the mountains on its way to Lisbon and the sea, forms a girdle around the great rock on which Toledo rises like a city of fairyland, enclosed by its Moorish walls broken at intervals by towers and gates.

Toledo is connected to the mainland on one side only—towards Madrid. Two ancient bridges span the river on the west and east.

“This Tagus, a true thing of wild, racy, and romantic Spain, is made for the poet and artist; how stern, solemn, and striking the lonely unused river; no commerce ever made it a highway. Its rocks have witnessed battles rather than peace, have reflected castles and dungeons instead of quays and warehouses; few cities have risen on its banks, as on the Rhine, scarcely even a village. It flows away solitary and unseen; its waters without boats; its shores without life.”¹

Toledo is such an old city that people laughingly say it was founded the day after the Deluge. The

¹ Richard Ford.

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Hebrews claim that it is their ancient Toledoth, and others that it was founded by the Phœnicians. It was an old city in 193 B.C., when it was conquered by the Romans, who strengthened the fortifications and built an aqueduct. The Goths captured it in 467 A.D., and in 714 it fell into possession of the Moors, who held it until 1085. Under their rule it became second only to Cordova in importance. Alphonso VI. annexed it in 1085 to the Crown of Castile; and it flourished until the court was removed to Madrid by Philip II., who wished to free himself from the arrogant rule of the great prelates. The older archbishops of Toledo were great in peace and war; the Rodrigos led victorious armies; the Tenorios built bridges; the Fonsecas founded colleges; the Mendozas and Ximenez founded universities; and the Taveras and Lorenzanas established hospitals and charitable institutions. The primate of Toledo was almost imperial and feared neither Pope nor King, and was so strong a power that in 1560 it was deemed wise to remove the capital from Toledo to Madrid. Since that time, of course, the haughty old city of the bishops has seen little gay life.

Three hundred odd years, however, is a short time in the life of this imperial Castilian city with its history of nearly two thousand years. In appearance it has changed but little since the days of the Moors. The inner wall, built by the Gothic king Wamba in the Seventh Century, and the outer wall by Alphonso VI. in 1109, are remarkable for the number and beauty of their towers and gates. Within, Toledo is

Toledo

dark and gloomy. Its streets are paved with sharp and pointed stones that make walking a painful operation; and, as they are too narrow to admit carriages, they are very silent, and wind and twist about in labyrinthian fashion. The houses are Moorish in style, with heavily barred windows far above the street, inaccessible balconies, and enormous doors bound with iron and studded with great iron nails. Within, there is usually a cheerful courtyard, or *patio*, which, in summer, is covered with an awning.

A curiously silent, deserted—yet fascinating city is Toledo. Right in the middle of the city rises the lofty, noble Cathedral, surrounded by numerous churches and convents, many of which are also deserted; for Toledo is a city where there are “palaces without nobles, churches without congregations, and walks without people.”

What little life there is here must be sought for in the Plaza Mayor, also called the Plaza de Verduras (the vegetable market), a square that lies northeast of the Cathedral; and more particularly in the Zocodóvcr, the square market, thoroughly Moorish in character, the fashionable promenade, the focus of gaiety.

Toledo wakes up a little during Holy Week; during the annual fair from August 15 to August 22; and again on January 22 at the feast of San Ildefonso, one of the patron saints of the city. When the civic processions take place, the fantastic *tarasque*—dragons and other monsters and figures—

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are brought out from their storehouse in the cloisters of the Cathedral to delight the Toledans.

In our trip through this city we must remember that in Toledo the very best Spanish is spoken—the glorious *Castellano*, slow and guttural in pronunciation and pure in grammar. To speak *en proprio Toledano* is to speak the choicest language in all Spain.

First, let us look at the bridges and walls.

The bridge of San Martin, which crosses the Tagus over the gorge on the west of the town, was built in 1212 and consists of five arches, the central one of which is a hundred feet high. The bridge binds rock to rock and makes a beautiful picture. In the tower of the bridge is a statue of San Julian by Berruguete.

“The bridge is narrow and elevated on account of the occasional swellings of the river, which rushes down from a rocky gorge, on the right crest of which towers the toppling city. The river, pleased to escape from its prison, meanders away amid *las Huertas del Rey*. Below all is repose, and the green meadow woos the lingering stream. There are some remains of the piers of an older and perhaps a Roman bridge. On the hills are the *cigarrales*, or Toledan villas, not so called from the multitudinous cigars smoked therein, but from the Arabic Zigarr, cegarra, ‘a place of trees.’”¹

The Alcantara bridge is no less picturesque; it spans the Tagus in one large and one small arch, and is called by the Castellians “the bridge of the bridge.”

¹ Richard Ford.

Toledo

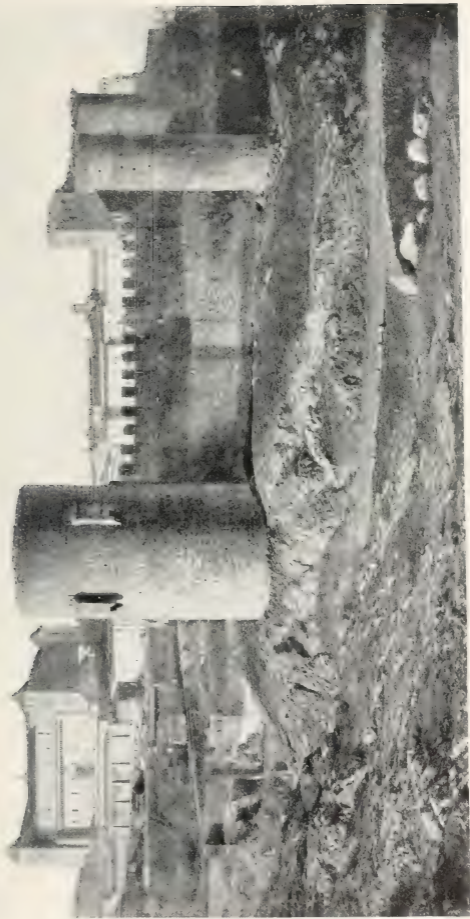
It has been restored many times. From it the city walls diverge; the upper one is Wamba's wall; the under one, Alphonso's. Above it looms the *Alcázar*. The *Alcázar*, which stands on the highest ground in Toledo, was built on the ruins of an old Moorish palace, which had in turn been built on the site of the old Roman and Visigoth's citadel. The fine old building was burned in 1710 during the War of the Spanish Succession. It had been several times rebuilt and destroyed; and of late years it has been restored. Some of the old portions remain, and there is a magnificent view from the battlements and corner towers. It is famous for its splendid stairway and beautiful *patio*.

There are two walls; the inner wall, built by Wamba, the benefactor of Toledo in the Seventh Century, which runs from the bridge of Alcantara under the *Alcázar* and finally to the bridge of San Martin; and the outer wall, built by Alphonso VI. in 1109, which also begins at the bridge of Alcantara and joins the old wall near El Nuncio, thus inclosing the former Moorish gate. The most beautiful of the eight gates is the *Puerta del Sol*, built about 1100 in the Moorish style, with two towers and horseshoe arches, through which the blue sky appears, and from which it stands out beautifully, owing to its orange hue as well as its strange form. Beneath it is a pretty little terraced garden called the *Miradéro*, from which a lovely view is to be had. To the east of it King Wamba's palace was anciently situated. This pretty spot has not changed since Gautier wrote:

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“After passing the *Puerta del Sol*, we found ourselves on a kind of terrace, whence we enjoyed a very extensive view. We saw the Vega, streaked and dappled with trees and crops, which owe their verdure to the system of irrigation introduced by the Moors. The Tagus, which is crossed by the bridge of San Martin and that of Alcantara, rolls its yellowish waters rapidly along, and almost surrounds the town in one of its windings. At the foot of the terrace, the brown glittering housetops sparkle in the sun, as do also the spires of the convents and churches, with their squares of green-and-white porcelain arranged like those on a chess-board; beyond these rise the red hills and bare precipices which form the horizon around Toledo. The great peculiarity of this view is the entire absence of atmosphere and that species of hazy fog which in our climate always envelops the prospect; the transparency of the air is such that the lines of the various objects retain all their sharpness, and the slightest detail can be discerned at a very considerable distance.”

Here, by the *Puerta del Sol*, the inner town may be reëntered through the *Puerta del Cristo de la Luz*; and above, on the hill, is an interesting little mosque that was built in the Eleventh Century. It is not unlike the Mosque of Cordova on a small scale. The story goes that Babieca, the horse of the Cid, on the entrance of Alphonso VI., knelt down opposite this mosque and refused to budge, whereupon the wall opened and suddenly there appeared a



TOLEDO; SAN SERVANDO AND THE ALCAZAR

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crucifix and a lighted lamp. The King then went into the mosque and celebrated mass (May 25, 1085). A little flight of steps from the courtyard will carry the visitor right up to the top of the Puerta del Sol, from the flat roof of which we have a most romantic panorama.

The famous *Zocodovér*, which Cervantes has described, a Moorish *Plaza* with balconies, Moorish arches, and curious irregular windows, a site for national sports, for the bull fights, and the *auto-da-fé* in the past, has been for years a fashionable promenade.

“ You tumble upon the three-cornered impossible, delicious *Zocodovér*—who is to analyze the fascination of this strange word? It means, I believe, in Arabian, Place of the Beasts. Here fairs, markets, meetings, *autos-da-fé*, revolutions, conspiracies, everything that could take place in picturesque times, were held. Through an archway on the left you may step down to the squalid little inn Cervantes dwelt awhile in, and see above the rude gallery the window at which he sat writing the *Illustre Frégona*. The shade of Cervantes accompanies us throughout all our wanderings in Spain. To have harbored him, if but for a single night, is glory enough for any town to call for the tourist's respectful visit. The pleasantest hour of the *Zocodovér* is after sunset. When you have wandered through the lovely flushed dimness of the Cathedral above, whose beauty at this moment becomes magical through the lights of its 750 painted windows, saunter round the colonnaded plaza, with

all the queer little shops getting ready their evening illumination. You may sit in front of the inevitable *Café Suiza*, and sip a glass of coffee or beer in the midst of merry chatter, and the slow passing to and fro of idle Spaniards and blighted officers who detest this dull garrison, where there is nothing on earth but the picturesque for distraction. If you have come abroad in search of local color, you will not find its equal the world over. Girls go by with jars admirably poised on their heads or shoulders, water-carriers lead their patient mules laden with big water-jars, or the fruit and vegetable sellers, after the day's affairs, drop into the animated twilight behind their donkeys piled with baskets. It is a revived glimpse of the *picaresca* novel, for amiable scoundrels loll upon the stone benches of the little place, and haughty and impoverished dons strive to look as if they were in the habit of dining.”¹

Almost all the shops are in the Calle del Comercio, which leads directly into the Zocodóvcr from the little *Plazuela de Cuarto Calles*. In the latter, swords, daggers, and damascened wares are sold among other things. Cafés are found, of course, in the Zocodóvcr; and among the specialties of the confectioners in this vicinity we find the marchpane for which Toledo is so celebrated. One of the favorite forms is the *jamoncitos* (little hams); but at Christmas it appears in a variety of shapes, such as fish, saints, horses, serpents, in pretty little decorated boxes. Wheaten rolls are also made in the bakeries in

¹Hannah Lynch.

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peculiar shapes called *cuernos*, *molletus*, and *pañecillos*.

Not far from the Zocodóvér on a little street that runs sharply down to the river is situated a famous old building—the *Hospital de Santa Cruz*, built in 1494–1514. This edifice, in the form of a Maltese cross, is considered one of the most beautiful buildings in Spain, and, indeed, of the Spanish Renaissance.

“The position overlooking the Tagus is glorious, and the building is one of the gems of the world; nor can any chasing of Cellini surpass the elegant portal, over which the Invention of the Cross is placed with the kneeling founder and Santa Helena. The general style of the edifice is in the transition from florid Gothic to the Classical and Renaissance. It was finished in 1514 by Henrique de Egas, for whose exquisite chiselings the creamy stone (*la piedra blanca*) seems to have been created. A superb *patio* is enriched with the arms of the proud Mendoza and their motto *Ave Maria gratia plena.*”¹ The building is now used for a foundling hospital, and contains beautiful stairways, ceilings, patios, chapels, etc., that almost baffle description, so wonderfully are they carved. Near the bridge of San Martín we find the convent of *San Juan de los Reyes*, founded in 1476 by the “Catholic Kings,” for their place of burial, and dedicated to their patron saint, John the Baptist. After the capture of Granada in 1492, work on the building stopped and was not resumed until the Seventeenth Century. Hence the

¹ Richard Ford.

mixture of late-Gothic and dawn of the Renaissance. On the walls, which are of a beautiful orange hue, are hung chains that were taken from the Christian captives who were delivered at the Conquest of Granada. Within the convent is a marvel of carving—statues with canopies over them, columns with ornate capitals, friezes of *amoretti*, and long inscriptions in Latin and Spanish, in praise of the royal founders.

The view from the height on which San Juan de los Reyes stands is superb. In the immediate neighborhood of San Juan de los Reyes is the old quarter of the Jews, who formed a very wealthy, influential and learned class in Toledo in the Middle Ages. According to one tradition, after Babylon was captured by Nebuchadnezzar, a colony of Jews founded Toledoth, and the reason the Jews were allowed to have synagogues here is because it was said that at the time of Christ's arrest the Rabbis of Jerusalem sent to consult the Rabbis of Toledo regarding the death sentence, and that the Jews of Toledo pronounced against it, but their document was delayed by a tempest and did not reach Jerusalem in time. Great toleration was, therefore, given to the Jews of Toledo until the Jews were sacked, massacred and finally driven out of Spain by Isabella.

Two beautiful synagogues are still left. *Santa Maria la Bianca*, originally built for a synagogue in the Thirteenth Century, was turned into a Christian church in 1405. It is now a mixture of Christian

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and Moorish architecture, with naves and double aisles, fore-courts, garden beds, and horseshoe arches. More beautiful, however, is the *Synagogue del Tránsito*, built in the Fourteenth Century, in the lovely Moorish-Andalusian style by Samuel Levi, the rich treasurer of Pedro the Cruel, who, when he needed funds, arrested Levi, robbed him, and then had him executed. The walls of this building are almost as rich and delicate as those of the Alhambra. The open ceiling is of cedar and ivory, and the light enters through small grated windows. The walls rest on an open arcade at the base, the columns of which are decorated with variously carved capitals.

Not quite a mile beyond the bridge of San Martín is situated the *Fábrica de Espádos*, where the famous Toledo swords are still made. The present building only dates from 1788, and is built directly on the Tagus, the water of which is used to drive the machinery and temper the blades. You may think it very strange that these wonderful swords are made out of the old horseshoes and mule shoes that are carefully collected for the purpose,—but so it is.

The “blades of Toledo” were famous as far back as Roman times, and they even increased in reputation under the Moors. The finest blades were made in the Sixteenth Century, and many of them were so elastic that they could be rolled up like a watch-spring, and so packed in boxes.

Arms were the joy and life of the Spaniards; they always went armed, and if deprived of their swords, then they committed suicide. Moreover,

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the Spaniards considered their swords articles of beauty, and many a "Toledo trusty," of which Mercurio says "a soldier dreams," was beautifully decorated and often bore a motto, such as, for instance, "Do not draw me without *cause*; do not sheath me without *honor*."

Of course, the great Cathedral in the heart of the city is the goal to which everything leads. It is one of the glories of Spain. Around it cluster a number of churches and convents as silent as the tomb. The Cathedral of Toledo covers about as much space as the Cathedral of Cologne. On its site a religious fane seems to have stood for ages. Here the Visigoths, Christians, and Moors had a place of worship in turn until St. Ferdinand pulled down the Moorish mosque and laid the foundation of the present building in 1227. Building was continued until 1493, more or less in the same style, which is early or French Gothic.

The exterior is not so ornate as many other Spanish Cathedrals, but it is very impressive, with its splendid flying buttresses, finials, huge doors, and superb rose windows. It is difficult, however, to get a fine view of it, on account of the narrow streets. Only one of the spires was finished. This tapers to a height of 295 feet, has three rows of metal rays, and is surmounted by a cross, a vane and arrow. This contains Toledo's famous bells. The Campana Gordo, weighing two tons, though cracked, can be heard as far as Madrid. It is surrounded by eight others and two higher up; and above, in another

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stage, is the Matraca, which is pealed continuously from the Gloria of Maundy Thursday for forty-eight hours. At the top of the spire hangs the *Cimbalillo*, or *Esquilon*, used for summoning the canons.

The other spire is crowned with a cupola, or dome, designed by that strange artist, Domenico Theotocupuli, called El Greco, a Greek by birth, who settled in Toledo in 1577 and died there in 1625. El Greco was a sculptor and architect as well as a painter. He imitated Titian and Tintoretto, but was very unequal in his work. So it has been said of him that what he did *well* was excellent and what he did *ill* worse than anything done by anybody else.

There are eight entrances to the Cathedral, but the western one is, of course, the most important. It has three doors the central one, Puerta del Pardon, being decorated with the Virgin bestowing the chasuble upon Saint Ildefonso.

The great height of the vault, the brilliant colors from the sparkling windows, the enormous columns, the shadows, the wealth of the carvings, the splendid pulpits and lamps, the flash of gems, and the gleam of silver and gold and marbles produce such a feeling of awe and solemnity that it seems strange that there should be a special set of officials always in the Cathedral to enforce silence. Yet so it is, and these *Silenciéros*, are also popularly known by the name of "dog-beaters" (*Azotaperros*).

The interior of the church is most impressive. It is four hundred and four feet long, and is divided into five naves, the middle one being of unusual

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height, the *coro*, as usual in Spanish cathedrals placed in the heart of it. Eighty-four pillars, each composed of sixteen spindle-shaped columns bound together sustain the weight of this enormous mass; and a transept crosses the big nave between the *coro*, or choir, and the high altar and forms the arms of the cross. The floor is a mosaic of black and white marble, and the seven hundred and fifty windows, some of which are the most ancient in Spain, glitter like gems. The subjects are taken from the Bible, legends of local saints, portraits and coats-of-arms. The choir is a museum of sculpture. To describe the carvings of the under stalls alone, which depict the campaigns of Ferdinand and Isabella, the surrender of the Alhambra, with full details of arms, citadels and costumes would require a small volume. These were carved in 1495. The upper stalls are the work of Vigaray, who died here in 1543. The Primate's throne and the "Transfiguration" over it are by Berruguete. Magnificent reading-desks, superb candelabra, red marble columns, and an ancient black wooden image of the Virgin are the chief features of this splendid *coro*.

The outer aisles are bordered by twenty-two chapels, each a masterpiece, enclosed by screens.

The *Capilla Mayor*, ascended by three steps from the transept, contains the tombs of the ancient kings, and that of the high-born prelate, Cardinal Mendoza, who almost shared the sovereignty with Ferdinand and Isabella. The chapel of Santiago, erected in 1442 in the richest flamboyant Gothic:

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the beautiful *Capilla de los Reyes Nuevos* (the chapel of the later kings); and that of San Idefonso, founded by Rodrigo, Alphonso VIII.'s fighting prime, are architectural gems filled with the cunning of the carver and sculptor.

The most famous chapel, however, is the *Capilla Mozárabe*, in which the Mozarabic service is performed every morning at nine o'clock,—a most impressive and devotional service.

The Mozarabic ritual used by the Spanish Goths was the oldest in Christendom and the nearest approach to the primitive Apostolic form. The Christians were allowed to follow it under the tolerant rule of the Moors for four hundred years. The Toledans, called Mozarabians (“mixed with the Arabs”) were allowed six churches; but in the reign of Alphonso VI., when Toledo once more fell into the hands of the Christians, the Pope's legate insisted that the Gregorian should be substituted for the Mozarabic ritual, in which he was backed by the Queen Constanza. Finally, the two parties were allowed to settle the matter by a tournament, and a champion for each ritual met on the Vega in mortal combat. Don Ruiz de la Matanza, the champion of the Mozarabians, was successful, to the joy of the Toledans; but the king and queen were so displeased that they ordered an ordeal by fire. After a general fast and prayer in all the churches, a copy of each ritual was to be placed on a burning pile, and the one that was not burned was to be considered Heaven's choice. The *Zodocovér* was the place se-

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lected, and crowds gathered to witness the trial. The Mozarabic ritual was unscorched, and was therefore allowed to be used in Toledo. However, the Gregorian mass was chanted in Toledo in 1086, and after a time the older service was abandoned altogether. At last in 1512 Cardinal Ximenez, archbishop of Toledo, desirous that this noble service should be perpetuated, founded a Mozarabic chapel in the Cathedral, had the ritual, which was in Gothic letters, published in ordinary print, and priests specially trained to celebrate the service.

This chapel is placed under the unfinished tower. Its walls are decorated in fresco pictures painted in 1514 and depicting the campaign of Oran, which was planned, paid for, and headed by Ximenez in person.

This Cathedral is dedicated to the Virgin and contains a much revered image. This is placed on a silver throne made in 1674, under a silver-gilt canopy. Her crown is a mass of jewels which include a diamond cross and a superb emerald and dove of pearl. Her wardrobe is superb; some of the dresses of ancient brocade are stiff with gems.

Visitors always look at the Chapter room particularly on account of its wonderful ceiling, painted in red, blue, and gold, and considered superior to those of similar style in Andalusia.

The cloisters and their pretty garden are also a favorite retreat, and the view of the Cathedral from them is very fine.

Opposite the west front of the Cathedral stands

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the Archbishop's Palace, and on the opposite side of the *Plazuela del Ayuntamiento*, the *Ayuntamiento*, or city hall, a Fifteenth Century building remodeled in the Seventeenth. From its balcony a fine view of the Cathedral may be had,—perhaps the best in Toledo.

It would be impossible to see all the wonderful buildings in Toledo on a short visit. There are nearly sixty churches and as many convents, fine old dwellings and gates and towers, and beautiful views of the Tagus and the Vega. Many, too, are the legends of beautiful Moorish ladies and their royal lovers, and stories of King Wamba, King Alphonso, and the Cid are also plentiful. Everyone who visits Toledo feels its peculiar charm. We may take our leave of this fascinating city with the following description by a recent traveller.¹

“Belted by her legendary river of golden water, the yellow, untravelled Tagus, she sits, forsaken, beautiful, and austere upon her throne of seven steep rocks. The train deposits the traveller at the foot of the town, and at once his senses are besieged and gratified. In these dull days it is a sensation to enter a forlorn city by such a noble bridge as that of Alcantara, turreted and castellated on either side. Imagination is projected back into the feudal ages, and one almost hears the flourish of trumpets that accompany martial drama. The banks of this sombre river are the shores of sombre poetry; the broken walls and ramparts that circle so magnificently up-

¹Hannah Lynch.

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ward to the foot of the huge Alcázar are a protest against the mediocrity of our modern taste and civilization.

“Certainly the entrance to Toledo is unique. The boldness of site is unsurpassed, spreading upward from the narrow zone of the Tagus to the towers of the Alcázar and Cathedral pinnacled against the upper arch of heaven. High rocks project, upon which odd enchanting streets and lanes are cut like sharp upward and downward strokes. Each street has its surprise, with the wide portals, the nails as large as half oranges, fantastically wrought, stamping the doors with their ineffaceable historic note, the artistic Spanish balconies of heavy iron curving inwards, the gay glimpses here and there through open doorway of a tiled and foliaged *patio*, the mad fashion of its tortuous course, its quaintness of color and form. The landscape around wears the look of ardent desolation, and to walk among the empty hills, yellow and brown and rose, is to taste the odors of Araby. Every step you take upon the rude herbage sends out a pungent scent like spice. Nature here captivates by the magnificence of its penury. It can dispense with charm in its haughty and harmonious unity. It makes no pretense to sheathe the peril of its broken precipices with the beguilement, but lets them back their murderous way to the river brim without any sign of vigorous vegetation. Heavy and still the light with autumn glories of color it is worth visiting Toledo alone for, and history becomes so close a companion that the march of centuries

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is forgotten, and we ecstatically walk with Goth and Moor.

“ But to depart the same day is to miss the greatest charm of Toledo. First, the vivid glow of sunset in the Cathedral aisles, then the splendor of sunset lines along the hills, over the wavering river, and splash of crimson upon the superb Antequera; the deep twilight effects over the curving path of Our Lady of the Valley, the dimness of gorges and silent mountain ways, and the clear fluid atmosphere; reverie above the scented hills of San Martin in the romantic neighborhood of the bath of Florinda, where each step perfumes the still air, and the herbs are of a sweeter pungency than those of Provence, breathing of honey and Oriental dreams. To leave these feudal streets with the stern railing of their windows and their pall of black shadows, the dusty yellow squares, the odd little plazas and broken terraces, all the less imaginative allurements of beautiful churches, of alcázar, of ruined palaces, patios, grand staircases; of bridges unsurpassed in beauty, gates, ramparts, all part of a legend in stone of unperishable romance, and wander out through the exquisite *Puerta del Sol*, and the martial bridge of Alcantara by dropping dusk, is to drink the very air of fairyland. The Gate of the Sun is a sculptured Moorish poem in red and brown against the limpid sky, where the stars begin to shine like lamps. The castellated bridges are a note of pure romance; and above the darkening flow of the river there are layers of roofs dropping to its marge under terraces of spires and domes and towers,

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their color blending entrancingly with the red hills and the burnt rocks. The light is still brilliant though the sun has set, and the atmosphere is so clear that the precision of line to the remotest distance is perhaps too bold for beauty. But what a harmony in its audacity, what a chastening vigor in its poverty."

SEVILLE

“SEVILLE is the most Spanish of the cities of Spain. On her white walls the sunlight plays perpetually, the air is laden with the scent of the orange, the sound of the guitar and castanets is heard continually in the narrow streets. This is the South of romance, the South of which northerners dream, and towards which so many of them are drawn by an irresistible fascination. The cities of Leon and Castile are grim and Gothic. Cordova is Moorish; but Seville is not essentially one nor the other, but presents that blending of both styles, which makes her typical, which stands for all that Spain means to the average foreigner.

“The Moors left their beloved capital at the height of its prosperity, in the full flower of its beauty; change has not affected its material importance, and time has not staled its infinite variety. A Christian Cathedral now stands on the foundations of the great mosque of Abu Yakub Yusuf; but the Moorish *Giralda*, the most expressive monument of the Mohammedan occupation, still beckons the distant traveller onwards to the promised land; the *Alcázar* breathes the spirit of its Oriental masters; and the shimmering *Torre del Oro* still reflects the light of

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the setting sun upon the broad bosom of the rose-colored river.”

Thus writes a modern traveller;¹ but before we explore the city let us recall to mind that we are now in fascinating Andalusia, the Garden of Spain, the most delightful portion of the Peninsula, framed by the snow-capped mountains of the Sierra Nevada and the Sierra Morena, with hill slopes and valleys abounding with orange-trees, cactus, aloes, lemons, palms, olives, caper-bushes, pomegranates, and oleanders.

The real name of *Andalusia* is probably *Andalosh*, the land of the west, although some people think that it was named *Vandalucia*, or *Andalucia*, from the Vandals who overran it. It was the *Tarshish* of the Bible; the Romans called it *Bætica* from the river *Bætis* (now *Guadalquivir*) and here the Moors founded their splendid monarchy, with its four capitals, Cordova, Seville, Granada, and Jaën.

Wherever we go, we see evidences of the Moor or Arab,—not only in the specimens of architecture that remain, but in the appearance of the people. The men are tall, handsome, and possessed of fine graceful figures, and the women are also handsome. In their speech, too, so despised by the haughty Castilians, the Moor still lingers.

“The provincial dress, extremely picturesque, is that of Figaro in our theatres; and whatever the merits of tailors and milliners, Nature has lent her hand in the good work; the male is cast in her happiest

¹ A. F. Calvert.

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mould,—tall well-grown, strong and sinewy; the female, worthy of her mate, often presents a form of matchless symmetry, to which is added a peculiar and most fascinating air and action. The *Majo* is the dandy of Spain. The etymology of this word is the Arabic *Majar*, brilliancy, splendor, jauntiness in walk, qualities which are exactly expressed in the costume and bearing of the character. He glitters in velvets, fligree buttons, tags and tassels; his dress is as gay as the sun; external appearance is indeed all and everything with him.

“The lively and sparkling semi-Moro Andalusian is the antithesis of the grave and decorous old Gotho-Castilian, who looks down upon him as an amusing but undignified personage. He smiles at his harlequin costume and tricks as he does at his peculiar dialect, and with reason, as nowhere is the Spanish language more corrupted in words and pronunciation; in fact, it is scarcely intelligible to a true Toledan.”¹

It is supposed that the Phœnicians knew the town as Sephela (a plain). Cæsar captured it in 45 B.C., and considered it a rival to Pompey’s town of Cordova; then it became the capital of the Vandals and Visigoths, and in 712 the Moors captured it after a month’s siege. It soon rivalled and then eclipsed Cordova, and had a population of 400,000 souls.

Seville became the most important Mohammedan city in the West, a centre for trade and Moorish craftsmen. Abu Yakub Yusuf threw a bridge of

¹Richard Ford.

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boats over the Guadalquivir, which brought the district of Ajarafa on the right bank into permanent communication with Seville. The city was encircled by walls, entered by twelve gates, and fortified by strong watch towers, one of which, the Torre del Oro (the Tower of Gold), still exists. The *Torre de la Plata* (Tower of Silver), that stood in the neighboring *Calle de Ataranzas*, was taken down in 1821.

Opposite to the Torre del Oro in Moorish days stood a similar tower, and from these a great iron chain was extended which closed the river to hostile ships.

Seville was captured from the Moors on November 23, 1248, by St. Ferdinand, who was king of Leon and Castile, after a siege of six months, in which he was aided by the Sultan of Granada. He immediately took up his residence in the Alcázar, and expelled the Moors, who had had possession of the "Pearl of Andalusia" for five hundred and thirty-six years!

Ishbilyah was now transformed into Sevilla, a Christian capital. "The fall of Ishbilyah was attended by no outburst of iconoclastic fury. The conquerors were delighted with the beauty and richness of their prize, and had no desire to impair the handiwork of their predecessors. The transition from the pure Arabic and Almohade styles of architecture to what is called the *Mudejar* style was therefore almost imperceptible. The physiognomy of the city altered but slowly. But the alteration was from the first inevitable. Houses and lands were

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bestowed on knights from all parts of Spain on the condition of their residing permanently in Seville. Catalans, Galicians, Castilians of all trades and ranks flocked in, and their influence was bound sooner or later to assert itself. But the buildings and artisan class remained for many years composed of Moors—sometimes Christianized, but thoroughly imbued with the artistic traditions of their forebears. Then came about that peculiar and graceful blending of the Moorish and Gothic and earlier Renaissance styles known to Spanish writers as the *Mudejar*.”¹

The discovery of the New World by Columbus greatly affected the prosperity of Seville, for it then became the headquarters for the transatlantic trade. Columbus was received here on Palm Sunday, March 31, 1493, on his return from his first voyage. Seville is also the birthplace of the two greatest Spanish painters—Velasquez (1599–1660) and Murillo (1617–1683).

The latter is the idol of Seville; and well he may be, for a lovelier, tenderer, and more gentle painter never used a brush. Murillo had a happy life and enjoyed the results of his hard work and genius. In 1643, he went to Madrid to study under Velasquez; and in 1645 returned to Seville, where he married a lady of fortune, and was, thereafter, enabled to maintain a fine house, where he entertained people of rank and talent and fashion. While painting an altar-piece in a church in Cadiz, he fell from the scaffold and returned to Seville, where he soon died

¹ A. F. Calvert.

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from his injury. He had three styles, of which his last and "Vaporous" style is the most admired.

We shall find Murillo's works everywhere,—in the *Cathedral*, in the *Caridad*, and also in the *Museum*; and, although we may have seen the famous "Immaculate Conception" and the "Holy Family" in the Louvre, and many splendid works in the Prado, we have still some glorious pictures to enjoy in Seville. Then, too, if we walk beyond the Gardens of the Alcázar, we shall find *Murillo's House*, No. 7 *Plaza de Alfaro*, where the painter died. We can see his painting-room, and many relics. Murillo was buried in the neighboring church of *Santa Cruz*, which was pulled down; but a monument was placed on the spot where the painter lies.

We are now in the *Jews' Quarter*, one of the most ancient parts of Seville. If we continue our walk, we shall reach *Santa Maria La Blanca*, which was a synagogue until 1391. It was rebuilt in the Seventeenth Century.

There are many interesting churches in Seville, all characteristically filled with pictures, carvings, and beautiful silver and iron work; but all are dimmed by the glorious Cathedral.

"Seville is the most fascinating city in Spain. It is still Moorish in a way. Its houses are built on the Eastern plan, with *patios*, their roofs are flat, and many have that charming accessory, the *miradore*. Its streets are narrow and winding, pushed out from a common centre with no particular plan. It is Andalusian and behind the times. Triana, the gipsy

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suburb, is full of interest. The Cathedral, though of late and therefore not particularly good Gothic, is, on account of its great size, the most impressive in the whole country. The Alcázar, once more a royal residence, vies with Granada's Alhambra in beauty; and as a mercantile port, sixty miles from the estuary, ranks second to none in Southern Spain." ¹

Seville is still surrounded by its Moorish walls, broken at intervals by towers and pierced by gates, and enclosing an almost round space of about ten miles. The tawny Guadalquiver sweeps around it in a semicircle and makes Seville a port as well as an inland town. The quays are the busiest part of the city and beyond the Torre del Oro lies the beautiful *Paseo de las Delicias*, truly a garden of delight, in which the fashionable world drives every afternoon.

On the opposite bank of the Guadalquiver lies Triana, so renowned for its potteries and its gipsy quarter. It is reached by two bridges, the older, called *Isabel Segunda*, having been built in 1845-1852, a little below the old Moorish bridge of boats. On the Triana side and close by the bridge the *Mercedo* is situated.

Some distance beyond the bridge is the Church of *Santa Ana*, built by Alphonso the Learned. It contains, among other treasures, a beautiful picture of the Virgin called the "Virgin of the Rose," in which the Madonna is presenting the Holy Child with a white rose.

¹ W. W. Collins.

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Northward, beyond the new bridge, we find *La Cartuja*, once an ancient convent and now a great factory for porcelain. In Triana were made all the exquisite glazed tiles called *Azulejos* that we shall see in the Alcázar, and other buildings.

The Torre del Oro is a twelve-sided tower of two stories, on which stands a smaller tower, also of twelve sides. This was built in 1220. It is surmounted by a cupola that dates only from the Eighteenth Century. The yellowish color of the stone is supposed to have suggested the name of Golden Tower. It is now only an office for the clerks of the Port.

Below the Tower of Gold are a series of lovely gardens and promenades, some of which were laid out and embellished in 1830. The *Paseo de Cristina* is much enjoyed in the summer evenings: it leads into the *Paseo de Santelmo*, which runs along in front of the Palace of St. Elmo, originally a naval academy, and which is now the home of the Duc de Montpensier. It became the residence of the Infanta Maria Luisa, who gave the *Parque Maria Luisa* to the city in 1893. This is the larger half of the Palace Gardens of St. Elmo, and is very beautiful in the spring when the roses, oranges, and camellias are in bloom. Skirting the Palace gardens is the famous *Paseo de las Delicias*, which begins at the fan fountain, called the *Fuente de Abanico*, and at the other end are restaurants and various places of amusement.

Looking northward from the Tower of Gold we

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have before us the *Marina*, with the harbor and quays, and on which we find the great prison, which so often appears in tales and plays, and the *Plaza del Toros*, or Bull-Ring.

In front of the Tower of Gold is the *Plaza de Atarazanes*, on one side of which stands the Hospital de la Caridad, an infirmary under the care of the Sisters of Charity.

The church and hospital of La Caridad owe their existence to Don Miguel de Mañara, a very wild nobleman, whose only virtue seems to have been that he was a patron and friend of Murillo. Suddenly he became a most devout Christian and an ascetic, and bestowed his interest upon a brotherhood in Seville that administered comfort to criminals in their last hours and provided for their burial. He converted their chapel into a hospital for the sick and poor and had the church rebuilt. He was buried under the High Altar; and, at his own wish, on his tomb were inscribed the words: "Here lie the bones and ashes of the worst man that ever lived in this world."

His portrait hangs in this hospital. Murillo painted eleven pictures for the church, but only six remain. "Moses Striking the Rock," is one of the finest; and some critics even prefer it to all his other pictures. It is often called "The Thirst."

The visitor is apt to begin his sight-seeing at the *Plaza del Trionfo*, because here are grouped Seville's most important buildings: the Cathedral, the Giralda

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Tower, the Alcázar, and the *Longa*, or Exchange. In the centre of the square a monument commemorates Seville's escape from the Earthquake of Lisbon of 1755.

We can soon get rid of the *Longa*, built for the merchants in 1583-1598, who, until that time, held their meetings in the Alcázar, because it is a large and perfectly square, uninteresting building, largely the work of the architect Herrera. It stands between the Cathedral and the Alcázar; it attracts us because in it are preserved archives relating to America and the correspondence of Christopher Columbus, Pizarro, and Cortes regarding their discoveries in the New World.

The Alcázar, the palace of the Moorish Kings, has been the residence of the Spanish sovereigns ever since St. Ferdinand took up his abode there. It is even now a royal residence, and when the King and Queen are there no strangers are admitted. Very little of the original building remains. The present Alcázar owes its existence to Pedro the Cruel, who employed workmen fresh from the then new Palace of the Alhambra, of which this is the only rival in the world.

The chief court is the *Patio de las Doncellas* (Court of the Maidens) into which all the halls open. It is a very beautiful court, where the gallery and rooms above are supported by fifty-two marble columns, and the walls of which are encased in glazed tiles of great beauty. This court received its name, according to legend, because here the hundred maid-

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dens sent annually to the Moors were gathered. The Hall of the Ambassadors is the finest of all the rooms. It leads directly out of the Court of the Maidens, and was once known as the Hall of the Half Orange, owing to the shape of its wooden ceiling. Doors, horseshoe arches, marble columns, filagree-work, and beautiful tiles of blue, white and green, make this the room a dream of the "Arabian Nights."

Among the other rooms are the Bedchamber of the Moorish Kings; the Dolls' Court, so called from the tiny figures used in decoration; and various other royal apartments. It was in the Dolls' Court that Pedro murdered his brother.

"The Alcázar has witnessed the loves and crimes of three races of kings, and everyone of its stones awakens some memory or holds some secret. After entering, you cross two or three rooms in which there is nothing Arabian left except the ceiling and some mosaics upon the walls, and find yourself in a court that strikes you dumb with wonder. A gallery composed of elegant arches supported by small marble columns arranged in pairs runs along the four sides. The arches, walls, windows, and doors are covered with mosaics, carvings, and arabesques. The latter are delicate and intricate, in some places perforated like a veil, in others thick and close as woven carpets, and elsewhere again hanging and jutting out like garlands and bunches of flowers. With the exception of the brilliantly colored decorations everything is as white, clean, and glistening as ivory. Four large doors, one in each side, lead into the royal rooms.

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Here you no longer wonder; you are enchanted. Everything that the most ardent fancy could imagine in the way of wealth and splendor is to be found in these rooms. From the ceiling to the floor, around the doors, around the windows, in the distant recesses, wherever the eye may please to wander, such a multitude of gold ornaments and precious stones, such a close network of arabesques and inscriptions, such a marvellous blending of designs and colors appear that before you have gone twenty steps, you are overpowered and confused, and you glance here and there to find if possible a piece of bare wall upon which to rest your eye.”¹

The gardens and courts of the Alcázar are perfect. Fountains play here and doves coo among the orange trees, many of which are over two hundred years old.

The enormous Cathedral—one of the largest in the world—presents a great mass of pinnacles, buttresses, and towers, over all of which rises the wonderful Giralda. It stands on the site of an old mosque that was used as the cathedral until 1401, when it was pulled down. The present Cathedral was finished in 1506 and fully justified the wish of the builders who said, “Let us build a Cathedral so great that posterity will say we were mad.” The interior is solemn in the extreme, and is of vast proportions. Everything is planned on a huge scale. Windows, carvings, and pictures render the interior very beautiful; in fact, there are so many masterpieces of painting here, including works by Murillo,

¹Edmondo de Amleis.



By William H. Phillips, Courtesy Photo Era.

SEVILLE: ALCAZAR AND GIRALDA

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that the Seville Cathedral may be regarded as a magnificent picture gallery.

One of the treasures is an enormous bronze candlestick, twenty-five feet high, made in the Sixteenth Century, and which is used in Holy Week when the *Miserere* is chanted. Magnificent iron-gilt screens are also features of the Cathedral, and the *retablo* of the High Altar is perhaps the most famous in Spain.

There are no less than twenty-nine chapels, the most famous of which is the Capilla Real, which may be considered as a separate church. Over the High Altar is a life-size figure of the Virgin de los Reyes with hair of spun gold. She is always adorned with superb garments and seated on a silver throne of the Thirteenth Century. This treasure was given by St. Louis of France to St. Ferdinand. The latter, who took Seville, as we have seen, on November 23, 1248, lies before this altar in a silver shrine, and three times every year the soldiers of Seville pass through, lower their colors before the altar, and a special mass takes place.

As Seville is the "Spanish Rome," the festivals of the church are kept with pomp and deep religious fervor here. Those of Holy Week are very attractive to strangers, for all the services are observed with much ceremony and splendor, and sacred processions take place.

The second church festival of importance is that of Corpus Christi, at which time the famous dance of *los seises* takes place before the High Altar in the

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Cathedral. The sixteen chorister boys who take part are dressed in the costume of the period of Philip III. (about 1630) and wear plumed hats.

“The church was dark; only the large altar was illuminated, and a crowd of women were kneeling before it. On the right and left of the altar several priests were sitting. At a signal given by one of these priests, sweet music from violins broke the profound silence of the church, and two rows of children moved forward in the steps of a *contre danse*, and began to separate, interlace, break away, and again unite with a thousand graceful turnings; then everybody joined in a melodious and charming hymn, which resounded in the vast Cathedral like a choir of angels’ voices; and in the next moment they began to accompany their dance and song with castanets. No religious ceremony ever touched me like this. It is out of the question to describe the effect produced by these little voices under the immense vaults, these little creatures at the foot of this enormous altar, this modest and almost humble dance, this antique costume, this kneeling multitude, and the darkness that enveloped all.”¹

“The builders of the Cathedral wisely enough considered the beautiful Giralda worthy to be used as the bell-tower of their great edifice. The Giralda is an old Moorish Tower, built by the Arabian architect, Geber or Gueber, who invented algebra.

“The appearance of the tower is charming and very original; the rose-colored bricks and the white

¹Edmondo de Amicis.

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stone of which it is built give it an air of gaiety and youth which makes a strange contrast with the date of its erection, as far back as the year 1,000, a very respectable age, which will excuse a tower for not having a fresh complexion. The Giralda, in its present state, is not less than three hundred and fifty feet high while each side is fifty feet broad. The walls are plain up to a certain height, and then come rows of Moorish windows, balconies, and small white marble columns surrounded by large lozenge-shaped brick panels. Originally the tower ended with a roof of glazed tiles of various colors on which was an iron bar ornamented with four gilt metal balls of an enormous size. This roof was removed in 1568 by the architect Francisco Ruiz, who raised the Giralda one hundred feet higher into the air, so that his bronze statue might overlook the Sierras and speak with the angels. The idea of building a belfry on a tower was in perfect harmony with the intentions of the members of the Cathedral chapter who wished posterity to imagine that they had lost their minds. The additions made by Francisco Ruiz consist of three stories: the first of which is pierced with windows, in whose embrasures bells are hung; the second is surrounded by an open balustrade, on the cornice of which the words *Turris fortissima nomen Domini* are cut; and the third is a kind of cupola or lantern, on which stands a gigantic gilt bronze figure of Faith with a palm in one hand and a standard in the other. This statue, made by Bartholomew Morel, serves as a weather-

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vane, and thereby justifies the name of Giralda. It can be seen from a long distance; and when it glitters through the blue atmosphere it really looks like a seraph poised in the air.”¹

This statue, small as it appears, is thirteen and a half feet high, and weighs over a ton; yet heavy as it is, it moves with the slightest breeze.

And now let us look below at the extensive view from this great tower:

“At your feet lies Seville, brilliantly white, with its spires and towers vainly trying to reach the rose-colored brick girdle of the Giralda. Beyond lies the plain through which the Guadalquivir flows like a ribbon, and scattered about are Algaba, Santiponce, and other villages. Farther away in the background is the Sierra Morena with its outlines very sharp, owing to the wonderful clearness of the atmosphere of this country. On the opposite side the Sierras de Gibram, Zaara, and Moran lift their bristling forms, tinged with the brightest hues of lapis lazuli and amethyst, and complete this magnificent panorama which is flooded with light, sunshine, and dazzling splendor.”¹

After leaving the Cathedral we had best visit the Museum, where again we shall find twenty-three splendid works by Murillo, one of which, “St. Felix holding the Holy Child in his Arms,” is considered by some critics his best work. It is done in his “vaporous” style. Very famous, too, is a “Virgin and Child,” called the “Virgin of the Napkin,” be-

¹Théophile Gautier.

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cause it is said to have been painted for the cook of the Capuchin monastery on a napkin. The Museum occupies the site of an old convent founded by St. Ferdinand in 1249; and in front of it, in the *Plaza del Museo*, stands a large bronze statue of Murillo.

Among the great show places in Seville we must not forget to visit the *Casa de Pilatos*, some distance away from the Cathedral going eastward. The House of Pilate is a most wonderful house, a blending of the Moorish and Renaissance styles. It was begun in 1500 by Don Per Enriquez, continued by his son, Don Fadrique, the Marqués de Tarifa, after his return from the Holy Land, and finished by the first Duque de Alcalá in 1533. There is a story that it was modelled on the House of Pilate that Don Fadrique saw on his journey in the Holy Land.

Its beautiful inner court, surrounded by two stories, reminds us of the Alcázar that we have just seen: the fountain in the centre is, however, ornamented with dolphins and four large statues belonging to the best period of Roman art. Delicate arches and graceful windows, trellis-work and magnificent staircases are here in abundance, but perhaps the most notable feature is the great use of the *azulejos*, or glazed tiles, of various colors.

The *Casa de Pilatos* is really a museum of antiques and other treasures. The Duque de Alcalá made it the centre for the most distinguished painters and men of letters of his day.

The gardens are also superb. A jasper cross on the outside wall marks the first station of a "Road

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to Calvary" that ends with the *Cruz del Campo* across the Tagarite.

Those who are fond of the opera may like to be reminded that Seville is the scene of Rossini's "Barber of Seville," of Mozart's "Don Giovanni," and of Bizet's "Carmen."

Those who would like to see the Tobacco Factory in which Carmen is supposed to have worked, have only to walk beyond the Alcázar Gardens, a little eastward, where this enormous building is situated.

All the gay street life is concentrated in the *Calle de las Sierpes*; the *Plaza de la Constitución*; and the *Plaza de San Fernando*. The animated *Calle de Génova* leads from the Cathedral to the Plaza de la Constitución, on one side of which stands the *Casa de Ayuntamiento* (City Hall), and on the other, the *Audiencia* (Court of Justice). The Plaza de la Constitución has been the scene of bull-fights, tournaments, carnival festivals, and burnings of human beings during the Inquisition. The City Hall is a handsome Renaissance building of 1526-1564, and also fronts upon the Plaza de San Fernando. The latter is the largest square in Seville, and is adorned with marble benches, orange and palm-trees. In summer a band plays here, and it is a lively spot. It occupies the site of an old Franciscan convent, the one that contained the statue of the Commandante who appears in "Don Giovanni."

From the Plaza de la Constitución the narrow, but very lively street, *Calle de las Sierpes*, named

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from the sign of serpents on an old tavern, is the favorite evening promenade. It runs northward between high walls of houses and upon it we find the best shops, clubs and *cafés*. Vehicles are excluded after nightfall. The Calle de las Sierpes is continued by the equally narrow *Calle de Amor de Dios*, that ends in the *Alameda de Hercules*, a shady open space, but not much frequented. The two Roman columns at the end of this promenade with statues of Hercules and Julius Cæsar upon them were erected in 1574.

The Processions of the Sacred Brotherhoods during Holy Week have this regular route: Calle de las Sierpes to the Plaza de la Constitución, where they are reviewed by the Mayor from a platform in front of the City Hall; then through the Calle de Génova to the Cathedral; then around the Cathedral passing the Giralda; then through the *Calles de Placentines, Francos and Culebras*; then the *Plaza San Salvador*; then the *Calle de la Cunna* and the *Calle de Cerrajería*.

A very curious festival occurs during Easter week, called *Feria del Rastro*, at which lambs are offered for sale and are purchased for the children, who lead them about the streets. All Souls and All Saints Days are kept by special festivals, and Christmas is also marked by special ceremonies, and a fair held between the Triana Bridge and the Bull Ring. A peculiar custom, dating from 1847, is that of the out-of-door *Feria*, or festival, that takes place annually from April 18 to April 20, when everybody

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erects tents, to which the life of the *patio* is transferred.

In our walks about the city we often come across fine old houses in narrow and squalid streets, and in these houses people live in elegance, although their neighbors may be of the poorest class. Very often the open *grille* of ornamental iron work allows the passer to look into the *patio*, or inner court, where the family are sitting around the fountain amid the palms and enjoying a quiet hour, perfectly indifferent as to the fact that they are being observed. This is especially the case in the summer, when the "frying-pan of Europe," as Seville is called, allows the thermometer to register 115° Fahr. in the shade. Then everybody lives in the *patio*, over which a big awning is drawn. Nobody thinks of going out-of-doors in the daytime. At five o'clock in the afternoon life begins, and the streets become quite animated; the cafés open and people sit at the little tables sipping their drinks, and enjoying themselves in various ways, until two o'clock in the morning, when all Seville goes to bed for two hours.

"In these streets you read the history of the city; every balcony, fragment of sculpture and solitary cross road recall the nocturnal adventures of a king, the dreams of a poet, the adventures of a beauty, a love scene, a duel, an abduction, a fable, and a feast. Here is a reminiscence of Maria de Pedilla, there of Don Pedro, farther away one of Cervantes, and elsewhere of Columbus, Saint Theresa, Velasquez, and Murillo. A column reminds you of the Roman rule;

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a tower the magnificence of the monarchy of Charles V.; an Alcázar recalls the splendors of the Arabian courts. Superb marble palaces stand beside modest white houses; the tiny, winding streets lead to immense squares filled with orange-trees; from lonely and silent cross-streets you emerge, after a sharp turn, into a street filled with a noisy crowd. Wherever you go, through the graceful gratings of the *patios*, you see flowers, statues, fountains, rooms, walls covered with arabesques, Arabian windows and slender columns of precious marble; and at every window and in every garden there are women dressed in white, half hidden, like shy nymphs. behind the grape vines and rose bushes.”¹

¹ Edmondo de Amicis.

CORDOVA

SEVENTY-FIVE miles northeast of Seville, on the right bank of the Guadalquivir and the southern slope of the Sierra Morena, lies the old town of Cordova—Cordova, the rival of Bagdad and Damascus, a western dream of the Thousand and One Nights.

Under the Carthaginians Cordova was called “the gem of the South”; under the Goths, it was “holy and learned”; and under the Moors, “the Athens of the West,” “the nurse of science,” and “the cradle of captains.” The account of the wealth, luxury, and civilization of Cordova under the Ben-Ummeyah dynasty reads like the tale of Aladdin, and thus it is the Cordova of the Moors of which we best love to think.

“Justly enough did the ancients place their Elysian Fields amid these golden orange groves; these were alike the seats of the blessed, the happy and long-lived of Anacreon, as the homes of the rich and powerful of Holy Writ. These favored regions, the sweetest morsel of the Peninsula, have always been the prize and prey of the strong man, no less than the theme of poets; and the Andalusians, from the remotest periods of history, have been more celebrated for social and intellectual qualities than for the prac-

Cordova

tical and industrial. They are considered by their countrymen to be the Gascons, the boasters and braggarts of Spain; and certainly, from the time of Livy to the present, they are the most '*imbelles*,' unwarlike and unmilitary. It is in peace and its arts that these gay, good-humored, light-hearted children of a genial atmosphere excel; thus their authors revived literature when the Augustan age died at Rome, as during the darkest periods of European barbarism, Cordova was the Athens of the west, the seat of arts and science."¹

One day is quite sufficient to see Cordova, for notwithstanding its many attractions in the way of old buildings and curious streets, with their delightful glimpses of Andalusian life and types of people, the one great lion of the town is the Mosque; and when the traveller has become acquainted with it, nothing remains but the *Bridge of Calahorra* and the *Paseo del Gran Capitan*, the fine promenade planted with palms and orange-trees. The latter is named for Spain's greatest soldier, Gonzalo de Cordova, who attained distinction at the Conquest of Granada, and subsequently won victories over the Turks. He died in Granada on December 2, 1515.

As the chief hotels and cafés are situated in the *Paseo del Gran Capitan*, the traveller will become very well acquainted with this centre of life.

The streets of Cordova are so narrow that it would be more appropriate to describe them as lanes. Most of the houses, with the exception of those in the

¹ Richard Ford.

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Plaza Mayór, are very dilapidated; and as all are covered with whitewash they appear to be of the same age. The town has changed very little since Gautier wrote:

“Cordova, which was formerly the centre of Arabian civilization, is at present nothing more than a confused mass of small, white houses, above which rise a few mangrove-trees with their metallic green foliage, or some palm-tree, with its branches spread out like the claws of a crab; while the whole town is divided into a number of separate blocks by narrow passages, where it would be a difficult matter for two mules to walk abreast. All life seems to have deserted this great body, formerly animated by the active circulation of Moorish blood; there is nothing of it left save the white, calcined skeleton. But Cordova still possesses its Mosque, which is without a rival in the whole world, and quite new, even for those travellers who have had an opportunity of admiring the marvels of Arabian architecture at Granada or Seville.”

It is interesting to compare this description with the little word picture painted a year or two ago by Arthur Symons:

“Seen from the farther end of the Moorish bridge by the Calahorra, where the road starts to Seville, Cordova is a long brown line between the red river and the purple hills, an irregular, ruinous line, following the windings of the river and rising to the yellow battlements and great middle bulk of the cathedral. It goes up sheer from the riverside,

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above a broken wall, and in the huddle of mean houses, with so lamentably picturesque an air that no one would expect to find inside that rough exterior such neat, clean, shining streets, kept even in the poorest quarters, with so admirable a care, and so bright with flowers and foliage in patios and on upper balconies. From the bridge one sees the Moorish mills, rising yellow out of the yellow water, and all day long there is a slow procession along it of mules and donkeys with their red saddles, carrying their burdens, and sometimes men heavily draped in great blanket-cloaks. Cross the city and come out on the *Paseo de la Victoria*, open to the Sierra Morena, and you are in an immense village-green with red and white houses on one side, and black wooded hills on every other side; the trees, when I saw it for the first time at the beginning of winter, already shivering and the watchers sitting on their chairs with their cloaks across their faces.

“All Cordova seems to exist for its one treasure, the Mosque, and to exist for it in a kind of remembrance; it is white, sad, delicately romantic, set in the midst of a strange, luxuriant country, under the hills, and beside the broad Guadalquivir, which, seen at sunset from the Ribera, flows with so fantastic a violence down its shallow weirs between the mills and beneath the arches of the Moors. The streets are narrow and roughly paved, and they turn on themselves like a maze around blank walls, past houses with barred windows and open doors, through which one sees a flowery patio, and by little irregular

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squares, in which the grass is sometimes growing between the stones, and outside the doors of great shapeless churches, mounting and descending steeply from the river-bank to the lanes and meadows beyond the city walls. Turn and turn long enough through the white solitude of these narrow streets, and you come on the dim arcades and tall houses of the market place, and on alleys of shops and bazaars, bright with colored things, crimson umbrellas, such as everyone carries here, cloaks lined with crimson velvet, soft brown leather, shining silver work. The market is like a fair; worthless, picturesque lumber is heaped all over the ground, and upon stalls, and in dark shops like caves steel and iron and leather goods, vivid crockery-ware, roughly burnt into queer, startling patterns, old clothes, cheap bright handkerchiefs and scarfs. Passing out through the market-place, one comes upon sleepier streets, dwindling into the suburbs; grass grows down the whole length of the street, and the men and women sit in the middle of the road in their chairs, the children more solemnly in their little chairs. Vehicles pass seldom, and only through certain streets, where a board tells them it is possible to pass; but mules and donkeys are always to be seen in long tinkling lines, nodding their wise little heads as they go on their way by themselves."

The old Moorish walls, erected on Roman foundations, formerly enclosed a large space; but these are now destroyed, and much of the space is occupied by gardens cleared from the old ruins. The new

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Paseo de la Victoria leads to the Puerta de Almodóvar, a relic of the old Moorish wall; and the Ronda de los Tejares, going left from the Paseo de la Victoria, takes the pedestrian to the Paseo del Gran Capitan, embowered in palms and orange trees. On the way, the old Bull Ring, the *Plaza de Toros*, is passed.

What do we see as we stroll along? Plenty to attract the foreigner,—plenty indeed. Narrow winding streets, irregular squares, here and there a Roman ruin or an Arab door; a lattice window; the open gallery of an ancient mosque; a garden bright with oleanders or pomegranates; or, perchance, a little group of orange trees. Here we pass a bronze monument to Raphael, the patron saint of the town,—somewhat incongruous to us who persist in thinking of Cordova as still under the Moors,—until the *Bishop's Palace*, with its enchanting garden, and many churches, recall us to more modern facts. Then here is the Public Library with its twenty thousand volumes; now we pass the Theatre; and presently we find ourselves once again in the Paseo del Gran Capitan. Here we may, perhaps, rest a moment or two in one of the cafés; or outside of one, which is better, and refresh ourselves with a cup of that delicious chocolate for which the Spaniards are so famed, while we recall the history of this quaint and fascinating town. Cordova was a Phœnician town, a Carthaginian town, and a Roman town before the Goths captured it in the Sixth Century. As Cæsar put 22,000 of its inhabitants to death in 45 B.C., for

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having sided with Pompey, it must have been a pretty big town under Roman rule. Then the Moors took it from the Goths and made it the capital of the Moorish Empire in Spain; and, from the Ninth to the Twelfth Century, it was one of the greatest centres of commerce in the world. It was said to have contained innumerable palaces, houses, and public buildings, chiefly mosques and schools. And what a centre for learning was Cordova as well as for the luxury that seems to have been the work of genii and peri rather than that of mortal man! And what beautiful things were made here,—including the silver filagree work taught by silversmiths from Damascus, and the marvellous leather which became known all over Europe as *Cordovan* or *Cordwain*! The Moors carried the leather industry with them to Morocco; but silver filagree of beautiful design is still made in Cordova, and fine old pieces, in which gems—particularly the emerald and turquoise, to which the Arabs accord talismanic virtues—are often to be picked up by the traveller.

When Gothic Cordova was captured by the Moors, it was made an appanage of the Khalifa of Damascus; but in 756 the distant kingdom declared itself independent and rose to be the capital of the Moorish empire of Spain under Abderahman (the servant of the compassionate):

“Abderahman was the head and last remaining heir of his dynasty, the Ummeyyah, which had been expelled from the East by the Abasside usurpers. No fiction of romance ever surpassed the truth of his

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eventful life. Under him Cordova became the Kalifate of the West and the rival of Bagdad and Damascus, and was the centre of power and civilization in the West, and this at a time when weakness, ignorance and barbarism shrouded over the rest of Europe. This revolt in Spain dealt the death blow to the Kalifate of the East, and was followed by the loss of Africa. From the Ninth to the Twelfth Century Bagdad was eclipsed by Cordova, which contained in the Tenth Century nearly a million inhabitants, three hundred mosques, nine hundred baths, and six hundred inns.”¹

In 1236, however, Ferdinand III., of Castile, wrested it from the Arabs, who were soon to lose the Alhambra and to be driven out of Spain forever.

Cordova never recovered its prosperity, and was doomed to see evil days. In 1400 the plague swept 70,000 of its inhabitants into that world of silence in which Moor and Christian fare alike; and in modern times it was taken and plundered by the French. Indeed, Cordova never recovered from the fatal June, 1808, when General Dupont entered without resistance, and the churches and city were plundered and the inhabitants massacred. “Everyone,” says Maldonado, “from the general to the fraction of a drummer-boy, gave himself up to pillage.” The officers vied with the rank and file, and no less than 25,000 pounds (\$125,000) were found in General Dupont’s luggage. Bonaparte told Savary that he could only account for the unusual cowardice and

¹ Richard Ford.

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subsequent defeat of Dupont's troops at Bailen from a fear of losing the plunder they took at Cordova.

The Mosque, begun by Abderahman in 786, was modelled on that of Damascus, and ranked in holiness next to those of Jerusalem (the Mosque of Omar) and Mecca. It was enlarged by subsequent rulers, and although fine additions were made by Abderahman III., the greatest of the dynasty of the Omayyads, who built the Palace of Az-Zahrâ in the Sierra de Córdoba, the greatest splendors were contributed by Hâkim II., Al-Mostansir-billâh.

It had originally twenty-two gates, the most interesting of which is the Puerta del Perdon, leading to the Court of Oranges. This is 13 feet wide and 25 feet high, and is surmounted by a bell-tower, erected in 1377 by Henry of Trastamera in imitation of the Seville Cathedral. On entering we see a colonnade surrounding the Court on three sides, and here palm trees, oranges, fountains, and green turf present a charming picture, rendered still more charming by the manner in which the orange trees are planted to continue the columns of the Mosque.

Let us take Gautier for our guide as we pass through the gate to see this marvel of architecture:

"The impression produced on you when you enter this ancient sanctuary of the Moslem faith cannot be defined, and has nothing whatever in common with that generally caused by architecture; you seem rather to be walking about in a roofed forest than in a building. On whatever side you turn, your eye is lost in alleys of columns crossing each other and



By William H. Phillips, Courtesy Photo Era.

MOSQUE AT CORDOVA

Cordova

stretching away out of sight, like marble vegetation that has shot up spontaneously from the soil; the mysterious half-light which reigns in this lofty wood increases the illusion still more. There are nineteen transepts and thirty-six naves, but the span of the transepts is much less than that of the naves. Each nave and transept is formed between rows of superimposed arches, some of which cross and combine with one another as if they were made of ribbon. The columns, each of which is hewn out of one solid block, are hardly more than ten or twelve feet up to the capitals, which are Arabic-Corinthian, full of force and elegance, and reminding you rather of the African palm than the Greek acanthus. They are composed of rare marbles, porphyry, jasper, green and violet breccia, and other precious substances; there are even some of antique origin, and are said to be the remains of an old temple of Janus. Thus, the rites of three religions have been celebrated on this spot.

“ In the time of the Caliphs, eight hundred silver lamps, filled with aromatic oils, illuminated these long naves, caused the porphyry and polished jasper of the columns to sparkle, spangled with light the gilt stars of the ceiling, and showed in the shade the crystal mosaics and the verses of the Koran wreathed with arabesques and flowers. Among their lamps were the bells of Saint Jago de Compostella, which the Moors had won in battle; turned upside down and suspended to the roof by silver chains, they illuminated the temple of Allah and his Prophet, and were,

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no doubt, greatly astonished at being changed from Catholic into Mohammedan lamps. At that period, the eye could wander in perfect liberty under the long colonnades, and, from the extremity of the temple, look at the orange trees in blossom and the gushing fountains of the *patio* inundated by a torrent of light, rendered still more dazzling by the half-day inside. Unfortunately, this magnificent view is at present destroyed by the Roman Catholic church, which is a heavy, massive building squeezed into the very heart of the Arabian mosque. A number of *retablos*, chapels, and sacristies crowd the place and destroy its general symmetry.

“All these acts of profanation, however, do not prevent the Mosque of Cordova from still being one of the most marvellous buildings in the world. To make us feel as it were still more bitterly the mutilations of the rest, one portion, called the *Mirab* has been preserved as if by a miracle in a state of the most scrupulous integrity.

“The wooden roof, carved and gilt, with its *median-aranja*, spangled with stars, the open window shafts, garnished with railings which render the light so soft and mellow, the gallery of small trefoiled columns, the mosaic tablets of colored glass, and the verses from the Koran, formed of gilt crystal letters, and wreathed about with the most gracefully complicated ornaments and arabesques, compose a picture, which, for richness, beauty, and fairy elegance, is to be equalled nowhere save in the *Thousand and One Nights*.”

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In the vicinity we find the *Alcázar*, once an enormous pile of buildings, with walls, towers and gardens extending from the Mosque to one end of the town. It is now practically in ruins, but the old orange garden is still enchanting. The *Alcázar Nuevo*, built by Alphonso XI., in 1328, once the headquarters of the Inquisition, is now used as a prison. In ancient days the site of the Alcázar was occupied by the castle of Roderick, the last of the Goths.

As we leave or enter Cordova we cannot fail to see the old Moorish bridge of sixteen arches, which connects Cordova with the southern suburb. The bridge is 730 feet long, in the centre of which a good view is to be had of the Moorish mills and of the Mosque, which stands out beautifully from the Sierras. At one end of the bridge there is a statue of the patron saint of Cordova, Raphael; at the other end of the bridge the Calahorra, a crenellated tower, marks the beginning of the road to Cordova.

There are several hermitages in the Sierra Morena, to which the traveller can make excursions, but there is little to repay a visit, except the extensive views and the acquaintance with Andalusian vegetation, for the paths lead upward through gardens to the lonely retreats where the soldier monks and crusaders retired to spend the evening of their lives. At San Francisco de la Arrizafa, immediately north of Cordova, was the fairy villa that Abderrahman built, the luxuries and wonders of which made it an Aladdin's Palace. This marvel of architecture and beauty was destroyed in 1009.

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The traveller, however, rarely goes so far afield, and perhaps does not even spend the night in Cordova. Therefore, it is well to take our leave of the old city with Arthur Symons:

“At night Cordova sleeps early; a few central streets are still busy with people, but the rest are all deserted, the houses look empty, there is an almost oppressive silence. Only here and there, as one passes heedlessly along a quiet street, one comes suddenly upon a cloaked figure, with a broad-brimmed hat, leaning against the bars of a window, and one may catch through the bars a glimpse of a vivid face, dark hair and a rose (an artificial rose) in the hair. Not in any part of Spain have I seen the traditional Spanish love-making, the cloak and hat, at the barred window, so frankly and so delightfully on view. It brings a touch of genuine romance, which it is almost difficult for those who know comic opera better than the countries in which life is still in its way a serious travesty, to take quite seriously. Lovers’ faces on each side of the bars of a window at night, in a narrow street of white houses: that, after all, and not even the miraculous mosque may perhaps be the most vivid recollection that one brings away with one from Cordova.”

GRANADA

GRANADA is ideally situated at the base of the snow-capped Sierra Nevada mountains and encircled by the Darro and Genil, tributaries of the Guadalquivir. Its Moorish name was *Karnattah*, or *Karnattah-al-Yahoud*, meaning "hill of strangers"; and those who dispute the legend that the name Granada is derived from the pomegranate so abundant here can suggest nothing better, and certainly nothing prettier. At any rate, the pomegranate appears in the arms of the town.

Granada is built on level ground near the Genil and on the slopes of two hills that rise about 2,300 feet above the sea-level. The city is divided into three distinct districts: the Albaicin, Antequeruela, and Alhambra. The Albaicin district, which occupies the low grounds and hills on the banks of the Darro, is the rebuilt Moorish town, to which the Moors of Seville and Cordova repaired when they were driven out of those cities by Ferdinand. In this quarter charming old Moorish houses, with their terraces and *patios*, baths and arcades still remain, though many of the streets are narrow, filthy, and winding, and present a mass of crumbling walls and tottering ruins. It is hard to realize that this busy and industrial district was once the aristocratic

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quarter of Granada, the home of Moorish princes and sultanas, and, at a later period, of families of rank. The wall around the Albaicin district forms the northern boundary of Granada; and above, on the hillside, in the caves among the prickly pears, live the *gitanos*, or gipsies, that dance for the traveller and pose for the artist, and tell fortunes to each and all. Many of these gipsies live in the Albaicin quarter as well.

The Antequeruela quarter, named from Antequera by the Moors of that town who settled here, extends from Monte Mauro to the spot where the Darro and Genil meet, and even some distance below. It is the most modern part of Granada.

The Alhambra, once the stronghold of the Moors, is a great hill overhanging the Darro, on which stands the palace-fortress, the residence of the Moorish kings of Granada, a ruined citadel, a vast conglomeration of towers, mosques, chapels, and courts, surrounded by walls,—the most romantic spot in all romantic Spain. The Arabs called it *Kal'at al hamra*, which means the Red Castle; and from this the word Alhambra was naturally derived.

Granada is not of great antiquity; at least it was of little importance in Roman times; and in the Fifth Century, with all the rest of Andalusia, fell to the lot of the Vandals. Under the Caliphs of Cordova from the Eighth Century onward it gained in power and became the seat of a provincial government. In the first half of the Thirteenth Century, however, the great conquests of St. Ferdinand left Granada the

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only stronghold of the Moors in Spain; and even though it was compelled to pay tribute to the sovereigns of Castile, it rose to almost unparalleled splendor under the rule of Mohammed-Ebn-Alahmar, the builder of the Alhambra. If we may believe ancient chroniclers, the town numbered 400,000 inhabitants and contained 70,000 houses and 60,000 soldiers.

The conquests of Jaime I. and of St. Ferdinand in Valencia and Andalusia which ruined the Moors everywhere else were the making of Granada, for it became the asylum for all the refugees, just as the Goths had fled into the Asturias before the conquering Moors, now the Moors fled to the mountainous strongholds of the Alpujarras before the conquering Christians. But alas for the Arabs, Granada was destined to be ruined by a woman.

The beautiful Isabel de Solis, a Christian, who was taken prisoner by the Moors, and who was called by the Moors "Zoraya," which means Morning Star, became the wife of Abu-l-hasan, King of Granada. Another wife of Abu-l-hasan, named Ayesha, who was the mother of Boabdil, grew very jealous; and it was not long before the court was divided into two parties: the Zegrís, who followed Ayesha; and the Abencerrages, who supported Zoraya. Many are the legends regarding these two bands of Moors, whose quarrels finally led to the fall of the Moors. Boabdil ordered the murder of the heads of the Abencerrages, which took place in the Hall of the Abencerrages in the Alhambra; dethroned his father; and

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fought the Christians. Finally, after a long siege, he was forced to surrender his kingdom to Ferdinand, who entered Granada on January 2, 1492.

Those who leave Granada by way of the *Llanos de Armilla* to Alhedin and thence by the Padul road are shown a spot called *El ultimo suspiro del Moro* (the last sigh of the Moor), for here Granada ceases to be seen, and here it was that Boabdil sighed his last farewell on January 2, 1492, when the banner of Santiago waved above his Alhambra. Behind him lay the beautiful palace and its gardens, and before him a dismal desert. As the tears filled his eyes, he was reproached by Ayesha, his mother, whose jealousies had caused the trouble. "You do well," she said, "to weep like a woman for what you could not defend like a man." When this anecdote was told to Charles V., he said: "She spoke well. A tomb in the Alhambra is better than a palace in the Alpujarras!"

After tiring of his life in these mountains, Boabdil went to Africa and died in some petty battle. The few remaining Moors were hunted like wild beasts in the Alpujarras, and were finally driven from these snowy hills in 1610.

The capture of Granada was a matter of rejoicing throughout Christendom; and even in London a special Te Deum was sung in St. Paul's by order of Henry VII.

Immediately after Granada was taken and the Cross placed everywhere instead of the Crescent, Isabella's monks began their task of turning the

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mosque of the Alhambra into a church and of whitewashing the walls of the palace, thus hiding from view the hated infidel symbols. Ferdinand and Isabella cared little for the Alhambra. It was not so with their grandson, Charles V., who greatly admired it and intended to live there. Consequently he began to build a palace to suit his modern ideas of taste and comfort; but this was never finished. After his time, no one cared about the Alhambra, and for two centuries it remained a den of thieves, prisoners, old soldiers, and debtors. Nobody ever visited it. The French turned it into barracks and blew up eight beautiful towers in 1812; and chickens, goats, cows, and beggars became the sole tenants of the courtyards, corridors, and stately halls. It was not until about the middle of the Nineteenth Century that the beauty of the great pile was appreciated and measures taken to preserve it. Washington Irving's charming book on the Alhambra, much of which was written in the palace itself, and which was published in 1832, had great influence in attracting travellers to this romantic spot.

“The Alhambra, or Red Palace, the Acropolis of Granada, is the finest secular monument with which the Moslems have endowed Europe. It belongs to the last period of Spanish-Arabic art, when the seed of Mohammedan ideas and culture had long since taken deep root in the soil and produced a style which might more properly be called Andalusian than Moorish. There will never be produced a new Alhambra any more than a new Parthenon or new Pyra-

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mids; for these great buildings were the expression of ideas and aspirations peculiar to societies which have long ago perished. Thus the Red Palace of Granada is not interesting merely as a Mohammedan edifice left isolated in the far west of Europe, but as the monument of a people and a civilization long dead and gone.”¹

The Alhambra hill has been compared in shape to a grand piano with the point turned towards the *Torre de la Vela*; it is entirely girdled with walls, averaging thirty feet in height and six feet in width. These great walls are about a mile in circumference and follow the curves and dips of the ground with the most picturesque effect. They are pierced by gates and broken at intervals by towers, all of which have different names. “The Moorish towers rise like reddish cork models out of a girdle of trees, which contrasts with the stony sierras above; but all is artificial and the work of the water-enchanter Moor. The centre walk leads to the public gardens; that to the left, to the Alhambra. The wooded slopes are kept green by the water courses and tenanted by nightingales; although everything looks the work of nature, it is the creation of man, as the Moor changed the barren rock into an Eden.

“A sharp turn conducts to the grand entrance, *La Torre de Justicia*, the gate of judgment, the Sublime Porte.”²

The Gate of Judgment, at which the king or his kadi dispensed judgment, was built in 1308 by

¹ A. F. Calvert.

² Richard Ford.

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Yusuf I., who was a great decorator of the Alhambra. The Moors called it the Gate of the Law. Over the horseshoe arch is an open hand, which has been supposed by some people to represent the hand of God, the symbol of power, while others say it is emblematic of the five chief commandments of Mohammed—to keep the fast of Ramadan, pilgrimage to Mecca, almsgiving, ablution, and war against the infidel. It really is, however, a talisman to ward off the Evil Eye. Over the inner arch is a sculptured key, which often occurs in Andalusian castles. The Moors used to boast that this gate would never be opened to Christians until the hand on the outside arch grasped the key on the inner arch.

As the Alcazaba is the oldest part of the Alhambra palace, we will look first at it. We enter it through a horseshoe arch of red brick and glazed tiles. On the left is the *Torre de Homenage* (Tower of Homage), which, strange to say, contains an ancient Roman altar imbedded in the masonry. Opposite is the *Torre de la Vela*, or Watch Tower, two stories high. In this tower hangs the famous bell, which is heard as far off as Loja, thirty miles away. This bell is always rung on the anniversary of the Conquest of Granada, January 2, on which day the Alhambra is visited by crowds of peasants. Few maidens pass by the bell without striking it, which is supposed to ensure a good husband, according to local superstition. Very marvellous is the view from the top of the *Torre de la Vela*. Below lies Granada, beyond the beautiful *Vega*, about thirty miles long

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and twenty-five broad, watered by the Genil and belted in by mountains—the snowy Alpujarras, the distant Sierra of Alhama, the gorge of Loja, and the round mountain of Parapanda. Nearer Granada is the Sierra de Elvira, the site of old Illiberis, the dark woods of the Soto de Roma, and on the right the rocky defile of Moelin and the distant chains of Jaen. White-walled towns and pretty villas dot the Vega, resembling, to quote the old chroniclers, “Oriental pearls set in a cup of emeralds.”

“Come up the short flight of steps into the little strip of garden. Let us lean over the wall and look out on to the Vega. Is there anywhere so grand and varied an outline of plain and mountain? Do you wonder at the tears that suffused the eyes of Boabdil as he turned for a last look at this incomparable spot? The brown roofs of Granada lie at our feet. Far away through the levels of the green plain, the Vega, I can see the winding of many silver streams. Beyond those rugged peaks to the south lies the Alpujarras district, the last abiding place of the conquered Moor. Further on the mass of the Sierra Aburijara bounds the horizon, west of it is the town of Loja, thirty miles away, buried in the dip towards Antequerra. To the north is Mount Parapanda, the barometer of the Vega, always covered with mist when rain is at hand. . . . Now turn and look behind. Right up into the blue sky rise the snowy peaks of the Sierra Nevada. Mulhacen, the highest point in all Spain, is not visible, but we can see Veleta, which is but a few

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feet lower. The whole range glistens in the afternoon sun, but it is the evening hour that brings such wonderful changes of color over these great snow-fields, and, after the sun is down, such a pale mother-of-pearl grey silhouetted against the purple sky.”¹

According to the most recent researches the Alcazaba was separated from the palace proper by a ravine, and after the Conquest the Conde de Tendilla ordered cisterns constructed, and threw the *Plaza de los Algibes* over them.

And now let us enter the real Arabian palace.

The *Casa Real* is the name given by the Spaniards to the remains of this Moorish palace, which is grouped around two oblong courts—the Court of the Lions and the Court of the Fishpond. A great part of this exquisite building was removed by Charles V. to make room for his palace that was never finished. It was begun in 1526 and work was continued until 1633. It is a great four-square building in the classic style, with a very fine court, gallery, and staircase, and much carving; but is now roofless and forlorn, and is the first part of the Alhambra that greets the visitor.

The marvellous palace was begun in 1248 and finished about 1314 and was regilt and repainted by Yusuf I. All the beautiful colors of the Moors have now vanished, and much has been covered by white-wash, yet, nevertheless, it remains a gem among the great buildings of the world. The interior arrangement is purely Oriental with courts, colonnaded cor-

¹ W. W. Collins.

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ridors, fountains, baths, curious stucco work, glazed tiles, and gilded roofs. Verses from the Koran and the phrase "God is the only conqueror" are used as motives of decoration everywhere in Arabian lettering. It must indeed have been an Aladdin's palace in its great days.

After leaving the Palace of Charles V. we pass into the *Patio de la Alberca*, or the *Barca*, not named from a boat but from the Arab word "Blessing," inscribed all over it. In former times it was planted with myrtles, and was therefore called Court of Myrtles (*de los Arrayanes*). Another name is Court of the Bark, and another, Court of the Fishpond. And now here is the impression that the first glimpse of this place produces:

"The originality of the architecture, the airy galleries, the rich alcoves, the splendid apartments, of which glimpses are obtained through its arches, the fountains and foliage, the reflection of its stuccoed walls in the waters of the pond, the murmur of the breezes that agitate the dense myrtles, the transparency of the sky, the silence that reigns all about—all oppress the soul at the same time and leave us for some moments submerged in a sea of sensations."¹

In the centre of the oblong court, surrounded by columns and alcoves, is the Fishpond hidden by orange-trees and myrtles. On the north the view is closed by the *Tower of Comares*, on the south by the walls of Charles V.'s palace; and, through one

¹ Don Francisco Pi Margall.

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of the entrances you can see the fountain in the *Court of Lions*. The rooms on the right belonged to the monarch's wife, and were therefore called the Sultana's Quarter.

A beautifully decorated arch leads into the *Sala de la Barca*, or anteroom of the *Hall of Ambassadors*, which occupies the whole interior of the Tower of Comares. From the top of this beautiful Tower the monarchs often watched the battles in the Vega.

The Hall of the Ambassadors is a marvel of beauty:

“The hall is square, very spacious, and lighted by nine large arched windows in the form of doors, which present almost the aspect of alcoves, so thick are the walls; and each one of them is divided in two by a little column of marble that supports two elegant little arches, surmounted in their turn by two little arched windows. The walls are covered with mosaics and arabesques of an indescribable delicacy and variety of form, and innumerable inscriptions that are spread out like broad embroidered ribbons over the arches of the windows, in the corners, upon the friezes and around the niches where they placed vases filled with flowers and perfumed waters. The ceiling, which is very high, is composed of pieces of cedar wood, white, gilt, and blue, joined together in the form of circles, stars, and crowns; it also contains a number of little domes, cells, and tiny arched windows through which a soft light falls; and from the cornice that joins the ceiling to the walls hang bits of stucco cut into facets and worked like stalac-

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tites and bunches of flowers. The throne stood in the centre before the window and opposite the door of entrance. From the windows on this side you enjoy a magnificent view of the valley of the Darro; so deep and silent that it seems as if it must be under the spell of the majestic Alhambra. From the windows of the two other sides you see the walls of the enclosure and the towers of the fortress; and from the side of the entrance, in the distance, the light arches of the Court of Myrtles and the waters of the basin reflecting the azure of the sky.”¹

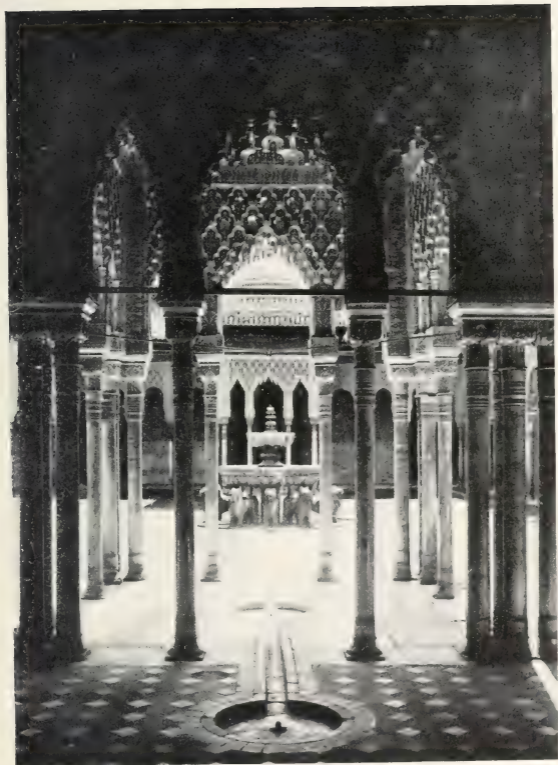
Among the famous rooms and courts we have yet to see are the Court of Lions; the Hall of Justice; the Hall of the Abencerrages; and the Two Sisters. The Court of Lions is an oblong room 116 feet by 66 feet:

“There is no part of the edifice that gives us a more complete idea of its original beauty and magnificence than this, for none has suffered so little from the ravages of time. In the centre stands the fountain famous in song and story. The alabaster basins still shed their diamond drops; and the twelve lions which support them cast forth their crystal streams as in the days of Boabdil. The architecture, like that of all other parts of the palace, is characterized by elegance rather than grandeur, bespeaking a delicate and graceful taste, and a disposition to indolent enjoyment.”²

“The Hall of Justice is a long and narrow hall of rich and bold architecture, the walls of which are

¹Edmondo de Amicis.

²Washington Irving.



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GRANADA: COURT OF THE LIONS

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covered with very intricate arabesques and precious mosaics, with points, bunches, and protuberances of stucco hanging from the arches, which crowd together, drop, spring from, press upon, and are superimposed upon each other, as if they disputed the very space, and showing even now traces of ancient colors which must have given to this ceiling the semblance of suspended fruits and flowers.

“On the northern side of the court there is another hall called *de las Hermanas* (the Two Sisters) from two large slabs of marble that are found in the pavement. It is the most gracious hall of the Alhambra. It is a small square, and domed with one of those vaults in the form of a cupola which the Spaniards call half-oranges, sustained by little columns and arches arranged in a circle, all cut to resemble a grotto of stalactites with an infinity of points and holes, colored and gilded, and so light that they seem to the eye as if hanging in the air; you would think that they would tremble like a curtain at a touch, or evaporate like a cloud, or vanish like a lot of soap-bubbles. The walls of stucco, like those of the other halls, and covered with arabesques of an incredible delicacy, are among the most astonishing productions of human fancy and patience.”¹

The Hall of the Abencerrages, so called because there is a story that by the side of the marble basin in the centre of the hall thirty-six chiefs of that tribe were massacred at the order of Boabdil. A reddish

¹Edmondo de Amicis.

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vein in the middle of the floor is shown as the indelible mark of their blood.

Beyond the Hall of the Two Sisters is a narrow apartment called the Hall of the Twin Windows, and this opens into the Mirador de Lindaraja, a beautiful little boudoir, or bower of the Moorish sultanas, whose windows look upon a pretty garden and command a wide view of the Vega and town of Granada.

“ But to understand the Alhambra it must be lived in and beheld in the semi-obscure evening, so beautiful of itself in the South, and when ravages are less apparent than when flouted by the gay day glare. At twilight it becomes entirely a vision of the past; daylight dispels the dreamy haunted air, and we begin to examine, measure, and criticise, while on a stilly summer night, all is again given up to the past and to the Moor; then, when the moon, Dian’s bark of pearl, floats above it in the air like his crescent symbol, the tender beam heals the scars and makes them contribute to the sentiment of widowed loneliness. The wan rays tip the filagree arches and give a depth to the shadows and a misty undefined magnitude to the saloons beyond, which sleep in darkness and silence broken only by the drony flight of some bat. The reflections in the ink-black tank glitter like subaqueous silver palaces of Undines; as we linger in the recesses of the windows, below lies Granada with its busy hum and the lights sparkle like stars on the obscure Albaicin as if we were looking *down* on the reversed firmament. The baying of the dog and the

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tinkling of a guitar, indicating life there, increase the desolation of the Alhambra. Then, in proportion as all here around is dead, do the fancy and imagination become alive. The halls and courts seem to expand into a larger size; the shadows of the cypresses on the walls assume the forms of the dusky Moor revisiting his lost home in the glimpses of the moon, while the night winds, breathing through the unglazed windows and myrtles, rustle as his silken robes or sigh like his lament over the profanation of the unclean infidel and destroyer.”¹

The *Alameda de la Alhambra* separates the Alhambra hill from Monte Mauror. On this hill the Christian captives who were employed in building the Alhambra by Mohammed I., were confined at night with fetters on their legs. Mauror on the slope of this mountain is the district of the water-carriers.

Not far from the Alhambra, and on a spur of the same mountain, is situated the Generalife, which is reached from the Alhambra by a sort of road that passes over the ravine of *Los Molinos*, a road that is a mass of foliage, vines, and flowers, amidst which the aloe, cactus, pomegranate, and orange remind us that we are in a semi-tropical country. After walking for about a quarter of an hour, we reach the Generalife, so simple a building that it might be considered the country house of the Alhambra. Its long lines of whitewashed walls, containing few windows, are surmounted by a terrace with a gallery divided into arcades, and a little pavilion, or Belvedere, from

¹ Richard Ford.

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which the most enchanting view of the Alhambra is to be had.

The outline of the Alhambra with its reddish walls, broken by half-ruined towers following the undulations of the mountain, and the square and heavy mass of the Palace of Charles V., which is not visible from the other side of Granada, shows to great advantage with the slopes of the Sierra Nevada as a background. The bell-tower of Santa Maria rises above the walls, and the eye follows the slope of the hill towards the Darro and the ravine of Los Molinos through which we walked from the Alhambra to the Generalife.

The real charm of the Generalife consists in its gardens and waters. A canal paved with marble runs through the entire length of the inclosure, sending its stream of water below arches made of yews, curiously bent and clipped. The canal is bordered by orange trees and cypresses. A porticoed gallery, ornamented with fountains and marble columns resembling the Court of Myrtles in the Alhambra, ends the view. The canal turns sharply here and you enter other inclosures ornamented with water works and bearing on their walls traces of frescoes of the Sixteenth Century. Beyond the Generalife a flight of Moorish steps lead to the upper part of the gardens, where a *Mirador* was placed in 1836, commanding a most beautiful view. Five minutes' walk beyond this will bring us to the knoll called the *Silla del Moro* (the Seat of the Moors), once the site of a mosque, and afterwards of the *Hermitage of Santa*

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Elena. Near this runs the aqueduct of the Alhambra.

“The water is brought to the gardens down a very steep inclined plane, bordered by little walls that form on each side a kind of parapet, and carrying the canals that are lined with tiles through which the water runs open to the sky and making the liveliest noise imaginable. At intervals of about a yard jets of water burst forth and throw their crystal aigrettes into the thick foliage of the laurel groves above them, the mountain gushes with water at every side; you constantly see springs starting out and hear at your side the murmuring of some rivulet turned from its course and on its way to supply a fountain or carry refreshment to the foot of some tree. The Arabs carried the art of irrigation to the highest point; their hydraulic works show the most advanced state of civilization. These works exist to-day, and it is to them that Granada owes its reputation as the Paradise of Spain, and enjoying eternal spring in an African climate. An arm of the Darro was turned out of its course by the Arabs and carried for more than three miles along the hill of the Alhambra.”¹

Granada contains other buildings of interest besides the Alhambra. First of all in importance comes the Cathedral, which really consists of three separate buildings,—the great Cathedral; the *Capella Real*; and the *Sagrario*. Whenever a Spanish sovereign entered a conquered Moslem city, his first act was to transform the principal mosque into a place of

¹ Théophile Gautier.

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Christian worship. In Granada, the first spot to be consecrated was the Mosque of the Alhambra Palace; then the mosque in the Albaicin district, on the site of which the Church of the Salvador now stands, was used as the principal church of the town of Granada; and, at last, the mosque on the site of which the present Sagrario, or Parish Church now stands, was selected. This fine building was only destroyed at the beginning of the Eighteenth Century, when the modern one was erected. The splendid Cathedral, begun in 1529 and finished, in 1639, is a fine example of Spanish Renaissance. The great western façade is the work of Alonso Cano and José Granados. Within, it is profusely ornamented with colored marbles and jasper, and contains marble statues of several kings and queens, carved pulpits, choir-stalls and altars, and many fine windows and paintings. Every one of the numerous chapels is a work of art. The greatest of all, however, is the Capella Real, the Chapel Royal, the Memorial Chapel of the Catholic Kings, and one of the most interesting buildings in Spain. The foundations were laid in 1504; and it is, therefore, older than the Cathedral, from which it is entered through a handsome portal. The Royal Chapel contains the elaborately carved tombs of Ferdinand and Isabella, which are among the finest monuments in Spain, and in the sacristy among the treasures that are shown to visitors are the sword of Ferdinand and the identical banner that floated from the Torre de la Vela when the Alhambra had surrendered,—

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a banner that was worked by Isabella herself for this very purpose.

Mr. Collins, who recently visited this historic spot remarks:

“When the gate locked behind me I stood in front of the two marble monuments, the one of the recumbent figures of Ferdinand and Isabella, the other of Philip and Juana la Loca—crazy Jane. Beyond rose the steps up to the High Altar, close at my side those—a short flight—that led to the crypt where the coffins of these four rest. I felt surrounded by the Great of this Earth, and certainly a feeling of awe took hold of me as their deeds passed through my mind and I realized that here lay the remains of those who had turned out the Moor, bidden God-speed to Columbus, and instituted the Inquisition. They are wonderful tombs, these two. Ferdinand wears the Order of St. George, the ribbon of the Garter, Isabella that of the Cross of Santiago, Philip and his wife the Insignia of the Order of the Golden Fleece. Four doctors of the church occupy the corners of the first tomb, with the twelve Apostles at the sides. The other has figures of SS. Michael, Andrew, and John the Baptist, and the Evangelist.”

South of the Cathedral lie the *Plaza de Capuchinas* and the *Plaza de Bibarrambla*. The latter, so celebrated in song and story, takes its name from the Moorish gate that stood here on the bank of the then uncovered Darro. This gate, also known as the *Puerta de las Orejas* (Gate of the Ears), because at a festival in honor of Philip IV. in 1621, some

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ruffians cut off the ears of the women for the sake of their earrings, was not taken down until 1873.

The Bibarrambla was the scene of tournaments, of Moorish and Christian encounters, of bull-fights, and many bloody combats between the Zegrís and the Abencerrages. The chief building on the Bibarrambla is the Archepiscopal Palace, described in *Gil Blas*. A recent traveller says:

“There is nothing antique or Moorish about the Bibarrambla to-day. It is just a bright sunny square surrounded by commonplace shops and buildings. In the morning it is fragrant and gay with the blossoms of the flower-sellers; and, thanks to its proximity to the market, it is constantly traversed by processions of mules with loutish men and witch-like old women perched like Chinese idols on their backs. But you must have a lively fancy indeed if you recover much from the storied past at this bustling spot.”¹

On leaving the Cathedral we can pass into the *Zacátin* (named from *Sakkâtin*, or rope-makers), once the great shopping street of Granada, and even now quite a gay spot in the evening, though most of the traffic has passed to the *Reyes Católicos*, a short street that connects the *Puerta Real* to the *Plaza de Prim*, and on which stands the *Casa de Ayuntamiento*, which has been variously a university, palace for Catholic sovereigns, chapter-house for the Cathedral, town-hall, and warehouse. It now contains the Museum.

Parallel with the *Zacátin* is the *Calle de Mendez*

¹ A. F. Calvert.

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Nunez, a lively street, built over the covered-in bed of the Darro. These two streets end at the *Plaza Nueva*, under which the Darro flows on its way to join the Genil. The Plaza Nueva is a very handsome square; and, as we take in the scene, we notice that on our left stands the *Audiencia*, once the *Chancelleria*, a Renaissance building of the Sixteenth Century, with a fine *patio* with a fountain and arcades, while above us on our right rises the Alhambra, which we can reach by the *Calle de Goméres*. Beyond the Plaza Nueva, the Darro is visible again, emerging from its tunnel, and on the bank stands the Renaissance church of *Santa Ana*, on the site of an old mosque. Its tower, built by Juan Castellar in 1561-1563, in the style of a Moorish minaret, is greatly admired.

We have now reached the *Carrera de Darro*, on the right bank of the river, from which the most enchanting views of Granada, and particularly of the Alhambra, are to be had.

“This *Carrera de Darro* is one of the oldest and most picturesque parts of the city. The rugged walls of the Alhambra rising opposite, the river swirling in its rocky, tortuous bed, the old, old houses, and the curious, ruinous bridges, make up the scene that appeals very strongly to the artist. Formerly the Darro flowed right through the heart of the town to join the Genil, in the light of day. Soon after the conquest the Plaza Nueva was built over it, the roofing being completed by the construction of the *Reyes Católicos* street in the early part

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of the Nineteenth Century. The Darro was called *Hadaro* by the Arabs. It washes down minute particles of gold, and it is a common sight to see men wading in its waters and sifting its sands in wooden bowls called *dormillos*.”¹

The Carrera de Darro is continued by the *Alameda de Darro*, a fine avenue of elms; and from here we get a splendid view of the Generalife. On our left is the Albaicin district. A bridge over the Darro at this point leads to the *Barranco de Fuente Peña*. From this point roads lead through the gorges up to the Alhambra.

The centre of Granada is the Puerta Real, named after an old gate. It is an irregular square much deserted in the daytime, but which begins to be very lively in the evening about six o'clock, when all Granada wakes to enjoy itself. Here carriages and automobiles dash by; here, people sip their drinks in the innumerable *cafés*; here newsboys call the papers; and here water-carriers, coming down from the Alhambra hill, cry their fresh water so much prized. Underneath the Puerta Real flows the Darro, now covered up. Beyond it, the *Carrera de Genil* leads to the Genil. The Carrera de Genil is the fashionable winter promenade. Here are situated hotels, theatres, and *cafés*, and here many fine houses are also to be seen. Not far away is the magnificent Moorish villa of *Cuarto Real de Santo Domingo*, with its original gardens and tall hedges of laurel and myrtle.

¹ A. F. Calvert.

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The *Alameda*, leading from the *Carrera de Genil*, is also attractive to promenaders, who love to stroll and linger under the plane trees. At this point the *Darro* is set free and hurries on to join the *Genil*. On the left are the barracks, once the *Castillo de Bibataubin*, erected by the Catholic Kings, and here is probably the place described by Cervantes as the *Rondilla*, the haunt of gamblers and sharpers. On the right is the church of *Nuestra Señora de las Augustias*, built in 1664–1671.

At the spot where the *Alameda* joins the *Paseo del Salón*, a bronze monument representing Isabella agreeing to the proposals of Columbus at Santa Fé, was placed in 1892.

The *Paseo del Salón* and its continuation, the *Paseo della Bomba*, planted with elms and made bright with fountains, afford charming walks. Going northeast we pass into thickets of cactus, among which are numerous cave dwellings. We must also note the *Bomba* mill, near which stood the gate called *Puerta de los Molinos*, through which the Christian army entered the city on January 2, 1492. It was destroyed in 1833.

If we start from the *Plaza Nueva* and walk down the long *Calle de Elvira* we shall reach the dilapidated *Puerta de Elvira*, once the principal gate of Granada. It stands on the southeast corner of the big *Campo del Trionfo*, part of an old Moorish cemetery. The *Campo* contains a column of the Virgin and a marble column that marks the spot where a young woman was executed in 1831 for

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no greater crime than making a banner for the Liberals.

Beyond the Campo lies the *Bull-Ring*. The *Calle Real de Cartuja* that also runs northeast from this district will take us to the very famous *Cartuja Convent*. This monastery was built in 1516 on ground given by the Great Captain, Gonzalo de Cordova, who died in Granada, December 2, 1515.

The *Calle de San Juan de Dios* will take us to the Hospital founded by a humane man who was shut up as a madman on account of his preaching the necessity of founding hospitals. He died in 1550, and was made a saint in 1630.

From here we can go to San Jerónimo, a superb but now deserted convent. It belonged to the Hermits of St. Jerome, a monastic order founded by Ferdinand in Santa Fé in 1492. The chapel, designed by Diego de Siloe, was finished by the widow of the Great Captain; and before the altar where he was buried are the statues of the Captain and his wife. The convent was pillaged by the French, and when the convents were suppressed in 1836 a mob entered, destroyed everything that the French had spared, and even dug up the bones of the great soldier and his wife and turned the building into a barrack. Their remains are now in Madrid.

This building was pulled down in 1842 and suppressed. Some portions of it remain, however, including the church, and are dazzling, fantastic, and richly decorated. Perhaps the inlaid doors in the sacristy are the most wonderful of their kind in the world.

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In our strolls about Granada we have noted that it is a white city, consisting chiefly of narrow winding streets and lanes.

“ Driving from the station, having passed the Bull Ring, you pass along a straight wide street with high white buildings on either side, with a bank, a modern church, and a brand-new hotel; this is the *Gran Via*, the new street which has been driven of recent years through one of the oldest quarters of the town. The Moors knew what they were about when they built their streets narrow and shady. To-day one turns with infinite relief from this pretentious, glaring *Gran Via* into the cool alley-like *Zacátin* or *Calie Elvira*. The *Puerta Real* is the focus of the town's life. . . .

“ In summer evenings, as at Seville, one great fair seems in progress in the principal streets. Everybody is out of doors, and in a mood to appreciate the simplest forms of amusement. Granada is a light-hearted city. Her citizens are renowned for their elegance of costume, and her men are unquestionably as well groomed as any to be seen in the capitals of Europe. This statement may jar on those who think of Granada as a place of enchantment and a home of romance. In truth, it is far less romantic and infinitely less individual than Seville. A pleasant city withal. And one which, it is only fair to say, shows signs of partaking in the slow but certain revival of industry in Spain.”¹

¹ A. F. Calvert.

BARCELONA

BARCELONA is a great contrast to Cordova and Granada, which we have just left. It is the most modern and progressive city in Spain, essentially a business town; and its people are up to date and go ahead. One reason for this lies in the fact that Barcelona's inhabitants are neither Spanish nor French, but are a distinct race in language, costume, and habit. They are Catalans; and, despising Castile, they have always been rebellious and republican to the core.

The Catalans are the richest of Spaniards, because they are the most industrious, and they are also the best sailors of Spain.

“Catalonia, the perpetual government difficulty, is the spoiled child of the Peninsula family, to which, although the most wayward and unruly, the rest of the brood are sacrificed. Taken by themselves the Catalonians are frugal, industrious, honest, and rough diamonds. Powerfully constituted, physically, strong, sinewy, active, patient under fatigue and privation, brave, daring, and obstinate, and preferring to die rather than to yield, they form the raw material of excellent soldiers and sailors, and have, when well commanded, proved their valor and intelligence by sea and land. The Catalonians under

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the Aragonese kings during the Thirteenth Century, took a great lead in maritime conquest and jurisprudence, nor was trade ever thought here to be a degradation until the province was annexed to the proud Castiles, when the first heavy blow was dealt to its prosperity. Then ensued the constant insurrections, wars, and military occupations which crushed peace-loving commerce. To this succeeded the French invasion and the loss of the South American colonies. . . . The national costume, like the painted stuccoed houses, is rather Genoese than Spanish. The men wear long loose cloth or plush trousers of dark colors, which come so high up to the arm-pits that they are all breeches and no shoulders. In winter they use a sort of *capote*, or *gambote*, which supplants the Spanish *capa*. Another peculiarity in the headgear is that they neither wear the *sombrero gacho* of the South, nor the *montera* of the central provinces, but a *gorro* (*gorri* means red in Basque) or red or purple cap, of which the Phrygian bonnet was the type; the end either hangs down on one side, or is doubled up and brought over the forehead and has a high, treasonable Robespierre look."¹

Barcelona is of great antiquity. Four hundred years before the Romans came to this lovely spot on the Mediterranean Sea a colony had been founded here. In 225 B.C. Amilcar Barca, the father of the great general, Hannibal, founded the Carthaginian city on the Taber Hill (where the Cathedral stands), and from him the old name Barcino was derived. In

¹ Richard Ford.

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about 220 B.C. it became a colony of Rome. When the Goths had possession Barcino rose to some importance; and, after them, the Moors held it for about a hundred years. Then in 878, Barcelona became an independent city under a Christian leader, whose descendants were called the Counts of Barcelona. They governed and held it until the Twelfth Century, and the splendid code of laws drawn up by Count Ramon Berenguer I., who ruled from 1025 to 1077, became of the greatest authority throughout the whole trading world of Europe, as the *Consulado del Mar de Barcelona*, when additions were made to it in the Thirteenth Century.

Its only rival as a Mediterranean sea-port was Genoa, to which it bore some likeness. On account of the luxury and learning and general elegance of the living, as well as the courtiers who thronged there, Barcelona was now known as the "Athens of the Troubadour."

At this period Barcelona's ruler, Count Ramon Berenguer IV., married the daughter of the King of Aragon, and this united Cataluña with Aragon, for Count Ramon immediately called himself King of Aragon; and when Aragon and Castile became united by the marriage of Ferdinand of Aragon and Isabella of Castile in 1469, Barcelona, of course, was absorbed into the monarchy, and became subject to the Catholic Kings. This was not at all to Barcelona's liking; and, ever since that time, it has shown antipathy towards the habits, language, and sentiments of Castile.

Barcelona

“There is indeed a peculiar brilliancy and splendor about the atmosphere of Barcelona that almost dazzles and bewilders. On all sides the country is beautiful and undulating for many miles; and beyond the immediate hills it has often a wild and savage grandeur that sometimes reaches the sublime. Year by year the town grows in extent. Well-organized tramways carry you to and fro through endless thoroughfares. The richer merchants have built themselves streets of palatial residences that stretch away into the suburbs. We have seen no other city so brilliantly lighted. If Spain is a poor country, Barcelona seems to have escaped the evil. Everything prospered. It was delightful to go down to the fine harbor and watch the vessels loading and unloading, the flags of all nations vividly contrasting with the brilliant blue sky as they flashed and fluttered in the wind. The port is magnificent. Its waters are as blue as the sky above them, and a myriad sun-gleams light up its surface. Few harbors are so well placed. Climb the heights for a bird’s-eye view of the port, and the scene is entrancing. Low-lying undulating shores stretch away towards the mouth of the harbor; here green pastures, there glittering sandhills; the blue flashing sea beyond. If your vision would carry as far, you might gaze upon the lovely shores of Majorca, rising like a gem out of its deep blue setting. Nothing meets the eye but the broad line of the horizon, broken here and there by a passing vessel.”¹

¹ Charles W. Wood.

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Even to-day Barcelona has very little to do with Castile. Its people speak Catalan and address the traveller in French. The names of the streets and the animals in the Zoological gardens are labeled in Catalan as well as Spanish.

There are really two Barcelonas of to-day: the New Barcelona and the Old Barcelona. Old Barcelona's walls were removed in 1868 and replaced by wide boulevards called *rondas*, but many of the streets are still dark and narrow, and lined with houses five and six stories high that almost touch one another. The great centre of life is a wide street called the *Rambla*, once a river bed, but now a beautiful promenade that runs straight through Old Barcelona, dividing it into two parts. In New Barcelona we find wide boulevards, modern hotels, fine streets, gay shops, large factories, business offices, and handsome suburbs,—all exhibiting New Spain.

The harbor is very large and is sheltered from the sea by two big moles which form promenades. Smaller moles divide the harbor into two basins. On one side rises the strange, steep *Montjuich*, and on the other the suburb of *Barceloneta*, where dwell the fishing and sea-faring folk. A large quay called *Paséo de Colón*, planted with palms, runs along the northwest side of the harbor, affording a delightful walk, and on the southwest runs the Columbus Promenade ending in the *Plaza de la Paz*, where the handsome Columbus monument stands. At this point the *Rambla* runs along for nearly a mile from the Plaza



Detroit Photographic Co.

BARCELONA: HARBOR AND MONTJUICH

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de la Paz straight on to the *Plaza de Cataluña*. It is bordered all the way by a double row of plane trees, and is very gay with *cafés*, hotels, theatres, vendors of all kinds, and promenaders. Different sections of it have different names. First, comes the *Rambla Santa Monica*; then the *Rambla del Centro*; then the *Rambla San José* and, finally, the *Rambla de Estudios*.

The first building that strikes our attention as we walk from the Columbus monument is the principal theatre of Barcelona; and, opposite the theatre, running on the right, is the *Calle de los Escudillers*, one of the liveliest business streets of the city. A little further, also on the right, we find the *Calle de Colón*, which leads to the *Plaza Real*, a square, with a fountain in the centre, planted with palms and surrounded by *cafés* and shops. From the Plaza Real, two passages lead to the very gay *Calle de Fernando Septimo*, in which are many of the best shops; and, therefore, it is a favorite promenade.

Further along the Rambla we pass the *Teatro del Liceo*; then in a side street the churches of *San Augustin* and *San Pablo del Campo*. The latter (now a barrack) is one of the oldest churches in Barcelona, for it was erected in 914 and restored in 1117. These two buildings will give us a very good idea of Catalonian architecture.

Next, the *Riera de Pino* and *Calle de Boqueria*, filled with curious shops, lead to the *Plaza de Beato Oriol*, where stands the Gothic church of *Santa Maria del Pino*, so called from the image of the Virgin

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owned by this church, said to have been found in the trunk of a pine tree.

By this time, we are no longer in the Rambla del Centro, for we have reached the Rambla San José, where the splendid flower-market is held every day throughout the year from early in the morning until two in the afternoon.

The Rambla de Estudios ends in the Plaza de Cataluña, a large square where the tramcars centre:

“The focus of Barcelona’s life is the celebrated Rambla. The derivation of this word is Arabic—‘*Raml-sand*’—a river bed, for a small stream at one time meandered down to the sea where now is the liveliest street in the north of Spain. On either side of the central promenade, under the shade of stately plane trees, are the carriage drives. The broad walk itself is thronged, especially in the morning, when marketing is done, with an ever-changing crowd. Boys distribute handbills, dog fanciers stroll about bargaining with dealers, itinerant merchants cry their wares. A family of father, mother, and children cross the stream of promenaders, followed by a pet lamb. Acquaintances meet and gossip away a good ten minutes.

“At the top end of the Rambla are situated the stalls of the bird-sellers, who also deal in mice; a great place this for mama and her small daughters. Lower down the flower-sellers congregate under their red-striped umbrellas.”¹

On the northwest, the Plaza de Cataluña is bound-

¹ W. W. Collins.

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ed by a long and shady boulevard called the *Paséo de Garcia*, a very favorite promenade in the evenings. Beyond lies *Garcia*, a suburb in which the wealthy citizens have made their homes:

“The suburb of Garcia, at the head of the Rambla, is a grand witness to Barcelona’s present prosperity. It is a section of Paris here reproduced; towering houses, all kept with extreme regard for general effect; mighty shops of modern times; clothiers with fronts measurable by scores of yards; co-operative establishments, and the like. The streets, too, are wide and well laid, set with trees and admirably lighted. Tram-lines pervade them and everything is of the rectilinear order. The private carriages which give vivacity to these stately thoroughfares are elegant and comfortable. The doorkeepers to these houses are fine fellows in fine liveries.”¹

On the east of the Plaza de Cataluña the narrow *Plaza de Santa Ana* leads to the church of Santa Ana, built in 1146 and noted for its fine cloisters. From here we can easily reach the Cathedral.

This is one of the most wonderful of all Spanish churches. Like almost every other Cathedral that we have visited it stands on the site of an old Moorish mosque. It was begun in 1298, and is enormously large.

“The interior of the splendid Gothic church is very dark. The pointed windows are all filled with magnificent Fifteenth Century glass. At the sunset hour, when the rays of light strike low and filter

¹ Charles Edwardes.

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through the many colors of these windows, the effect in the gloom of this solemn building is most beautiful. As the orb of day sinks lower and lower, the light lingers on column after column right up the lofty nave to the High Altar until he suddenly disappears, and all within is wrapt in deep twilight.

“The nave is very narrow and very high. The clustered columns seem to disappear into space, and the vaulting is almost lost in the darkness. There are deep galleries over the side chapels in the aisles, which have a rather curious arrangement of vaulting. From the roof of the aisles at each bay depend massive circular lamps which catch the light and heighten the effect of mystery which is omnipresent throughout the Cathedral. A flight of steps in front of the High Altar—an almost unique feature—leads down to the crypt, where rests the body of Santa Eulalia, Barcelona’s patron saint. Her alabaster shrine is adorned with reliefs of different incidents in her life.”

Another enthusiastic visitor says:

“Barcelona alone strikes one as a dream-vision that has taken shape and substance by enchantment. It possesses something of the supernatural, and is full of a sense of mystery. Its faint light softens all outlines; half-concealed recesses meet the eye on every hand; mysterious depths lurk in the galleries over the side chapels. Sight gradually penetrates the darkness only to discover some new and beautiful work. Not very large, every proportion is so perfect, every variety of detail so cunningly adjusted, that all

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has the effect of infinitely greater space. Not a detail would one wish altered, or a single outline improved. Some of its colored windows are among the loveliest in the world. Rainbow shafts fall across pillars and arches, changing all into a celestial vision. The whole building is an inspiration.”¹

Here are also hung above the *silleria del coro* the coats-of-arms of the Knights of the Golden Fleece. More interesting than the side-chapels are the cloisters, for not only are they beautiful on account of their architectural features, but they are planted with palms and orange trees and fountains play in the centre. Here, too, are kept some sacred geese, or descendants of some white feathered birds that were sacred at one time, though nobody seems to know about their origin.

The old Bishop's Palace, at the corner of the *Calle del Obispo*, was rebuilt in 1505 and again in the Eighteenth Century. From here the *Calle de Paradis* leads to the *Plaza de la Constitución*, where stand two very fine old buildings. One is the *Casa de la Disputación* (Chamber of Deputies) of the Fifteenth Century, with a beautiful Gothic balustrade and innumerable carved gargoyles in the form of devils and monsters, and the other is the *Casa Consistorial*, which dates from 1369. Not far away, on the *Plaza de San Justo*, is the old Gothic church of *Santos Justo y Pastor*, one of the oldest buildings in Barcelona. It dates from 1300, and has an open iron-work screen in the belfry, from which the bells hang.

¹Charles W. Wood.

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East of the Bishop's Palace, the short *Bajada de Santa Clara* descends to the *Plaza del Rey*, on which stood the Palace of the Counts of Barcelona and the Kings of Aragon. In what was the chapel of the Royal Palace—a building of the Thirteenth Century—the municipal Museum is now housed.

One of the most interesting buildings in Barcelona is the Gothic church of *Santa Maria del Mar*, built in 1328–1383 on the site of a chapel to St. Eulalia. It has some fine old windows. This is the church before which a bomb was thrown by an anarchist in June, 1906, when the Corpus Christi procession was about to enter, and which killed twelve persons and injured fifty.

Beyond the church runs the *Calle Moncada*, where some old private houses are still to be seen, though they are very dilapidated; and behind the church is the *Plaza del Borne*, where the fish and vegetable market is held daily.

This is a very dingy and squalid part of the town, but is exceedingly interesting to the stranger:

“ Here you find yourself in a maze of alleys crossing and recrossing each other. They are so narrow that the little figure of a horse and cart on an enamel plate set at their openings (to indicate the only access for vehicles) is an essential for traffic purposes. A good many of these are blind alleys. Barcelona is strong on the subjects of custards, cooling drinks, pastry, and jewelry, which may be seen and bought advantageously in these alleys, where the sun never shines for more than ten minutes of the day.

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“ Many are the Jews who still find a home in this part of Barcelona. They go to and fro with their tell-tale noses and bent backs, and they may be seen chaffering with that peculiar Hebraic air of exultation outside the old clothes shops which press Sta. Maria del Mar a deal too nearly. You may buy about anything within sight of the church portal, though the building itself stands in a sequestered and much circumscribed little square. And the transition from the old coats and raiment of the open to the dark, almost invisible stateliness of this fine old church is one of the most startling impressions to be got in Barcelona, the contrast between the localities of trade and worship is so very abrupt and affecting. And yet you have but to push the heavy, battered door of the church, with its jewelled windows peering down from the upper obscurity, to find yourself again confronted by a sunlight comparatively blinding, hooked noses, and regiments of old boots and faded waistcoats.”¹

From here we can easily reach the Park, which occupies the grounds of the old citadel built by Philip V. in 1714, and which was removed in 1868. It contains about seventy-five acres of shady lawns; beautiful trees, among which the magnolia flourishes; many flowers, and a large lake. A grotto, a palm house, and a Zoological Garden are among the attractions.

The Park is skirted on the south by the *Paséo de San Carlos*, in which the Bull Ring is situated. Be-

¹ Charles Edwardes.

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yond this again lies the suburb of Barceloneta, which contains a population of twelve thousand, most of which make their living out of the sea, or on the wharves.

At the north end of the Paséo de Colon we take the *Paséo de Isabel Segunda* and come to the *Plaza de Palaccio*, which has a handsome fountain in the centre. Here we find the Custom House, or *Lonja*, and offices of steamship companies, and we are in the very centre of the shipping district. We see Barceloneta and the harbor on our left, and through the plane trees of the Paséo de Colon, Montjuich looming in the distance. Montjuich rises 750 feet out of the plain of Llobregat, with its sharp, steep front to the sea. It was formerly the Jews' Mountain, and upon it was a Jewish Cemetery. The fortress with accommodations for 10,000 soldiers was captured by Lord Peterborough in 1705, one of the most daring assaults in modern history.

Barcelona is an interesting place to visit at all seasons of the year; and very nearly everyone brings some special celebration:

“ The most amusing periods are Christmas and the New Year, when all are dancing and eating, especially a sort of wafers called *Neulas* and the almond cakes, *Turrones*. January 17 is the day of San Antonio Abad, the patron of the lower Catalans and pigs; then quadrupeds are blessed. Muleteers and asses perform the *tres Tours*, a procession three times round his church: observe their costume and the huge *tortells*, a sort of loaf which is hung to their

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saddles. February 12 is the festival of the great Diana of Barcelona, Santa Eulalia, when all the world goes out to dine, dance, and play the *Sortija* at Sarriá, the *torna boda* is repeated on the Sunday next ensuing. The Carnival of Barcelona *las Carnes tolendas* is to Spain what that of Rome is to Italy; then the Rambla, like the Corso, becomes a masquerade out of doors; while the Thursday *Dijous gras* (*Jeudi gras*) is celebrated gastronomically. On the first day of Lent, Barcelona goes out of town into the country to bury the Carnival, *enterrar ál carnes-tollas*, as the Sardina is disposed of at Madrid. The evening show, at the *Puerta del Angel*, of the returning thousands is interesting, as to the costume and manners of the Catalan, male and female. Easter Monday is a grand holiday; then infinite numbers go either to Coll or Gracia. April 23 is the day of St. George, the tutelar of Catalonia, when a flower fair is held near the Audiencia, to which the fairer sex resort, themselves the fairest flowers. Nowhere is *el dia de Corpus* observed with more magnificence. On San Juan, July 25, young and old turn botanists and sally forth *coger la Verbena* for good luck; San Pedro, June 29; Santiago, July 25; and all the festivals of the Virgin are kept with much splendor. November 1, All Saints' Day, is honored by eating *Panelllets*, which are raffled in *Rifas* in the streets: the next day is sacred to the dead, when all the living go to visit the *Cementerio* outside the walls. December 21 is the fair of Barcelona, and is frequented by the peasantry from afar. Here the artist

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will sketch the pretty *payesas* and their *mocados* and holiday dress; the Rambla is then filled with men and turkeys and the Bocaria, Call, Plateria and Moncada streets with booths and purchasers.”¹

¹Ford.

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IF you look at some of the oldest maps of Europe, you will find a country called Lusitania, which consisted of the greater part of modern Portugal and a portion of Leon and Estremadura. Its inhabitants were the bravest of all the Iberians; and they held out longest against Rome, and were not conquered until 140 B.C. The chief river of Lusitania was the Tagus, and the chief city, Olisipo, or, as we call it to-day, Lisbon.

After rounding the Rock of Lisbon, the most western point of Europe, the traveller enters the noble Tagus, upon the northern bank of which, about ten miles inland from the sea, Lisbon awaits us. On our left is the Bay of Cascaes, stormy and unsheltered, but, nevertheless, the place where Royal regattas are held. The ancient Castle here is frequently occupied by the Royal Family of Portugal during the summer. Parks and pretty villas—the Portuguese country homes are charming—are scattered far and wide.

Soon we come to Cintra, with its rocks crowned with the old Moorish Castle and the Cork Convent, so called because its corridors are lined with cork. Pena Castle, the residence of Dom Fernando of Saxe-Coburg, the father of King Luis, occupies another rocky eminence, not far from the old summer palace

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of Dom John I., who married a daughter of the English John of Gaunt. This is built in the Moorish style with courtyards, balconies, baths, and lovely gardens.

Villas continue to sprinkle the hills and sloping grounds until we approach Belem; and then, from this point onward, we watch the quays and hills of Lisbon coming into view.

“No capital city in Europe, with the exception of Constantinople, can compare with Lisbon in beauty of situation. On approaching the city up the Tagus from the sea, the panorama presented is most striking; although the unæsthetic Portuguese have done their best to mar it by fringing the foreshore with possibly profitable, but certainly hideous and offensive industrial and commercial excrescences, from the noble and historic tower of Belem at the mouth of the river, almost hidden in the midst of defiling gasometers, to where the city merges into the country at Poço do Bispo, three miles away. Piled up upon a grand amphitheatre of hills, the city rises tier after tier, the river opening out before it in the form of an extensive bay. Away above Belem the vast square *Ajuda Palace* stands conspicuously upon a hill-top backed afar off by the huge mass of Cintra; whilst at the other end of the panorama towards the east the ancient citadel palace of *St. Jorge* looks down from its height upon the busy river-bank, and the central valley running inland, in which the rectangular main streets are cramped.”¹

¹ Hume.

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Lisbon is built on seven hills, and its situation renders it a rival of Naples and Constantinople in beauty. It is very ancient; old writers have even ventured to attribute its foundation to a great grandson of Abraham in 3259 B.C. It was the chief town of the Turduli tribe, and was successively occupied by the Phœnicians, Carthaginians, Romans, Vandals, Goths, and Moors. In the Tenth Century, it was destroyed by Ordone III. of Leon. The Moors rebuilt it; but finally lost it to a mixed force of Lusitanians and Flemish, German, French, and English Crusaders in 1147. The city greatly increased in the Fourteenth Century, in spite of the great earthquake of 1344 and the plague of 1348.

In 1372 there was great tumult in the city, for the king had become the slave of the infamous Leonora Telles, and broken his marriage treaty with Castile. A mob under Vasquez the Tailor broke into the palace, but Leonora escaped. The king was forced to swear to keep the treaty, but the same night he followed Leonora to Santarem. He soon returned with an army, took the city, beheaded the leaders, and married Leonora. The outraged King Henry of Castile took and burnt a large part of Lisbon in 1373; and in 1384 the city was again besieged, and only saved by pestilence in the camp of Castile. Shortly afterwards, under John I., it supplanted Coimbra as the capital of the kingdom; and in 1394 was raised to an archbishopric. During the next century it rapidly increased in wealth, and rivalled the most splendid cities of Europe. After

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the bold Portuguese navigators had doubled the Cape and obtained a monopoly of the trade of the Far East, Lisbon became the first commercial city in Europe, and the Tagus swarmed with shipping.

Lisbon became the centre of the Eastern trade, the commercial capital of the world. Ships came to the Tagus for spices, tea, silks, cottons, and porcelain from London, Amsterdam, and French ports. The king of Portugal became the richest sovereign in Europe.

Lisbon suffered greatly when King Sebastian was killed in 1578, and Philip II. of Spain claimed the crown, and sent (1580) the Duke of Alva with an army to drive out his rival. The city surrendered at discretion, and was partly saved from pillage by Alva, but the suburbs were sacked so brutally that the general said that rope would fail him wherewith to hang his insubordinate soldiery. Philip made his solemn entry into Lisbon the following June, and, what is called the Sixty Years' Captivity under the Spanish began. The few nobles who had opposed him were cruelly executed, and the city sullenly submitted.

Lisbon saw the departure of the Invincible Armada in 1588, and rejoiced over the news of its destruction. In 1640, the Spaniards were driven out and Lisbon again became the capital of Portugal. It soon recovered its splendor, and the kings beautified it with magnificent buildings.

Then came the terrible earthquake of 1755, which

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destroyed the very heart of the city and about sixty thousand people. An eye witness wrote:

“No place nor time could have been more unlucky for the miserable people! The city was full of narrow streets; the houses strong built and high, so that their falling filled up all the passages; the day of All Saints with the Portuguese—a great holiday when all the altars of the churches were lighted up with many candles, just at the time when they were fullest of people! Most of the churches fell immediately. The streets were thronged with people going to and from mass, many of whom must have been destroyed by the mere falling of the upper parts of the houses.

“It would be impossible to pretend justly to describe the universal horror and distress that everywhere prevailed. Many saved themselves by going upon the water, while others found there the death they hoped to have avoided. Some were wonderfully preserved by getting to the tops of their houses; more by retiring to the bottoms of them. Others again, unhurt, were imprisoned under the ruins of their dwellings, only to be burnt alive! The river is said to have risen and fallen several times in a most wonderful manner; at one time threatening to overflow the lower parts of the city, and directly afterwards leaving the ships almost aground in the middle of its bed, showing rocks that had never been seen before.

“It is inconceivable as well as inexpressible the joy it gave us to meet with one another, each thinking the other in a manner to be risen from the dead,

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and all having wonderful escapes to relate, all equally satisfied to have preserved their lives only, without desiring anything further. But soon, this joyful impression passing away, and cares and necessities making themselves felt, many, on considering their utterly destitute condition, almost regretted that the same stroke had not deprived them of life which had stripped them of all means of existence.

“As for the Portuguese, they were entirely employed in a kind of religious madness, lugging about saints without heads or limbs, telling one another how they met with such misfortunes; and if by any chance they espied a bigger, throwing their own aside, they hauled away the greater weight of holiness, kissing those of each other that they encountered; while their clergy declared that the earthquake was a judgment on them for their wickedness.”¹

All the towns and villages near Lisbon suffered more or less. Setuval was thrown down, burnt, and then overwhelmed by the water. The shocks were felt as far as Oporto, one hundred and fifty miles to the northward, and even in Madrid, three hundred miles away. Enormous waves also appeared in the harbors of New York and Boston.

Immediately after the earthquake, the king, Joseph I., asked the Marquis de Pombal, who was Prime Minister, what was to be done, to which the latter made the famous reply: “Sire, bury the dead and take care of the living!”

The Marquis de Pombal also had the task of re-

¹ J. Chase.

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modelling the city. First, on the site of the Royal Palace and Esplanade, which was carried away by the tidal wave, with all the people who had fled there for safety, he laid out the *Praça do Comercio*, or *Black Horse Square*, facing the river, and built offices of the ministers of state and the enormous Custom House. After that, he made the new streets in parallel lines running north from the river, with other straight streets crossing them.

Before looking at Lisbon in detail, let us borrow a general view of the Portuguese capital:

“The noble *Praça do Comercio*, *Black Horse Square*, as English visitors call it, fronts the river in the foreground, the most imposing public square in Europe, with the exception, perhaps, of the *Place de la Concorde* in Paris. Previous to the great earthquake of 1755, a royal palace stood upon a portion of this site, and the valley behind it was a closely crowded congeries of narrow and filthy lanes.

“From the *Black Horse Square* on the *Tagus* bank run the *Rua Augusta* and two other parallel streets, called respectively the streets of ‘gold’ and ‘silver,’ straight as a line to the busy centre of Lisbon, the fine parallelogram, called the *Praça de Dom Pedro*, or the *Rocio*, paved with its inevitable mosaic of black and white waves, at the end of which is the theatre of *Donna Maria*, the central railway station, and the entrance to the handsome *Avenida da Liberdade*, a garden and tree-shaded drive of good houses occupying the whole of the narrow valley for nearly two miles into the suburbs. On either side of the

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Avenida and the principal rectangular streets in the valley the hills rise precipitously, and when the tops of these have been surmounted a series of sudden dips and rapid ascents succeed east and west. The city is, therefore, a most fatiguing one to explore, as to go anywhere away from the river-bank, which, with the exception of Black Horse Square, is irretrievably ugly and squalid.”¹

Lisbon consists of three sections: East Lisbon, West Lisbon, and Central Lisbon. Central Lisbon begins at the river with the Black Horse Square, which is, as we have seen, a handsome open space with the Custom House on the east and the Marine Arsenal on the west, and opens to the river on the south side, where, through the two marble columns of the *Caes de Columnas*, you can see on the opposite bank of the Tagus the Castle of Palmella that was taken from the Moors in 1147 by Alfonso Henriques. An equestrian statue of Joseph I., with a medallion of the Marquis de Pombal, stands in Black Horse Square; and, on the north side a triumphal arch marks the beginning of the Rua Augusta, one of the handsome streets running northward. Near this is a smaller square enlivened by a market; and on the other side lies the *Paseio Publico*, a pretty little park where the people love to sit in summer sipping their coffee and other drinks and listening to the regimental band.

The second important square is the Praça de Dom Pedro Quarto O Rocío, called Rocío for short, is

¹ Hume.



LISBON FROM THE TAGUS

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paved curiously with black and white marble in a wavy pattern, and adorned with two bronze fountains and a lofty column. Directly on the square is situated the Theatre de Dona Maria Segunda.

Westward, across the Largo de Camões and the Rua do Principe, with the Central Railway Station and the Avenida Hotel, we come to an obelisk erected in 1882 to commemorate the rising of December 1, 1640, by which the Spanish yoke was overthrown, marks the beginning of the Avenida da Liberdade, a shady and much frequented promenade noted for its lovely views. An inclined railway takes you to *Alcaniára Park*, from which another fine panorama is to be had.

From the Rocío the *Rua do Carmo* runs with its fine shops and near it the *Rua Garrett*, at right angles, bright and gay, because it contains all the best shops and hotels.

North of the Rua Garrett is the *Largo do Carmo*, with a big fountain, and church dedicated to the Virgin of Mount Carmel, built in 1389-1423 by Nuno Alvares Pereira, in fulfilment of a vow made on the field of Aljubarrota. The earthquake of 1755 destroyed all but the walls, pillars, and apse. The church contains the Archæological Museum.

Like most European towns, Lisbon abounds in squares. We shall discover several more as we explore West Lisbon, for now we have left the central portion of the city.

From the Rua Garrett, the *Rua Ivens* leads to the

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Largo da Bibliotheca; and on one side of this square is the Bibliotheca Publica, founded in 1796. The building is an old Franciscan convent and contains many valuable books and manuscripts.

Not far away are the theatre of *Sao Carlos*, and the *Theatro de Dona Amelia*; and, after passing these, we soon came to the *Square of Camões*, where a monument representing Camoens with a sword in his right hand and a copy of his masterpiece, the "Lusiad," in his left, honors Portugal's most famous poet, who was born in Lisbon in 1524, and died in 1580.

From this square we take the broad *Rua de Sao Roque* to the *Square of Sao Roque*, where stands a monument commemorating the marriage of Louis I. with Maria Pia of Savoy in 1862. Here we find the church of *Sao Roque*, dating from 1566.

The *Rua Sao Roque* ends at the *Alameda de Sao Pedro de Alcantára*, another shady promenade, where bright flowers bloom and busts of Mark Antony, Marcus Aurelius, Homer, Raphael, Mengs, Camoens, Henry the Navigator, and Vasco da Gama, attract our attention. We look south across the bay of the Tagus to the castle of Palmella, and east to the Castle of St. Jorge, while at our feet lie the *Avenida da Liberdade*, the Central Railway Station *Rocis* and *Baixa*.

Taking now the wide *Rua de Dom Pedro Quinto* to the *Largo do Principe Real*, when we reach this spacious promenade, with its pretty walks and fountains, we can enjoy another fine view, including the

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district of Buenos Ayres on the west, the Estrella Church and the Tagus.

Now we can go northwest along the Rua da Escola Polytechnica to the Polytechnic Institute containing the Natural History Museum, the Astronomical observatory, the Meteorological Station, and the Botanical Gardens, which are among the most beautiful and extensive in Europe.

The *Rua da Escola Polytechnica* runs past the church of *Sao Mamede* and ends at the *Largo do Rato*, where there are fine mansions; and here we find the Mal d'Agua, the great reservoir of the Lisbon aqueduct. The "Mother of Waters," completed in 1834, is contained in a huge stone hall, and many people consider it worth a visit. West of the *Largo do Rato* is Buenos Ayres. In this district the famous English cemetery, noted for its fine cypress trees is situated, contains the grave of the English novelist, Henry Fielding, who died in Lisbon in 1754, just before the great earthquake.

Adjoining this the *Estrella Park*, with its walks, trees, restaurants and lakes, invites us to sylvan pleasures. The *Estrella Church* was erected in 1779-1796 on the site of the old convent, Nossa Senhora da Estrella, and is built on the model of the church of Mafea. It is of limestone, richly carved with figures, statues and saints, and is the most striking building of West Lisbon. A superb view is offered from its two bell-towers. Going back towards the centre of Lisbon, we find the *Palacio das Cortes*, or *House of Parliament*, once the convent of Sao Ben-

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ito; and not far away from it is the Academy of Sciences.

On this side of the Tagus we may take the big railway station, *Estação de Santos*, for a starting-point, and presently we come to another Square called *Largo de Santos*, with a church of the same name, and then pursuing our way westward we reach the Museum of Fine Arts, opened in 1884 in the *Casa das Janellas Verdes* (the House of the Green Windows), the home of the Marquis of Pombal of earthquake fame. The Picture Gallery is large and contains many interesting paintings of both old and modern masters.

Continuing our way, we come to what is the most attractive Square in this part of the city—the *Praça d'Armas*. Northwest of us is the Ajuda Palace and north of us is the *Largo das Necessidades* with its obelisk and fountain, from which also rises the main façade of the Necessidades Palace, built in 1743-1750. Standing on this high hill and surrounded by lovely gardens that belonged to a suppressed convent of the same name, it matters little that the building has no great architectural beauty. The sanctity of an image in the convent church was the cause of the erection by John V. of a palace close by to be near it.

The Necessidades Palace was bombarded by the rebel fleet in 1910, and from here King Manuel fled on the night of October 4, 1910.

The Ajuda Palace, a conspicuous building of white marble, stands on a hill above the suburb of Belem.

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Vast as it is, it is only one-third the size of the original design. It occupies the site of the wooden building constructed for the royal family after the great earthquake. The walls are decorated with paintings by Spanish artists.

This was the home of the Queen Dowager Maria Pia, the mother of the late King Carlos. Its gardens are beautiful. The Ajuda Palace brings us to Belem, where on the *Praça de Vasco da Gama*, the *Convent of St. Jerome* demands our attention. In the little retreat that stood on this spot Vasco da Gama spent the last night before he went on his famous voyage around the world; and King Manuel the Fortunate vowed that if he returned, a magnificent convent should be erected here. He kept his word, and the St. Jerome with its beautiful cloisters and church of *Santa Maria* at the southeast corner of this remains a monument to his vow and taste.

“The west door of the church where the monastic buildings join it, is extremely beautiful. On each side are rich canopies, under which kneel the king and queen with their patron saints, and smaller figures exquisitely carved surround the rest of the door, which is surmounted by flamboyant pinnacles in the Manueline taste. The general idea of the windows, which are very large and high, is of a round-topped arch, three or four courses or orders deep, each course being set with bosses of a different, but always elaborate pattern, an outer moulding representing a twisted cable or twined branches in infinite variety ending in a series of pinnacles sur-

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rounding the window on the surface of the wall. The great south doorway facing the road and the Tagus, the principal door of entrance, almost defies description by its richness and complexity of ornament, this and the cloisters of the church being perhaps the best specimen of Gothic Manueline in Portugal.

“Here in the chancel repose in splendid tombs, the ashes of the King Manuel the Fortunate and his son John III., the two great builders of the fane; and here, too, lie in a transept chapel, Vasco da Gama himself and Camoens, who enshrined in deathless epic the spirit of exalted enterprise, of which the explorer was the personification, and the Infanta Prince Henry, the prophetic inspirer. Kings, queens, princes, and princesses lie around in fretted sepulchres—that ill-used Catharine of Braganza, Queen Consort of England, amongst them, here where she passed the long years of her widowhood—but their very names are for the most part forgotten now; and this memorable church of Belem, whilst its daring beauty stands, will remain the shrine of the two greatest figures of Portugal’s golden age, and of the ‘Fortunate Monarch’ Manuel, in whose reign the vision of the Infanta was realized.”

Three-quarters of a mile southwest of the Convent of St. Jerome, the *Tower of Belem* defends the port. This is a massive three-storied tower that was completed in 1520, and is regarded as one of the most interesting structures in Lisbon. It is more than a hundred feet square and has innumerable turrets and windows. Many a prisoner has languished in its

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dungeons and received but little light and air. The Tower of Belem is now a telegraph station and custom house and naval police station.

Now we must explore East Lisbon. From the northeast corner of Black Horse Square we wander along a few hilly streets and soon come to another square, *Largo de Santo Antonio da Sé*, with the church of that name rebuilt after the earthquake of 1755 on the site of the house in which St. Anthony of Padua was born. Then, continuing to ascend we reach the Cathedral, which occupies the site of a Moorish mosque. This old church, which fronts a triangular space, was built in 1147 by Alfonso Henriques, the first king of Portugal, immediately upon his capture of the city. From the north tower Bishop Martinho was thrown by the mob in 1383 on account of his Spanish sympathies.

“The transepts have majestic rose windows at each end, and the central eastern tower, or *cimborio*, stands on pillars of lofty clustered columns forming round arches rising as high as the roof of the nave; all this being as early as the first foundation of the church.

The chancel is very beautiful early Gothic with pointed arches and a gorgeous ceiling, and the little Gothic chapels round the ambulatory are many of them interesting. Tombs and sarcophagi of archbishops, most of ages long past, crumble in dark corners and dim, grated chapels, and two splendid royal tombs of Alfonso IV. and his wife are on the left of the high altar. Here, to be seen only on great

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occasions, rest the bones of the patron saint, Vincent, opportunely discovered by the king, Alfonso Henriques, in their hiding-place far away, where, guarded by ravens, they had been saved from the desecration of the unbelieving Moors. The ship that brought the holy relics from the southernmost point of Portugal for reverent preservation to Lisbon was always escorted by the faithful ravens, thenceforward sacred birds for the cathedral church of Lisbon, where some of them are kept to this day in memory of their piety. Along the walls of the aisles run large pictorial tableaux of scenes in the life of St. Vincent, and incidents in the miracles of the ravens, the ancient blue and white tiles of which the pictures are composed, showing clear indications of the still lingering Moorish traditions in early Christian ceramics.”¹

St. Vincent, who died in 304, and whose body was removed from Valencia to Cape Sao Vincent, guarded by ravens all the while, is, of course, the patron saint of the Cathedral; and in recognition of this event, the arms of Lisbon consist of a sailing ship with two ravens. Ravens are still kept in the Cathedral cloisters in memory of this story. The Cathedral is connected by an underground passage to the Castle of St. Jorge, an old Moorish citadel, to which the Christians gained entrance through the Porta do Sol. It now consists of a barracks, a military prison, and a small church which possesses an image of St. George that is held very sacred. Fine views of the

¹ Hume.

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town are gained from this height. Descending and then again ascending on the east we reach, by means of the Rua de Sao Vincente, the tall two-towered church of Sao Vincente de Fóra, the dome of which fell in 1755. In the cloisters of this church are buried the kings of the house of Braganza.

In the *Campo de Santa Clara*, the old church of *Santa Engracia* demands passing attention, for although it is now only an artillery magazine, the church was founded in 1500. In this Eastern Lisbon we also come across the church of *Nossa Senhora da Graça*; the hermitage of *Nossa Senhora do Monte*, from which a splendid view is to be had; and the convent of *Nossa Senhora da Penha da França*, the votive church of the sailors.

Now going down the Tagus on this side, first we pass the railway station; then the custom house, *Alfândega Grande*, built by the Marquis de Pomal after the earthquake; then the church of *Sao Juliano* on Black Horse Square, and the *Largo do Municipio*; and then the Marine Arsenal.

We have now come back to the point from which we started; and during our walks we have noticed that the fashionable world is seen in the Rua de Garrett, the Avenida do Liberdade, the Rua Aurea, Rua do Carmo, Rua Nova do Almada, and the Praça de Dom Pedro. In Black Horse Square we find all classes, and this central spot is much frequented in the summer evenings. We also see interesting types of men and women in their national costume on the riverside among the docks and quays

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and fishing-boats and again in the markets. A traveller notes that:

“ A day of ten hours or so in Lisbon is a day well spent, and introduces the stranger to much that is novel to his eyes. He finds himself in a city which only misses being on the margin of the vast Atlantic by some seven miles of river, while the river itself in front of Lisbon widens to six or seven miles, forming a deep and spacious lake, in which all the monster vessels of the world can lie at anchor. From the quays he may often behold many an English man-of-war, along with vessels that wear the flags of all the countries of the world. He will have the Tagus with him wherever he roams, whether along the river frontage or on the higher ground of upper and suburban Lisbon, with Almada across the water on the south standing high against the sky. He will see the wagons with their yoked pairs of patient bullocks and their solid wooden wheels creaking and groaning in all their primitive springlessness, as though fresh come from some old Mantuan farm where Virgil had stepped aside to let them pass. Many a foot-passenger will brush by him in the graceful short jacket and turban hat, common also in Spain, while the ladies of fashion will pass him dressed in Parisian style, but often carrying the large fan or parasol, and he will very likely wish that they still wore the mantilla, which would make a far more suitable setting for their dark brunette features. The negro and the mulatto he will often see, the African stock which has crossed back from Brazil descendants of

Lisbon

the Moor, Madeirans, and generally a great mixture of facial types everywhere. Carriages drawn by pairs of mules will dash past him in apparently reckless fashion down the steep streets, for Lisbon is all hill except near the river; and from time to time he will come upon some one of the *chafarizes*, or public fountains, fed from the splendid aqueduct of Os Arcos, across the Alcantára valley, with its crowd of Gallegos, or Gallician porters from the North of Spain, filling their water kegs from its spouts, which done, they bear them off upon their backs to sell their contents to any householder along their route who may be attracted by the plaintive prolonged and nasal cry of *Agua-a-a.*"

When we go to the theatres, we find them much like those of Madrid, but when we go to the Bull Ring in the *Praça do Campo Pequeno*, we shall enjoy it more than the arena in Madrid, because, although the opening ceremonies are brilliant and impressive, the chief actor enters with his horns tipped with leather guards; and, after a mild fight, he is removed without having suffered any harm.

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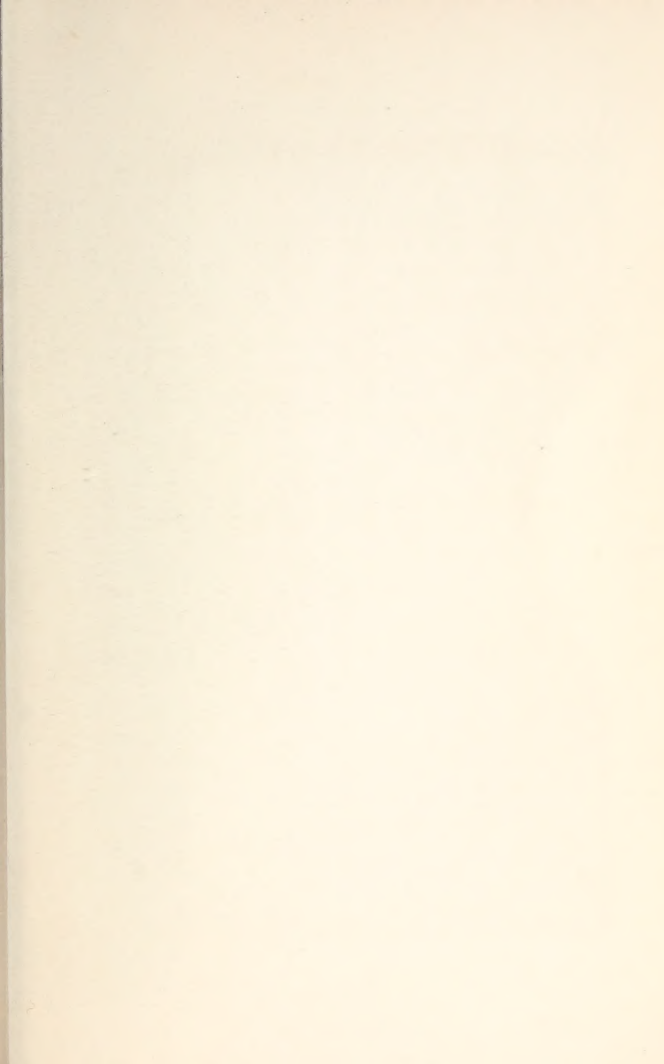
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